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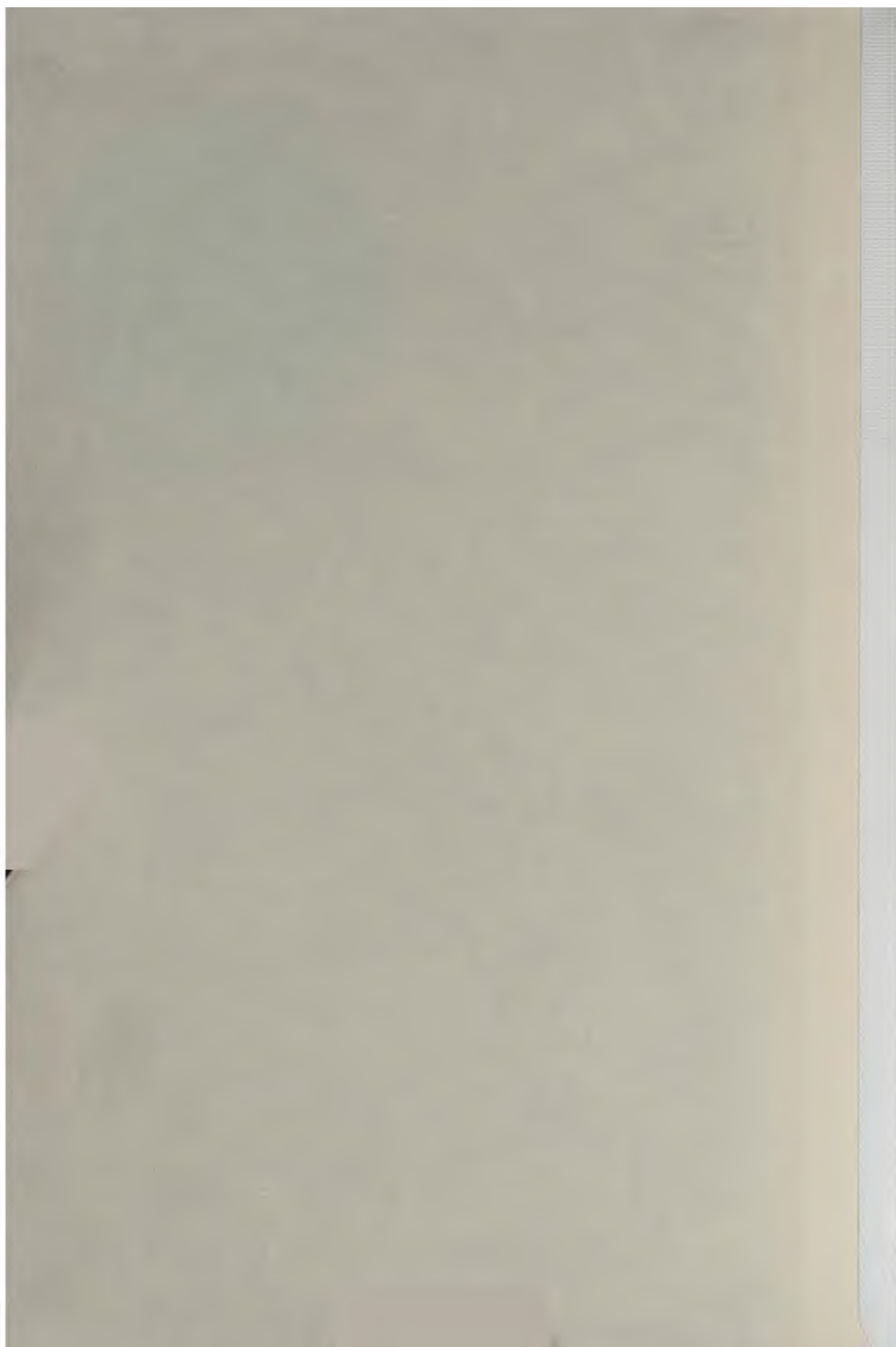
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THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY  
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

PART VIII

v. 4, pt. 2



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## ADVERTISEMENT

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A CONSIDERABLE portion of this eighth number is devoted to texts from Abbotsford. Many of these were used by Sir WALTER SCOTT in the compilation of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; many, again, not less important than the others, did not find a place in that collection. They are now printed either absolutely for the first time, or for the first time without variation from the form in which they were written. All of them, and others which were obtained in season for the Seventh Part, were transcribed with the most conscientious and vigilant care by Mr MACMATH, who has also identified the handwriting, has searched the numerous volumes of letters addressed to Sir WALTER SCOTT for information relating to the contributors and for dates, and has examined the humbler editions of printed ballads in the Abbotsford library; this without remitting other help.

Very cordial thanks are offered, for texts or information, or for both, to the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, the Rev. W. FORBES-LEITH, Mr ANDREW LANG, Dr GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, Mr P. Z. ROUND, Dr F. J. FURNIVALL, Mr JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, Dr GIUSEPPE PITRÈ, of Palermo, Mr WILLIAM WALKER, of Aberdeen, Mr DAVID MACRITCHIE, of Edinburgh, Mr JAMES GIBB, of Joppa, Mr JAMES RAINE, of York, Rev. WILLIAM LESLIE CHRISTIE, of London, Mrs MARY THOMSON, of Fochabers, and Mr GEORGE M. RICHARDSON, late of Harvard College; for notes on Slavic popular literature, to Mr JOHN KARŁOWICZ, of Warsaw, and Professor WILHELM WOLLNER; and for miscellaneous notes, to my colleague, Professor G. L. KITTEDGE.

So far as can be foreseen, one part more will bring this book to a close; it is therefore timely to say again that I shall be glad of any kind of assistance that will make it less imperfect, whether in the way of supplying omissions or of correcting errors, great or small.

F. J. CHILD.

FEBRUARY, 1892.



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## LIZIE LINDSAY

- A. 'Lizie Lindsay.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. ii. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads. II, 149.
- B. 'Donald of the Isles,' Kinloch MSS, I, 237. Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, I, 277.
- C. 'Donald of the Isles,' Kinloch MSS, I, 253.
- D. 'Lizzy Lindsay,' from a Note-Book of Dr Joseph Robertson, January, 1830, No 6.
- E. 'Bonny. Lizie Lindsay,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 102.
- F. 'Lizzie Lindsay,' Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 51.
- G. 'Leezie Lindsay,' Notes and Queries, Third Series, I, 463.

OF A a Professor Robert Scott says, in the letter in which it was enclosed: "You will find above, all I have been able to procure in order to replace the lost fragment of 'Lizie Lindsay.' I believe it is not so correct or so complete as what was formerly sent, but there are materials enough to operate upon, and by forcing the memory of the recorder more harm than good might have been done." Jamieson says of b: "Transmitted to the editor by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman.\* It is very popular in the northeast of Scotland, and was familiar to the editor in his early youth; and from the imperfect recollection which he still retains of it he has corrected the text in two or three unimportant passages."

There is nothing to show whether the lost copy was recovered, unless it be the fact that Jamieson prints about twice as many stanzas as there are in a. But Jamieson was not always precise in the account he gave of the changes he made in his texts.

In his preface to B, Kinloch remarks that the ballad is very popular in the North, "and few milk-maids in that quarter but can chaunt it, to a very pleasant tune. Lizie Lindsay," he adds, "according to the tradition of Mearnsshire, is said to have been a daughter

of Lindsay of Edzell; but I have searched in vain for genealogical confirmation of the tradition." Kinloch gave Aytoun a copy of this version, changing a few phrases, and inserting st. 20 of C.

The following stanza, printed as No 434 of the Musical Museum, was sent with the air to Johnson by Burns, who intended to communicate something more. (Museum, 1853, IV, 382):

Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?  
Will ye go to the Highlands wi me?  
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,  
My pride and my darling to be?

Robert Allan added three stanzas to this, Smith's Scottish Minstrel, II, 100, and again, p. 101 of the same, others (in which Lizie Lindsay is, without authority, made 'a puir lassie'). The second stanza of the second "set" is traditional (cf. B 8, C 6, D 6, E 8):

To gang to the Hielands wi you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be,  
For I ken nae the road I am gaeing,  
Nor yet wha I'm gaun wi.

Donald MacDonald, heir of Kingcausie, wishes to go to Edinburgh for a wife (or to get Lizie Lindsay for his wife). His mother

\* "Leezie Lindsay from a maid-servant in Aberdeen, taken down by Professor Scott:" Jamieson to Scott, November, VOL. IV. 33

1804, Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, I, No 117, Abbotford.

consents, on condition that he shall use no flattery, and shall 'court her in great poverty' (policy, D). He sees many bonny young ladies at Edinburgh, but Lizie Lindsay is above compare with others. He presents himself to her in simple Highland garb; what he can offer is a diet of curds and whey and a bed of green rushes (bracken). Lizie would like to know where she would be going, and with whom. His father is an old shepherd (couper, souter), his mother an old dey, and his name is Donald MacDonald. Lizie's father and mother threaten to have him hanged, which daunts him not in the least. Her maid warmly seconds the suit. Lizie packs up her clothes and sets forth with Donald to foot the steep and dirty ways; she wishes herself back in Edinburgh. They come at last to a shieling, where a woman welcomes Sir Donald; he bids her call him Donald her son, and orders a supper of curds and whey, and a bed of green rushes. Lizie, 'weary with travel,' lies late in the morning, and is roused as if to help at the milking; this makes her repine again. But Donald takes her out of the hut and shows her Kingcausie, where she is to be lady.

Kingcausie is some seven miles from Aberdeen, on the south side of the Dee.

Ballads of this description are peculiarly liable to interpolation and debasement, and there are two passages, each occurring in several versions, which we may, without straining, set down to some plebeian improver.

In B 10, D 10, E 19, Lizie Lindsay, not quite ready to go with Donald, makes him an offer of five or ten guineas if he will stay long enough for her to take his picture, 'to keep her from thinking long.' In F 11 Donald makes the same offer for her picture. In E 10, F 6, Lizie tells Donald, who has asked where she lives, that if he will call at the Canongate Port, she will drink a bottle of sherry with him, and in the next stanza she is as good as her word. This convivial way of the young ladies of Edinburgh is, owing to an injury to the text, not perceptible in D 14, where Donald seems to be inviting Lizie's mother to bring a bottle of sherry with her in case she should call on him at the Canongate Port.

A b is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 122; by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit*, p. 125, with deficient verses supplied from F. Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 158, translates Allingham's ballad.

## A

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. ii, as sent Jamieson by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, June 9, 1805. b. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, 1806, II, 149, "transmitted to the editor by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman," but "corrected" from Jamieson's recollection in two or three passages.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 Out it spake Lizie Linzee,  
The tear blinket in her ee;  
How can I leave father and mother,  
Along with young Donald to gae!
- 2 Out spoke Lizie's young handmaid,  
A bonny young lassie was she;

Said, Were I heress to a kingdom,  
Along with young Donald I 'd ga.

- 3 'O say ye so to me, Nelly?  
O say ye so to me?  
Must I leave Edinburgh city,  
To the high Highland to gae?
- 4 Out spoke Lizie's own mother,  
A good old lady was she;  
If you speak such a word to my dochter,  
I'll gar hang [you] hi.
- 5 'Keep well your dochter from me, madam,  
Keep well your dochter fa me;  
For I care as little for your dochter  
As ye can care for me.'

6 The road grew wetty and dubby,  
And Lizze began to think lang;  
Said, I wish had staid with my mother,  
And nae wi young Donald had gane.

7 'You'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
You'r thrice welcome to me;  
You'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
And your young lady you wi.'

8 . . . . .  
. . . . .

'Ye call na me Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald your son.'

9 'Rise up, Lizze Linzee,  
You [have] lain too long in the day;  
Ye might have helped my mother  
To milch her goats and her kie.'

10 Out it spake Lizze Linzee,  
The tear blinket in her eye;  
'The ladys of Edinburgh city,  
They neither milch goats nor kie.'

## B

Kinloch MSS, I, 237, from Miss Catherine Beattie,  
Mearnsshire.

1 It's of a young lord o the Hielands,  
A bonnie braw castle had he,  
And he says to his lady mither,  
'My boon ye will grant to me:  
Sall I gae to Edinbruch city,  
And fesh hame a lady wi me?'

2 'Ye may gae to Edinbruch city,  
And fesh hame a lady wi thee,  
But see that ye bring her but flattrie,  
And court her in grit povertie.'

3 'My coat, mither, sall be o the plaiden,  
A tartan kilt oure my knee,  
Wi hosens and brogues and the bonnet;  
I'll court her wi nae flattrie.'

4 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
He playd at the ring and the ba,  
And saw monie a bonnie young ladie,  
But Lizie Lindsay was first o them a'.

5 Syne, dressd in his Hieland grey plaiden,  
His bonnet abune his ee-bree,  
He called on fair Lizie Lindsay;  
Says, Lizie, will ye fancy me?

6 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
And gae, gae wi me?  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
I'll feed ye on curds and green whey.

7 'And ye'se get a bed o green bracken,  
My plaidie will hap thee and me;

Ye'se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizie,  
If ye'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'

8 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,  
Or how can I gae wi thee,  
Whan I dinna ken whare I'm gaing,  
Nor wha I hae to gae wi?'

9 'My father, he is an auld shepherd,  
My mither, she is an auld dey;  
My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
My name I'll never deny.'

10 'O Donald, I'll gie ye five guineas  
To sit ae hour in my room,  
Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;  
Whan I hae't, I'll never think lang.'

11 'I dinna care for your five guineas;  
It's ye that's the jewel to me;  
I've plenty o kye in the Hielands,  
To feed ye wi curds and green whey.

12 'And ye'se get a bonnie blue plaidie,  
Wi red and green strips thro it a';  
And I'll be the lord o your dwelling,  
And that's the best picture ava.

13 'And I am laird o a' my possessions;  
The king canna boast o na mair;  
And ye'se hae my true heart in keeping,  
There'll be na ither een hae a share.

14 'Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
O gae awa happy wi me;  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
And hird the wee lammies wi me.'

- 15 'O how can I gae wi a stranger,  
Oure hills and oure glens frae my hame?'  
'I tell ye I am Donald Macdonald;  
I'll ever be proud o my name.'
- 16 Doun cam Lizie Lindsay's ain father,  
A knicht o a noble degree;  
Says, If ye do steal my dear daughter,  
It's hangit ye quickly sall be.
- 17 On his heel he turnd round wi a bouncie,  
And a licht lauch he did gie:  
'There's nae law in Edinbruch city  
This day that can dare to hang me.'
- 18 Then up bespak Lizie's best woman,  
And a bonnie young lass was she;  
'Had I but a mark in my pouchie,  
It's Donald that I wad gae wi.'
- 19 'O Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,  
And a' your silk kirtles sae braw,  
And gang wi a bare-houghd puir laddie,  
And leave father, mither, and a'?
- 20 'But I think he's a witch or a warlock,  
Or something o that fell degree,  
For I'll gae awa wi young Donald,  
Whatever my fortune may be.'
- 21 Then Lizie laid doun her silk mantle,  
And put on her waiting-maid's gown,  
And aff and awa to the Hielands  
She's gane wi this young shepherd loun.
- 22 Thro glens and oure mountains they wanderd,  
Till Lizie had scantlie a shoe;
- 'Alas and ohone!' says fair Lizie,  
'Sad was the first day I saw you!  
I wish I war in Edinbruch city;  
Fu sair, sair this pastime I rue.'
- 23 'O haud your tongue now, bonnie Lizie,  
For yonder's the shieling, my hame;  
And there's my guid auld honest mither,  
That's coming to meet ye her lane.'
- 24 'O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir Donald,  
Ye're welcome hame to your ain.'  
'O ca me na young Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald my son;'  
And this they hae spoken in Erse,  
That Lizie nicht not understand.
- 25 The day being weetie and daggie,  
They lay till 't was lang o the day:  
'Win up, win up, bonnie Lizie,  
And help at the milking the kye.'
- 26 O slowly raise up Lizie Lindsay,  
The saut tear blindit her ee:  
'O, war I in Edinbruch city,  
The Hielands shoud never see me!'
- 27 He led her up to a hie mountain  
And bade her look out far and wide:  
'I'm lord o thae isles and thae mountains,  
And ye're now my beautiful bride.'
- 28 'Sae rue na ye've come to the Hielands,  
Sae rue na ye've come aff wi me,  
For ye're great Macdonald's braw lady,  
And will be to the dav that ye dee.'

## C

Kinloch MSS, I, 253; from the recitation of Mrs Bouchart,  
of Dundee.

- 1 WHAT wad ye gie to me, mither,  
What wad ye gie to me,  
If I wad gae to Edinbruch city  
And bring hame Lizie Lindsey to thee?
- 2 'Meikle wad I gie to thee, Donald,  
Meikle wad I gie to thee,  
If ye wad gang to Edinbruch city  
And court her as in povertie.'
- 3 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
And there a while to resort,  
He called on fair Lizie Lindsey,  
Wha lived at the Canongate-Port.
- 4 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsey?  
Will ye gae to the Hielands wi me?  
And I will gie ye a cup o the curds,  
Likewise a cup of green whey.
- 5 'And I will gie ye a bed o green threshes,  
Likewise a happing o grey,

- If ye will gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsey,  
If ye 'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'
- 6 'How can I gang?' says Lizie Lindsey,  
'How can I gang wi thee?  
I dinna ken whare I am gaing,  
Nor wha I am gaing wi.'
- 7 'My father is a cowper o cattle,  
My mither is an auld dey;  
My name is Donald Macdonald,  
My name I'll never deny.'
- 8 Doun cam Lizie Lindsey's father,  
A revrend auld gentleman was he:  
'If ye steal awa my dochter,  
Hie hanged ye sall be.'
- 9 He turned him round on his heel  
And [a] licht lauch gied he:  
'There is na law in a' Edinbruch city  
This day that can hang me.'
- 10 It's doun cam Lizie's hand-maid,  
A bonnie young lass was she:  
'If I had ae crown in a' the warld,  
Awa wi that fellow I'd gae.'
- 11 'Do ye say sae to me, Nelly?  
Do ye say sae to me?  
Wad ye leave your father and mither,  
And awa wi that fellow wad gae?'
- 12 She has kilted her coats o green silk  
A little below her knee,  
And she's awa to the Hielands wi Donald,  
To bear him companie.
- 13 And whan they cam to the vallies  
The hie hills war coverd wi snow,  
Which caused monie a saut tear  
From Lizie's een to flow.
- 14 'O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
And safe in my ain countrie,  
O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
The Hielands shoud never see me.'
- 15 'O haud your tongue, Lizie Lindsey,  
Na mair o that let me see;  
I'll tak ye back to Edinbruch city,  
And safe to your ain countrie.'
- 16 'Though I war in Edinbruch city,  
And safe in my ain countrie,  
Though I war in Edinbruch city,  
O wha wad care for me!'
- 17 Whan they cam to the shiels o Kilcushneuch,  
Out there cam an auld dey:  
'Ye're welcome here, Sir Donald,  
You and your lady gay.'
- 18 'Ca me na mair Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald your son,  
And I'll ca ye my auld mither,  
Till the lang winter nicht is begun.'
- 19 'A' this was spoken in Erse,  
That Lizie nicht na ken;  
A' this was spoken in Erse,  
And syne the broad English began.
- 20 'Ye'll gae and mak to our supper  
A cup o the curds and whey,  
And ye'll mak a bed o green threshes,  
Likewise a happing o grey.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 21 'Won up, won up, Lizie Lindsey,  
Ye've lain oure lang in the day;  
Ye nicht hae been helping my mither  
To milk the ewes and the kye.'
- 22 Then up got Lizie Lindsey,  
And the tear blindit her ee:  
'O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
The Hielands shoud never see me!'
- 23 'Won up, won up, Lizie Lindsey,  
A fairer sicht ye hae to see:  
Do ye see yon bonnie braw castle?  
Lady o it ye will be.'

## D

From a Note-Book of Joseph Robertson, January, 1830,  
No. 6; derived from John Hill Burton.

- 1 THERE dwalt a lass in the South Countrie,  
Lizzy Lindsay called by name,  
And many a laird and lord sought her,  
But nane o them a' could her gain.
- 2 Out spoke the heir o Kinkawsie,  
An down to his fader spoke he;  
'Fat would ye think o me, fadther,  
Fat would ye think o me,  
To go to Edinburgh city,  
Bring hame Lizzy Lindsay wi me?'
- 3 Out and spoke his auld modther,  
An auld revrend lady was she;  
'Court her wi nae fause flatterie,  
But in great policie.'
- 4 He was nae in Edinbruch citie  
But a twalmont an a day,  
When a' the young lairds an the ladies  
Went forth to sport an play:  
There was nane like Lizzy Lindsay,  
She was baith gallan an gay.
- 5 'Will ye go to the Hielans, Lizzy Linsay?  
Will ye go to the Hielans wi me?  
If ye'll go to the Hielans, Lizz[y] Linsay,  
I'll gar ye get crouds an green whey.'
- 6 'How can I go to the Hielans?  
Or hoo will I go with thee?  
I dinna ken whaar I'm going,  
Or fa't is I would go wi.'
- 7 'My fadther he is an auld couper,  
My modther a brave auld dey;  
If ye'll go to the Hieland[s], Lizzy Linsay,  
I'll gar ye get cruds and green whey.'
- 8 Out it spoke Lizzy's best maiden,  
A wat a fine creature was she;  
'Tho I were born heir till a crown,  
It's young Donald *that* I would go wi.'
- 9 'Oh say ye sae to me, Nelly?  
Oh say ye sae to me?  
Will I cast off my fine gowns and laces,  
An gae to the Highlans him wi?'
- 10 She's putten her hand in her pocket,  
She's taen out ten guineas roun:  
'And that wad I gie to thee, Donald,  
To stay but ae hour i my room,  
Till I get your fair pictur painted,  
To haud me unthought lang.'
- 11 'I care as little for your guineas  
As you can care for mine;  
But gin that ye like my fair face,  
Then gae wi me, if that ye incline.'
- 12 Out it spak Lizzy's auld mither,  
I wite a fine lady was she;  
'Gin I hear you speak sae to my daughter,  
I vow I'se cause them hang thee.'
- 13 He turned about on his heel,  
And a loud, loud laughter gae he:  
'They are not in Edinburgh city,  
I trow, that dare hang me.'
- 14 'But an ye come to the Canongate-Port —  
An there ye'll be sure to see me —  
Bring wi ye a bottle of sherry,  
I'll bear you good company.'
- 15 They sought all Edinboro citie,  
They sought it roun an roun,  
Thinkin to fin Lizzy Lindsay,  
But awa to the Highlans she's gane.
- 16 Whan they came to the shielin,  
Out bespoke the ould dye;  
'You're welcome home, Sir Donald,  
Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'
- 17 'Ye'll call me nae mair Sir Donald,  
Ye'll call me nae sic thing;  
But ye'se be my auld mither,  
And I'se be Donald your sin.
- 18 'Ye'll mak for us a supper,  
A supper o cruds and green whey,  
And likewise a bed o green rashes,  
For Lizzy and I to ly.'
- 19 She's made for them a supper,  
A supper o cruds and why,  
And likewise a bed o green rashes,  
For Lizzy an him to ly.

20 But Donald rose up i the mornin,  
The rest o his glens to spy;  
It was to look for his goats,  
His goats, his yows, an his kye.

21 But Lizzy, beein wearied wi travel,  
She lay till 't was lang i the day:  
'Get up, get up, Lizzy Linsay,  
What maks you sae lang for to ly?  
You had better been helping my mither  
To milk her yews and her kye.'

22 But Lizzy drew till her her stockins,  
The tears fell down on her eye:  
'I wish I were at Edinboro city,  
I can neither milk yews nor kye.'

23 'Oh hold your tongue, Lizzy Linsay,  
Your weepin I mustna be wi;  
I'll sen you hame to your mither,  
In the greatest o safety.'

24 But he has tane her by the han,  
And has shewn her the straight way to go:  
'An dont you see bonny Kincawsie,  
Wher you and I is to ly?'

25 Out then comes his old mither,  
An twenty brave knights her wi:  
'Y'er welcome home, Sir Donald,  
Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'

26 Out then comes his old father,  
An twenty brave ladies him wi:  
'You'r welcome home, Sir Donald,  
An that fair creature you wi.'

27 He's taken her by the han,  
An he's shewn her the straight way in:  
'An ye'se be Lady Kincawsie,  
An ye'se hae Donal, my sin.'

## E

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 102.

1 In Edinburgh lived a lady,  
Was ca'd Lizie Lindsay by name,  
Was courted by mony fine suitors,  
And mony rich person of fame:  
Tho lords o renown had her courted,  
Yet none her favour could gain.

2 Then spake the young laird o Kingcaussie,  
And a bonny young boy was he;  
'Then let me a year to the city,  
I'll come, and that lady wi me.'

3 Then spake the auld laird o Kingcaussie,  
A canty auld mannie was he;  
'What think ye by our little Donald,  
Sae proudly and crouslly cracks he?

4 'But he's win a year to the city,  
If that I be a living man;  
And what he can mak o this lady,  
We shall lat him do as he can.'

5 He's stript aff his fine costly robes,  
And put on the single liverie;

With no equipage nor attendance,  
To Edinburgh city went he.

6 Now there was a ball in the city,  
A ball o great mirth and great fame;  
And fa danced wi Donald that day  
But bonny Lizie Lindsay on the green!

7 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
And gang to the Hielands wi me?'

8 The lady she turned about,  
And answered him courteouslie;  
'I'd like to ken faer I am gaun first,  
And fa I am gaun to gang wi.'

9 'O Lizie, ae favour I'll ask you,  
This favour I pray not deny;  
Ye'll tell me your place o abode,  
And your nearest o kindred do stay.'

10 'Ye'll call at the Canogate-Port,  
At the Canogate-Port call ye;  
I'll gie you a bottle o wine,  
And I'll bear you my companie.'

- 11 Syne he called at the Canogate-Port,  
At the Canogate-Port calld he;  
She gae him a bottle o wine,  
And she gae him her companie.
- 12 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
And gang to the Hielands wi me?'
- 13 Then out spake Lizie's auld mither,  
For a very auld lady was she;  
'If ye cast ony creed on my dochter,  
High hanged I'll cause you to be.'
- 14 'O keep hame your dochter, auld woman,  
And latna her gang wi me;  
I can cast nae mair creed on your dochter,  
Nae mair than she can on me.'
- 15 'Now, young man, ae question I'll ask you,  
Sin ye mean to honour us sae;  
Ye'll tell me how braid your lands lie,  
Your name, and faer ye hae to gae.'
- 16 'My father he is an auld soutter,  
My mither she is an auld dey,  
And I'm but a puir broken trooper,  
My kindred I winna deny.
- 17 'Yet I'm nae a man o great honour,  
Nor am I a man o great fame;  
My name it is Donald M'Donald,  
I'll tell it, and winna think shame.
- 18 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
And gang to the Hielands wi me?'
- 19 'O Donald, I'll gie you ten guineas,  
If ye woud but stay in my room  
Until that I draw your fair picture,  
To look on it fan I think lang.'
- 20 'No, I carena mair for your guineas,  
Nae mair than ye care for mine;  
But if that ye love my ain person,  
Gae wi me, maid, if ye incline.'
- 21 Then out spake Lizie's bower-woman,  
And a bonny young lassie was she;  
Tho I was born heir to a crown,  
Young Donald, I woud gang him wi.
- 22 Up raise then the bonny young lady,  
And drew till her stockings and sheen,  
And packd up her claise in fine bundles,  
And awa wi young Donald she's gane.
- 23 The roads they were rocky and knabby,  
The mountains were baith strait and stay;  
When Lizie grew wearied wi travel,  
For she'd travell'd a very lang way.
- 24 'O turn again, bonny Lizie Lindsay,  
O turn again,' said he;  
'We're but ae day's journey frae town,  
O turn, and I'll turn wi thee.'
- 25 Out speaks the bonny young lady,  
Till the saut tear blinded her ee;  
Altho I'd return to the city,  
There's nae person woud care for me.
- 26 When they came near the end o their journey,  
To the house o their father's milk-dey,  
He said, Stay still there, Lizie Lindsay,  
Till I tell my mither o thee.
- 27 When he came into the shielen,  
She hailed him courteouslie;  
Said, Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
There's been mony ane calling for thee.
- 28 'O ca me nae mair, Sir Donald,  
But Donald M'Donald your son;  
We'll carry the joke a bit farther,  
There's a bonny young lady to come.'
- 29 When Lizie came into the shielen,  
She lookd as if she'd been a feel;  
She sawna a seat to sit down on,  
But only some sunks o green feall.
- 30 'Now make us a supper, dear mither,  
The best o your cruds and green whey;  
And make us a bed o green rushes,  
And covert wi huddins sae grey.'
- 31 But Lizie being wearied wi travel,  
She lay till 't was up i the day:  
'Ye might hae been up an hour seener,  
To milk baith the ewes and the kye.'
- 32 Out then speaks the bonny young lady,  
Whan the saut tear drapt frae her eye;  
I wish that I had bidden at hame,  
I can neither milk ewes nor kye.

- 33 'I wish that I had bidden at hame,  
The Hielands I never had seen,  
Altho I love Donald M'Donald,  
The laddie wi blythe blinking een.'
- 34 'Win up, win up, O bonny Lizie,  
And dress in the silks sae gay;  
I'll show you the yetts o Kingcaussie,  
Whare I've playd me mony a day.'
- 35 Up raise the bonny young lady,  
And drest in the silks sae fine,

And into young Donald's arms  
Awa to Kingcaussie she's gane.

- 36 Forth came the auld laird o Kingcaussie,  
And hailed her courteouslie;  
Says, Ye're welcome, bonny Lizie Lindsay,  
Ye're welcome hame to me.
- 37 'Tho lords o renown hae you courted,  
Young Donald your favour has won;  
Ye'se get a' the lands o Kingcaussie,  
And Donald M'Donald, my son.'

## F

Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 51, "from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow."

- 1 THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh,  
And mony braw ladies were there,  
But nae ane at a' the assembly  
Could wi Lizzie Lindsay compare.
- 2 In cam the young laird o Kincassie,  
An a bonnie young laddie was he:  
'Will ye lea yere ain kintra, Lizzie,  
An gang to the Hielands wi me?'
- 3 She turned her roun on her heel,  
An a very loud laughter gaed she:  
'I wad like to ken whar I was ganging,  
And wha I was gaun to gang wi.'
- 4 'My name is young Donald M'Donald,  
My name I will never deny;  
My father he is an auld shepherd,  
Sae weel as he can herd the kye!
- 5 'My father he is an auld shepherd,  
My mother she is an auld dame;  
If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,  
Ye's neither want curds nor cream.'
- 6 'If ye'll call at the Canongate-Port,  
At the Canongate-Port call on me,  
I'll give you a bottle o sherry,  
And bear you companie.'
- 7 He ca'd at the Canongate-Port,  
At the Canongate-Port called he;

She drank wi him a bottle o sherry,  
And bore him guid companie.

- 8 'Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie?  
Will ye go to the Hielands wi me?  
If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,  
Ye shall not want curds nor green whey.'
- 9 In there cam her auld mither,  
A jolly auld lady was she:  
'I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,  
And wha she was gaun to gang wi.'
- 10 'My name is young Donald M'Donald,  
My name I will never deny;  
My father he is an auld shepherd,  
Sae weel as he can herd the kye!
- 11 'O but I would give you ten guineas  
To have her one hour in a room,  
To get her fair body a picture,  
To keep me from thinking long.'
- 12 'O I value not your ten guineas,  
As little as you value mine;  
But if that you covet my daughter,  
Take her with you, if you do incline.'
- 13 'Pack up my silks and my satins,  
And pack up my hose and my shoon,  
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,  
And away wi young Donald I'll gang.'
- 14 They packd up her silks and her satins,  
They packd up her hose and her shoon,

And likewise her clothes in small bundles,  
And away with young Donald she 's gane.

15 When that they cam to the Hielands,  
The braes they were baith lang and stey;  
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi ganging,  
She had travelld a lang summer day.

16 'O are we near hame, Sir Donald?  
O are we near hame, I pray?'  
'We 're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,  
Nor yet the half o the way.'

17 They cam to a homely poor cottage,  
An auld man was standing by:  
'Ye 're welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
Ye 've been sae lang away.'

18 'O call me no more Sir Donald,  
But call me young Donald your son,  
For I have a bonnie young lady  
Behind me for to come in.'

19 'Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,  
Come in, come in,' said he;  
'Although that our cottage be little,  
Perhaps the better we 'll gree.

20 'O make us a supper, dear mother,  
And make it of curds and green whey;

And make us a bed o green rushes,  
And cover it oer wi green hay.'

\* \* \* \* \*

21 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,  
Why lie ye so long in the day?  
Ye might hae been helping my mother  
To make the curds and green whey.'

22 'O haud your tongue, Sir Donald,  
O haud your tongue, I pray;  
I wish I had neer left my mother;  
I can neither make curds nor whey.'

23 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,  
And put on your satins so fine,  
For we maun to be at Kincassie  
Before that the clock strikes nine.'

24 But when they came to Kincassie  
The porter was standing by:  
'Ye 're welcome home, Sir Donald,  
Ye 've been so long away.'

25 It's down then came his auld mither,  
With all the keys in her hand,  
Saying, Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,  
All under them 's at your command.

## G

Notes and Queries, Third Series, I, 463; "from recitation, September, 1828."

1 'WILL you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?  
Will you go to the Highlands wi me?  
Will you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?  
And you shall have curds and green whey.'

2 Then up spoke Leezie's mother,  
A gallant old lady was she;  
'If you talk so to my daughter,  
High hanged I 'll gar you be.'

3 And then she changed her coaties,  
And then she changed them to green,  
And then she changed her coaties,  
Young Donald to gang wi.

4 But the roads grew broad and broad,  
And the mountains grew high and high,  
Which caused many a tear  
To fall from Leezie's eye.

5 But the roads grew broad and broad,  
And the mountains grew high and high,  
Till they came to the glens of Glen Koustie,  
And out there came an old die.

6 'You 're welcome here, Sir Donald,  
And your fair ladie,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

7 'O call not me Sir Donald,  
But call me Donald your son,  
And I will call you mother,  
Till this long night be done.'

8 These words were spoken in Gaelic,  
And Leezie did not them ken;  
These words were spoken in Gaelic,  
And then plain English began.

9 'O make her a supper, mother,  
O make her a supper wi me;  
O make her a supper, mother,  
Of curds and green whey.'

\* \* \* \* \*

10 'You must get up, Leezie Lindsay,

You must get up, Leezie Lindsay,  
For it is far in the day.'

11 And then they went out together,  
And a braw new bigging saw she,  
And out cam Lord Macdonald,  
And his gay companie.

12 'You're welcome here, Leezie Lindsay,  
The flower of a' your kin,  
And you shall be Lady Macdonald,  
Since you have got Donald, my son.'

A. a. *Written in stanzas of two long lines.*

3<sup>2</sup>. Oh.

b. a and b correspond nearly as follows:

a. 4, 5, 2, 3<sup>1,2</sup>, 8<sup>3,4</sup>, 7, 9<sup>1,2</sup>, 9<sup>3,4</sup>, 10.

b. 2, 3, 4, 5<sup>1,2</sup>, 13<sup>3,4</sup>, 14, 16<sup>3,4</sup>, 17<sup>3,4</sup>, 18.

1 'Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay?  
Will ye go to the Highlands wi me?  
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,  
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey?'

2 Then out spak Lizie's mother,  
A good old lady was she;  
Gin ye say sic a word to my daughter,  
I'll gar ye be hanged high.

3 'Keep weel your daughter frae me, madam;  
Keep weel your daughter frae me;  
I care as little for your daughter  
As ye can care for me.'

4 Then out spak Lizie's ain maiden,  
A bonny young lassie was she;  
Says, Were I the heir to a kingdom,  
Awa wi young Donald I'd be.

5 'O say you sae to me, Nelly?  
And does my Nelly say sae?  
Maun I leave my father and mother,  
Awa wi young Donald to gae?'

6 And Lizie's taen till her her stockings,  
And Lizie's taen till her her shoen,  
And kilted up her green claithing,  
And awa wi young Donald she's gane.

7 The road it was lang and weary;  
The braes they were ill to climb;  
Bonny Lizie was weary wi travelling,  
And a fit furdur coudna win.

8 And sair, O sair, did she sigh,  
And the saut tear blin'd her ee:  
'Gin this be the pleasures o looing,  
They never will do wi me!'

9 'Now haud your tongue, bonny Lizie,  
Ye never shall rue for me;  
Gie me but your love for my love,  
It is a' that your tocher will be.

10 'And haud your tongue, bonny Lizie,  
Altho that the gait seem lang,  
And you's hae the wale o good living  
Whan to Kincawsen we gang.

11 'There my father he is an auld cobbler,  
My mother she is an auld dey,  
And we'll sleep on a bed o green rashes,  
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey.'

12 . . . . .  
'You're welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
You're welcome hame to me.'

13 'O ca me nae mair Sir Donald;  
There's a bonny young lady to come;  
Sae ca me nae mair Sir Donald,  
But ae spring Donald your son.'

14 'Ye're welcome hame, young Donald,  
Ye're welcome hame to me;  
Ye're welcome hame, young Donald,  
And your bonny young lady wi ye.'

15 She's made them a bed of green rashes,  
Weel coverd wi hooding o grey;  
Bonny Lizie was weary wi travelling,  
And lay till 't was lang o the day.

16 'The sun looks in oer the hill-head,  
And the laverock is liltin gay;  
Get up, get up, bonny Lizie,  
You've lain till it's lang o the day.

17 'You might hae been out at the shealin,  
Instead o sae lang to lye,  
And up and helping my mother  
To milk baith her gaits and kye.'

18 Then out spak Lizie Lindsay,  
The tear blindit her eye;

'The ladies o Edinburgh city,  
They neither milk gaits nor kye.'

19 Then up spak young Sir Donald,

20 'For I am the laird o Kincawsyn,  
And you are the lady free,  
And . . . . .

D. 9<sup>1</sup>. nay (not) sae, not *struck out*. 25<sup>4</sup>. wi.

E. 29. *In a much altered chap-book copy, printed by J. Morren, Edinburgh, we have:*

When they came to the braes o Kinkassie,  
Young Lizie began for to fail;  
There was not a seat in the house  
But what was made of the green fell.

F. 16<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>1</sup>. *The Sir is an anticipation.*

G. 7<sup>1</sup>, 9<sup>1-2</sup>. Oh.

## 227

## BONNY LIZIE BAILLIE

- a. 'Bonny Lizie Balie, A New Song very much in Request,' Laing broadsides, No 46; no date or place.  
b. 'Bonny Lizzie Bailie,' Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 13. c. 'My bonny Lizzie Baillie,' Johnson's Museum, ed. 1853, IV, \*451.

- d. 'Lizae Baillie,' Herd's MSS, I, 101, and, in part, II, 121. e. 'Lizie Baillie,' Campbell MSS, I, 98. f. 'Lizzie Bailie,' Smith's Scottish Minstrel, IV, 90. g. 'Lizie Baillie,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 173.

a, from the collection of broadsides made by David Laing, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery, may probably have been printed at the beginning of the last century, at Edinburgh. b was taken "from a tolerably old copy printed at Glasgow." Excepting the lack of two stanzas, the variations from a are mostly of slight consequence; two or three are for the better. c (only the beginning, stanzas 1-4<sup>1</sup>) was communicated by C. K. Sharpe, from a "MS. copy of some an-

tiquity." d-g are of no authority. d, e are fragmentary stanzas, misremembered if not corrupted. f has ten stanzas, eight of which (some with a word or two changed) are from d. g is a washy *rifacimento*.

d is printed in Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 3. The copy in Johnson's Museum, No 456, p. 469, is d without the first stanza.

Stanzas 19-21 of a, b, and their representatives in d, e, recall 'The Gypsy Laddie.'

Lizzie Baillie, of Castle Cary, Stirlingshire, while paying a visit to a sister at Gartartan, Perthshire, makes an excursion to Inchmahome, an island in Loch Menteith. Here she meets Duncan Graham, who, against the opposition of her parents, persuades her to prefer a Highland husband to any Lowland or English match.

"The heroine of this song," says Sharpe, "was a daughter of Baillie of Castle Carey, and sister, as it is said, to the wife of Macfarlane of Gartartan." The Baillies, as Maid-

ment has shown, acquired Castle Cary "at a comparatively recent date," and that editor must be nearly, or quite, right in declaring the ballad to be not older than the commencement of the last century. Buchan has a bit of pseudo-history anent Lizie Baillie in his notes, at II, 326.

The story is told in a somewhat disorderly way even in a, and we may believe that we have not attained the original yet, though this copy is much older than any that has appeared in previous collections.

1 It fell about the Lambmass tide,  
When the leaves were fresh and green,  
Lizie Bailie is to Gartartain [gane],  
To see her sister Jean.

2 She had not been in Gartartain  
Even but a little while  
Till luck and fortune happend her,  
And she went to the Isle.

3 And when she went into the Isle  
She met with Duncan Grahame;  
So bravely as he courted her!  
And he convoyd her hame.

4 'My bonny Lizie Bailie,  
I'll row thee in my pladie,  
If thou will go along with me  
And be my Highland lady.'

5 'If I would go along with thee,  
I think I were not wise;  
For I cannot milk cow nor ewe,  
Nor yet can I speak Erse.'

6 'Hold thy tongue, bonny Lizie Bailie,  
And hold thy tongue,' said he;  
'For any thing that thou does lack,  
My dear, I'll learn thee.'

7 She would not have a Lowland laird,  
He wears the high-heeld shoes;  
She will marry Duncan Grahame,  
For Duncan wears his trows.

8 She would not have a gentleman,  
A farmer in Kilsyth,  
But she would have the Highland man,  
He lives into Monteith.

9 She would not have the Lowland man,  
Nor yet the English laddie,  
But she would have the Highland man,  
To row her in his pladie.

10 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And he convoyed her hame,  
And still she thought, both night and day,  
On bonny Duncan Grahame.

11 'O bonny Duncan Grahame,  
Why should ye me miscarry?  
For, if you have a love for me,  
We'll meet a[t] Castle Carry.

12 'As I came in by Dennie bridge,  
And by the holland-bush,  
My mother took from me my cloaths,  
My rings, ay and my purse.

13 'Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
For that I do not care;  
For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
Tho I should ner get mair.

14 'For first when I met Duncan Grahame  
I met with meikle joy,  
And many pretty Highland men  
Was there at my convoy.'

- 15 And now he is gone through the muir,  
And she is through the glen:  
'O bonny Lizie Bailie,  
When will we meet again!'
- 16 Shame light on these logerheads  
That lives in Castle Carry,  
That let away the bonny lass  
The Highland man to marry!
- 17 'O bonny Lizie, stay at home!  
Thy mother cannot want thee;  
For any thing that thou does lack,  
My dear, I'll cause get thee.'
- 18 'I would not give my Duncan Grahame  
For all my father's land,  
Although he had three lairdships more,  
And all at my command.'
- 19 And she's cast off her silken gowns,  
That she weard in the Lowland,  
And she's up to the Highland hills,  
To wear [the] gowns of tartain.
- 20 And she's cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
Was made of the gilded leather,  
And she's up to Giliecrankie,  
To go among the heather.
- 21 And she's cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
And put on a pair of laigh ones,  
And she's away with Duncan Grahame,  
To go among the brachans.
- 22 'O my bonny Lizie Bailie,  
Thy mother cannot want thee;  
And if thou go with Duncan Grahame  
Thou'll be a Gilliecrankie.'
- 23 'Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
And folly let thee be;  
Should not I fancie Duncan Grahame  
When Duncan fancies me?
- 24 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And folly let thee be;  
For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
Fore all the men I see.'
- 25 'Who is it that's done this turn?  
Who has done this deed?'  
'A minister it's, father,' she says,  
'Lives at the Rughburn bridge.'
- 26 'A minister, daughter?' he says,  
'A minister for mister!'  
'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
He married first my sister.'
- 27 'O fare you well, my daughter dear,  
So dearly as I lovd thee!  
Since thou wilt go to Duncan Grahame,  
My bonny Lizie Bailie.'
- 28 'O fare you well, my father dear,  
Also my sister Betty;  
O fare you well, my mother dear,  
I leave you all compleatly.'
- a. 3<sup>4</sup>. conveyd; cf. 10<sup>2</sup>.  
17<sup>4</sup>. *Suspicious*. I'll surely grant thee in b,  
which preserves the rhyme, and is otherwise  
preferable.  
20<sup>8</sup>. b avoids Giliecrankie here by reading  
to the Highland hills, and lacks 22.  
23<sup>2</sup>, 24<sup>2</sup>. *Hardly possible*. In 23<sup>2</sup> b has,  
With your folly let me be.  
27<sup>1</sup>. fair ye: cf. 28<sup>1.8</sup>.  
b. 1<sup>1</sup>. upon the. 1<sup>8</sup>. gane. 2<sup>1</sup>. been long at.  
2<sup>8</sup>. to her. 3<sup>4</sup>. convoyd. 4<sup>8</sup>. wilt.  
5<sup>1</sup>. I should: with you. 5<sup>2</sup>. They'd think.  
5<sup>8</sup>. can neither. 6<sup>8</sup>. dost. 6<sup>4</sup>. I will teach.  
7<sup>2</sup>. That wears. 7<sup>8</sup>. But she would.  
7<sup>4</sup>. he wears trews. 8<sup>8</sup>. have a.  
8<sup>4</sup>. That lives. 11<sup>2</sup>. you. 11<sup>4</sup>. at.  
14<sup>8</sup>. mony a: Highlandman. 15<sup>1</sup>. now she.  
15<sup>2</sup>. And he. 15<sup>8</sup>. O my. 17<sup>8</sup>. dost want.  
17<sup>4</sup>. I'll surely grant thee: *better*.  
19<sup>1</sup>. Now she's: gown. 19<sup>2</sup>. wore: Lowlands.  
19<sup>4</sup>. the gowns. 20<sup>2</sup>. oiled for the gilded.  
20<sup>8</sup>. to the Highland hills. 20<sup>4</sup>, 21<sup>4</sup>. gang.  
21<sup>2</sup>. And wanting. 22. *Wanting*.  
23<sup>2</sup>. With your folly let me be.  
23<sup>4</sup>. 'Fore all the men I see.  
24 (or, 23<sup>4</sup> 24<sup>1.8</sup>). *Wanting*. 25<sup>1</sup>. that has.  
25<sup>2</sup>. Or who hath. 25<sup>4</sup>. Red Burn.  
27<sup>1</sup>. So for O. 27<sup>2</sup>. love. 27<sup>8</sup>. go with.

- 27<sup>4</sup>. Thou 'lt get no gear from me.  
 c. Only 1-4<sup>1</sup> given.  
 1<sup>1</sup>. It was in and about the Martinmass.  
*Absurd. Lammas, even, is late enough  
 for leaves to be fresh and green; in fact  
 both are verbiage.*  
 1<sup>a</sup>. gane. 2<sup>1</sup>. She was nae in.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. Even wanting. 2<sup>3</sup>. When luck.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. she gaed.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. When she gaed to the bonny Isle.  
 d. 11 stanzas: 1<sup>a,4</sup>, 3<sup>2,4</sup>; 4; 5, in two forms,  
 one struck out; 6 (?), 20, 19, 9, 11 (?),  
 12, 18, 16.  
 5. 'I am sure they wad nae ca me wise,  
 Gin I wad gang wi you, sir,  
 For I can neither card nor spin,  
 Nor yet milk ewe nor cow, sir.'  
 6. 'My bonie Liza Baillie,  
 Let nane o these things daunt ye;  
 Ye 'll hae nae need to card or spin,  
 Your mither weel can want ye.'  
 9. She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,  
 Nor be an English ladie,  
 But she wad gang wi Duncan Grame,  
 And row her in his plaidie.  
 11. (?) She was nae ten miles frae the town  
 When she began to weary;  
 She often looked back and said,  
 'Farewell to Castlecarry!'  
 12. The first place I saw my Duncan Grame  
 Was near yon holland-bush;  
 My father took frae me my rings,  
 My rings but and my purse.  
 19. And she 's cast aff her bonie gown,  
 Made o the silk and sattin,  
 And she 's put on a tartan plaid,  
 To row among the bracken. (21<sup>4</sup>.)  
 20. Now she 's cast aff her bonie shoon,  
 Made o the gilded leather,  
 And she 's put on her Highland brogues,  
 To skip among the heather.

*This is enough to show the quality of d. It  
 has been extensively corrupted. 11 is out  
 of character, and suggested by 'Lizie  
 Lindsay.'*

- e. Stanzas 4, 5, 17, 20, 19, 9, only.  
 5. 'If I wad gang alang wi you  
 They wadna ca me wise, sir;  
 For I can neither card nor spin,  
 Nor yet can I speak Erse, sir.'  
 9. She wadna hae a Lawland laird,  
 Nor be a English lady,  
 But she 's awa wi Duncan Grahame  
 He 's rowd her in his plaidy.  
 17. 'My bonny Lizie Baillie,  
 Your minny canna want you;  
 Sae let the trooper gang his lane,  
 And carry his ain portmanteau.'  
 19. Nearly as in d. A' wrought wi gowd an  
 satin: To sport amang.  
 20. Nearly as in d. Spanish leather.  
 17<sup>a,4</sup> is not intelligible, and may have slipped  
 in from some "Trooper" ballad.  
 f. 10 stanzas, edited from some copy of d. f  
 3-9, 10 = d 2-8, 12, nearly.  
 1<sup>1</sup>. Lammas time. 1<sup>2</sup>. trees were.  
 1<sup>3</sup>. L. B. gaed to Garter town.  
 2, 3. She 'd no been lang in Garter town  
 Till she met wi Duncan Graham,  
 Wha kindly there saluted her,  
 And wad convoy her hame.  
 4<sup>2</sup>. Ye 's hae a tartan plaidie.  
 9<sup>3</sup>. wad gang wi Duncan Graham.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. And wear a tartan plaidie.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. her lowland brows.  
 19<sup>3</sup>. put on the worset gown.  
 19<sup>4</sup>. To skip among the breckin.  
 g. 14 stanzas.  
 2. She meant to go unto that place  
 To stay a little while;  
 But mark what fortune her befell  
 When she went to the Isle.  
 It fell out upon a day,  
 Sheep-shearing at an end,  
 Lizie Baillie she walkd out,  
 To see a distant friend.  
 3. But going down in a low glen  
 She met wi Duncan Graeme,

Who courted her along the way,  
Likewise convoyed her hame.

And gin ye gang awa this night  
We 'll hae a Killycrankie.'

*The whole ballad is treated with the like  
freedom and feebleness.*

*Killycrankie for a row: a droll emendation of  
a, and the only spirited line in the piece.*

22. 'O stay at hame,' her father said,  
'Your mither cannot want thee;

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## 228

### GLASGOW PEGGIE

A. 'Glasgow Peggie,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 40.

Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 116, and  
Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 137, one stanza.

B. a. 'Glasgow Peggy,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish  
Ballads, p. 174. b. Kinloch MSS, VII, 259. c. 'Glas-  
gow Peggie,' Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859,  
II, 230.

D. 'Donald of the Isles,' Buchan's Ballads of the  
North of Scotland, II, 155.

E. 'Glasgow Peggy,' Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs,  
I, 70.

C. a. 'Galla Water,' 'Bonny Peggy,' Motherwell's  
MS., p. 89. b. 'Glasgow Peggie,' "Scotch Ballads,

F. 'The Young Maclean,' Alexander Laing's MS., p. 5.

"COMMON in stalls," says Motherwell,  
"under this title ['Glasgow Peggie'], or that  
of the 'Earl of Hume,' or 'The Banks of  
Omey:'" Minstrelsy, p. xciii, note 133. In  
his MS., p. 90, the stall-copy is said to be bet-  
ter than the imperfect C a.

A young Highlander comes to Glasgow and  
is smitten with bonnie Peggie. Her father  
says the Highlander may steal cow or ewe, but  
not Peggie; and her mother asks in disgust  
whether her daughter, so long the object of  
her care, would end with going off in such  
company. For all that, Peggie goes. The  
Earl of Argyle, or the Earl of Hume, or the  
young Earl of Hume, takes this much to  
heart. The pair ride to a low glen in the

north country, and lie down on the grass.  
The Lowland lass has some compunctions,  
stimulated by the lack of the good beds at  
home. The captivating Highlander reassures  
her. He has the same comforts which she  
misses; they are his, and will soon be hers.  
He points out a fine castle which is his too,  
and he himself is Donald, Earl of Skye, and  
she will be a lady. B and E, to make the  
contrast of her two homes the greater, main-  
tain that, despite her regrets for the comforts  
of her father's mansion, all that Peggie left  
was a wee cot-house and a wee kail-yairdie.

In the fragment F, Maclean replaces Mac-  
donald.

## A

Sharpe's Ballad Book, No XV, p. 40.

- 1 'As I cam in by Glasgow town,  
The Highland troops were a' before me,  
And the bonniest lass that eer I saw,  
She lives in Glasgow, they ca her Peggie.
- 2 'I wad gie my bonnie black horse,  
So wad I my gude grey naigie,  
If I were twa hundred miles in the north,  
And nane wi me but my bonnie Peggie.'
- 3 Up then spak her father dear,  
Dear wow! but he was wondrous sorrie;  
'Weel may ye steal a cow or a yowe,  
But ye dare nae steal my bonnie Peggie.'
- 4 Up then spak her mother dear,  
Dear wow! but she spak wondrous sorrie;  
Now since I have brought ye up this length,  
Wad ye gang awa wi a Highland fellow?'
- 5 He set her on his bonnie black horse,  
He set himsel on his gude gray naigie,  
And they have ridden oer hills and dales,  
And he's awa wi his bonnie Peggie,
- 6 They have ridden oer hills and dales,  
They have ridden oer mountains many,  
Until they cam to a low, low glen,  
And there he's lain down wi his bonnie Peggie.
- 7 Up then spak the Earl of Argyle,  
Dear wow! but he spak wondrous sorrie;

'The bonniest lass in a' Scotland  
Is off and awa wi a Highland fellow!'

- 8 Their bed was of the bonnie green grass,  
Their blankets war o the hay sae bonnie;  
He folded his philabeg below her head,  
And he's lain down wi his bonnie Peggie.
- 9 Up then spak the bonny Lowland lass,  
And wow! but she spak wondrous sorrie;  
'I'se warrant my mither wad hae a gay sair  
heart  
To see me lien here wi you, my Willie.'
- 10 'In my father's house there's feather-beds,  
Feather-beds, and blankets mony;  
They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,  
And what needs your mither be sae sorrie,  
Peggie?
- 11 'Dinna you see yon nine score o kye,  
Feeding on yon hill sae bonnie?  
They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,  
And what needs your mither be sorrie,  
Peggie?
- 12 'Dinna ye see yon nine score o sheep,  
Feeding on yon brae sae bonnie?  
They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,  
And what needs your mither be sorrie for  
ye?
- 13 'Dinna ye see yon bonnie white house,  
Shining on yon brae sae bonnie?  
And I am the Earl of the Isle of Skye,  
And surely my Peggie will be ca'd a lady.'

## B

a. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 174; from recitation. b. Kinloch MSS, VII, 259; "from Mrs K.'s recitation." c. Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, II, 230.

- 1 THE Lawland lads think they are fine,  
But the Hieland lads are brisk and gaucy,  
And they are awa, near Glasgow toun,  
To steal awa a bonnie lassie.
- 2 'I wad gie my gude brown steed,  
And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,

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That I war fifty miles frae the toun,  
And nane wi me but my bonnie Peggy.'

- 3 But up then spak the auld gudman,  
And vow! but he spak wondrous saucie;  
'Ye may steal awa our cows and ewes,  
But ye sanna get our bonnie lassie.'
- 4 'I have got cows and ewes anew,  
I've got gowd and gear already;  
Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,  
But I will hae your bonnie Peggy.'

- 5 'I'll follow you oure moss and muir,  
I'll follow you oure mountains many,  
I'll follow you through frost and snaw,  
I'll stay na langer wi my daddie.'
- 6 He set her on a gude brown steed,  
Himself upon a gude grey naigie;  
They're oure hills, and oure dales,  
And he's awa wi his bonnie Peggy.
- 7 As they rade out by Glasgow toun,  
And down by the hills o Achildounie,  
There they met the Earl of Hume,  
And his auld son, riding bonnie.
- 8 Out bespak the Earl of Hume,  
And O! but he spak wondrous sorry;  
'The bonniest lass about a' Glasgow toun  
This day is awa wi a Hieland laddie!'
- 9 As they rade bye auld Drymen toun,  
The lasses leuch and lookit saucy,  
That the bonniest lass they ever saw  
Sud be riding awa wi a Hieland laddie.
- 10 They rode on through moss and muir,  
And so did they owre mountains many,  
Until that they cam to yonder glen,  
And she's lain down wi her Hieland laddie.
- 11 Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,  
And brakens war her blankets bonnie,  
Wi his tartan plaid aneath her head;  
And she's lain down wi her Hieland laddie.
- 12 'There's beds and bowsters in my father's  
house,  
There's sheets and blankets, and a' thing  
ready,  
And wadna they be angry wi me,  
To see me lie sae wi a Hieland laddie!'
- 13 'Tho there's beds and beddin in your father's  
house,  
Sheets and blankets, and a' made ready,  
Yet why sud they be angry wi thee,  
Though I be but a Hieland laddie?'
- 14 'It's I hae fifty acres of land,  
It's a' plowd and sawn already;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
And why sud na Peggy be calld a lady?'
- 15 'I hae fifty gude milk kye,  
A' tied to the staws already;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
And why sud na Peggy be calld a lady?'
- 16 'See ye no a' yon castles and towrs?  
The sun sheens owre them a sae bonnie;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
I think I'll mak ye as blythe as onie.'
- 17 'A' that Peggy left behind  
Was a cot-house and a wee kail-yardie;  
Now I think she is better by far  
Than tho she had got a Lawland lairdie.

## O

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 89; from recitation. b. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 116, and Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 137, the last stanza.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'He set her on his bonnie black horse,  
He set himsel on his good gray naigie;  
He has ridden over hills, he has ridden over  
dales,  
And he's quite awa wi my bonny Peggy.
- 2 'Her brow it is brent and her middle it is jimp,  
Her arms are long and her fingers slender;

One sight of her eyes makes my very heart  
rejoice,  
And wae's my heart that we should sun-  
der!'

- 3 His sheets were of the good green hay,  
His blankets were of the brakens bonnie;  
He's laid his trews beneath her head,  
And she's lain down wi her Highland lad-  
die.
- 4 'I am my mother's ae daughter,  
And she had nae mair unto my daddie,

And this night she would have a sore, sore  
heart  
For to see me lye down with a Highland  
laddie.'

5 'Ye are your mother's ae daughter,  
And she had nae mae unto your daddie;  
This night she need not have a sore, sore heart  
For to see you lie down with a Highland  
laddie.

6 'I have four-and-twenty acres of land,  
It is ploughed, it is sown, and is always  
ready,

And you shall have servants at your command;  
And why should you slight a Highland lad-  
die?

7 'I have four-and-twenty good milk-kye,  
They are feeding on yon meadow bonnie;  
Besides, I have both lambs and ewes,  
Going low in the haughs o Galla water.

8 'My house it stands on yon hill-side,  
My broadsword, durk, and bow is ready,  
And you shall have servants at your command;  
And why may not Peggy be called a lady?'

# D

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 155.

1 A BONNY laddie brisk and gay,  
A handsome youth sae brisk and gaddie,  
And he is on to Glasgow town,  
To steal awa his bonny Peggy.

2 When he came into Glasgow town,  
Upon her father's green sae steady,  
'Come forth, come forth, old man,' he says,  
'For I am come for bonny Peggy.'

3 Out it spake her father then;  
'Begone from me, ye Highland laddie;  
There's nane in a' the West Country  
Dare steal from me my bonny Peggy.'

4 'I've ten young men all at my back,  
That ance to me were baith true and steady;  
If ance I call, they'll soon be nigh,  
And bring to me my bonny Peggy.'

5 Out it spake her mother then,  
Dear! but she spake wondrous saucy;  
Says, Ye may steal my cow or ewe,  
But I'll keep sight o my ain lassie.

6 'Hold your tongue, old woman,' he says,  
'Ye think your wit it is fu ready;  
For cow nor ewe I ever stole,  
But I will steal your bonny Peggy.'

7 Then all his men they boldly came,  
That was to him baith true and steady,

And thro the ha they quickly went,  
And forth they carried bonny Peggy.

8 Her father gae mony shout and cry,  
Her mother cursed the Highland laddie;  
But he heard them as he heard them not,  
But fixd his eye on bonny Peggy.

9 He set her on his milk-white steed,  
And he himsell on his grey naigie;  
Still along the way they rode,  
And he's awa wi bonny Peggy.

10 Says, I wad gie baith cow and ewe,  
And sae woud I this tartan plaidie,  
That I was far into the north,  
And alang wi me my bonny Peggy.

11 As they rode down yon pleasant glen,  
For trees and brambles were right mony,  
There they met the Earl o Hume,  
And his young son, were riding bonny.

12 Then out it spake the young Earl Hume,  
Dear! but he spake wondrous gaudie;  
'I'm wae to see sae fair a dame  
Riding alang wi a Highland laddie.'

13 'Hold your tongue, ye young Earl Hume,  
O dear! but ye do speak right gaudie;  
There's nae a lord in a' the south  
Dare eer compete wi a Highland laddie.'

14 Then he rade five miles thro the north,  
Thro mony hills sae rough and seroggie,

Till they came down to a low glen,  
And he lay down wi bonny Peggy.

- 15 Then he inclosed her in his arms,  
And rowd her in his tartan plaidie:  
'There are blankets and sheets in my father's  
house,  
How have I lien down wi a Highland laddie!'

- 16 Says he, There are sheep in my father's fauld,  
And every year their wool is ready;  
By the same our debts we pay,  
Altho I be but a Highland laddie.

- 17 'There are fifty cows in my father's byre,  
That all are tyed to the stakes and ready;  
Five thousand pounds I hae ilk year,  
Altho I be but a Highland laddie.

- 18 'My father has fifty well shod horse,  
Besides your steed and my grey naigie;  
I'm Donald o the Isle o Sky,  
Why may not you be ca'd a lady?

- 19 'See ye not yon fine castle,  
On yonder hill that stands sae gaudie?  
And there we'll win this very night,  
Where ye'll enjoy your Highland laddie.'

### E

Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 70, as sung by an  
old woman living near Keith, Banffshire.

- 1 THE Hielan lads sae brisk and braw,  
The Hielan lads sae brisk and gaudie,  
Hae gane awa to Glasgow town,  
To steal awa the bonny Peggy.

- 2 As they cam on to Glasgow town,  
And passd the banks and braes sae bonny,  
There they espied the weel-faurd may,  
And she said to them her name was Peggy.

- 3 Their chief did meet her father soon,  
And O! but he was wondrous angry;  
Says, Ye may steal my owsen and kye,  
But ye maunna steal my bonnie Peggy.

- 4 'O haud your tongue, ye gude auld man,  
For I've got cows and ewes already;  
I come na to steal your owsen and kye,  
But I will steal your bonny Peggy.'

- 5 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And he himsel rode a gude grey naigie,

And they are on mony miles to the north,  
And nane wi them but the bonny Peggy.

- 6 'I hae fifty acres o gude red lan,  
And a' weel ploughd and sawn already,  
And why should your father be angry wi me,  
And ca me naething but a Hielan laddie?

- 7 'I hae twenty weel mounted steeds,  
Black and brown and grey, already;  
And ilk ane o them is tended by a groom,  
Altho I be but a Hielan laddie.

- 8 'I hae now ten thousand sheep,  
A' feeding on yon braes sae bonny,  
And ilka hundred a shepherd has,  
Altho I be but a Hielan laddie.

- 9 'I hae a castle on yonder hill,  
It's a' set roun wi windows many;  
I'm Lord M'Donald o the whole Isle of Skye;  
And why shouldna Peggy be ca'd my Lady?'

- 10 Now a' that Peggy had before  
Was a wee cot-house and a little kail-yairdie,  
But now she is lady o the whole Isle of Skye,  
And now bonny Peggy is ca'd my Lady.

## F

Alexander Laing's MS., 1829, p. 5.

- 1 THE young Maclean is brisk an bauld,  
The young Maclean is rash an ready,  
An he is to the Lowlands gane,  
To steal awa a bonnie ladye.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 2 Out an spak her auld father,  
An O! but he spak wondrous angry;

'Ye may steal my cows an ewes,  
But ye shall not steal my dochter Peggie.'

- 3 'O haud your tongue, ye gude auld man,  
For I hae gear enough already;  
I cum na for your cows an ewes,  
But I cum for your dochter Peggie.'

- 4 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a gude gray naggie,  
An they are to the Highlands gane,  
The young Maclean an his bonnie ladye.

B. b. Stanzas 7, 3, 12<sup>2</sup>, 6, 4.

3. And then out and spak her father dear,  
And oh! but he was wondrous angrie;  
'It's ye may steal my cows and ewes,  
But ye maunna steal my bonnie Peggie.'

4. 'Hold your tongue, you silly auld man,  
For ye've said eneuch already;  
I'll neither steal your cows nor ewes,  
But I wat I'll steal your bonnie Peggie.'

- 6<sup>1</sup>. He's mounted her on a milk-white.  
6<sup>2</sup>. are ouer hill and they're ouer dale.  
6<sup>4</sup>. he's clean awa. 7<sup>1</sup>. As I cam in by.  
7<sup>2</sup>. I met. 7<sup>4</sup>. son, war.  
12<sup>2</sup>. Feather beds and bowsters many. (A,  
10<sup>2</sup>)

- c. "I have carefully collated these [Kinloch's copy, B a, and Sharpe's, A] with another copy, giving, for the most part, the preference to the version of Mr Kinloch." Readings (quite unimportant) which do not occur in B a, A:

- 1<sup>2</sup>. they hae come down to Glasgow town.  
2<sup>1</sup>. O I. 2<sup>2</sup>. were a hundred. 4<sup>2</sup>. or.  
After 4, cf. A 4<sup>1,2</sup>:

But up then spak the auld gudewife,  
And wow! but she lookd wondrous yellow.

- 5<sup>1-2</sup>. follow him. 5<sup>4</sup>. I'll bide. 7<sup>1</sup>. out frae.  
7<sup>2</sup>. And by the side o Antermoney.  
7<sup>4</sup>. Wi him his. 8<sup>2</sup>. sadly for sorry.  
10<sup>1</sup>. It's they. 11<sup>4</sup>. wi the.  
12<sup>1</sup>. There's mair than ae bed in.  
16<sup>2</sup>. on them. 16<sup>3</sup>. It's I.  
C. b. 8. In a letter of John Hamilton's to Sir W. Scott, dated August 17, 1803 ("Scotch Ballads," etc., No 116), this stanza is given thus:

My palace stands on yon burn-brae,  
My bow is bent an arrows ready;  
My name is Donald, in the Isle of Skye,  
Although I be but a Highland laddie.

Scott probably trusted to his memory when making the following note to a, printed in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, ed. 1880:

'I have a dirk and a gude claymore,  
My bow is bent and my arrow ready;  
My castle stands in the Isle of Skye,  
Although I am but a Highland laddie.'

"The above stanza, which I got from the late Mr Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, seems to belong to 'Glasgow Peggie.'"

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## EARL CRAWFORD

A. a. 'Earl Crawford,' Christie's Traditional Ballad  
Airs, I, 290, from recitation. b. From recitation.

B. 'Earl Crawford,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of  
Scotland, I, 61. Abridged, in Christie's Traditional  
Ballad Airs, I, 68.

A. ONE of seven handsome sisters makes a great match with the Earl of Crawford. In a fit of jealousy at the fondness which he shows his young son, Ladie Lillie addresses to her husband a quip on that head, to which the earl replies in the same tone. But the matter does not end there. The earl sets his wife on a horse, with her son, and sends her home to her father at Stobhall, never to enter his gates again. Her father is surprised that she should come without notice or attendants; she tells him that a word from her merry mouth has parted her and her lord. The father offers to make a better match for her; she would not give a kiss of Crawford's for all her father's gold. She sends a messenger to the earl to see whether he retains affection for her; word is brought back that she is to stay with her father and never enter Crawford's gates again. Her heart breaks. Her father puts on black, rides to Crawford's, and finds the earl just setting forth with a party to bring Lady Lillie home. Upon learning that his wife is dead, the earl declares that the sun shall nevermore shine on him.

B. Lady Crawford rides to her husband's castle in person to see if the earl will pity her. He shuts his gates and steeks his doors, and will neither come down to speak with her himself nor send his man. She retires weeping. The earl in turn now goes to the castle where his lady is lying, to see if she will pity him. She shuts the gates and steeks the doors, and will neither come down to speak with him nor send her waiting-maid. Not the less she

takes to her bed, both she and Crawford die before morning, and both are buried in one tomb.

The late Earl of Crawford recognized an agreement with fact in some of the details of this story: Christie, I, 289. David, eleventh earl of Crawford, who succeeded his father in 1574, married Lillias Drummond, daughter of David, second Lord Drummond, the Laird of Stobhall. This was considered so great a match for the lady that a tocher was given with her "far beyond what was customary in those times, to wit, ten thousand merks." Although the peerages mention no children by this marriage, there is evidence that Earl David had by Lillias "an only child, David, who died in infancy." "These collateral verities" seemed to Earl Crawford "to found a presumption in favor of the truth of the main incident of the ballad." Crawford did not live at Crawford Castle, as the ballad has it. "That place had ceased to be the family residence for a long while. Earl David lived at Finhaven Castle, in Angus; not too far from Stobhall to be in keeping with the riding to and fro recorded in the ballad."

The first lines of the ballad are probably borrowed from 'Gil Brenton': see No 5, A 43, B 34, C 1, D 1, H 1, 2. A 11, 12, B 15, 16, is a common-place: see most of the versions of 'Jamie Douglas,' No 204, and of 'The Braes o Yarrow,' No 214, and 'Clerk Saunders,' No 69, E 15, G 27.

B is translated by Gerhard, p. 108.

## A

a. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 290, as taken down 1867-73, from the recitation of Mrs Mary Robertson, wife of James Robertson, shoemaker, Bogmoor, near Fochabers. b. Obtained by Mr Macmath, March 25, 1890, from the daughter of Mrs Robertson, Mrs Mary Thomson, wife of James Thomson, gardener at Gordon Castle gardens, Fochabers.

- 1 O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
We were a comely crew to see,  
And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
And some got knights o hie degree;  
And I mysel got the Earl o Crawford,  
And wasna that a great match for me!
- 2 It was at fifteen that I was married,  
And at sixteen I had a son;  
And wasna that an age ower tender  
For a lady to hae her first-born!  
And wasna, etc.
- 3 But it fell ance upon a day  
I gaed into the garden green,  
And naebody was therein walking  
But Earl Crawford and his young son.
- 4 'I wonder at you, ye Earl Crawford,  
I wonder at you wi your young son;  
Ye daut your young son mair than your Lillie;  
[I'm sure you got na him your lane.]
- 5 [He turned about upon his heel,  
I wite an angry man was he;  
Says, If I got nae my young son my lane,  
Bring me here the one that helpet me.]
- 6 ['O hold your tongue, my Earl Crawford,  
And a' my folly lat it be;  
There was nane at the gettin o oor son,  
Nae body only but you and me.']
- 7 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Her little young son her before;  
Says, Ye maun gae to bonny Stobha,  
For ye will enter my yates no more.
- 8 When she cam to her father's bowers,  
She lichtit low down on the stane,  
And wha sae ready as her auld father  
To welcome Lady Lillie in?

- 9 'O how's a' wi you, my daughter Lillie,  
That ye come here sae hastilie?  
And how's a' wi' the Earl o Crawford,  
That he didna send a boy wi thee?'
- 10 'O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
And ye'll lat a' your folly be;  
For ae word that my merry mou spak  
Has parted my good lord and me.'
- 11 'O haud your tongue, my daughter Lillie,  
And a' your follies lat them be;  
I'll double your portion ten times ower,  
And a better match I'll get for thee.'
- 12 'O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
And a' your folly lat it be;  
I wouldna gie ae kiss o Crawford  
For a' the goud that ye can gie.
- 13 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
That's willin to win meat and fee,  
Wha will gae on to Earl Crawford  
An see an 's heart be fawn to me?'
- 14 When he cam to the yates o Crawford,  
They were a' sitting down to dine:  
'How comes it now, ye Earl Crawford,  
Ye arena takin Lady Lillie hame?'
- 15 'Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,  
And ye maun neither lee nor len,  
She may stay in her father's bowers,  
For she'll not enter my yates again.'
- 16 When he cam back to her father's yates,  
He lichtit low down on his knee:  
'What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
What news, what news hae ye to me?'
- 17 'I'm bidden tell you, Lady Lillie—  
I'm bidden neither to lee nor len—  
She may stay in her father's bowers,  
For she'll not enter my yates again.'
- 18 She stretched out her lily hand,  
Says, 'Adieu, adieu to ane and a!  
Adieu, adieu to Earl Crawford!'  
Wi that her sair heart brak in twa.
- 19 Then dowie, dowie her father raise up,  
And dowie, dowie the black put on,

- And dowie, dowie he mounted the brown,  
And dowie, dowie sat thereon.
- 20 And dowie rade to the yates o Crawford,  
And when to Crawford's yates he came,  
They were a' dressd in the robes o scarlet,  
Just gaun to tak Lady Lillie hame.
- 21 'Ye may cast aff your robes o scarlet —  
I wyte they set you wondrous weel —
- And now put on the black sae dowie,  
And come and bury your Lady Lill.'
- 22 He took his hat into his hand,  
And laid it low down by his knee :  
'An it be true that Lillie's dead,  
The sun shall nae mair shine on me.'

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 61.

- 1 O we were seven bonny sisters,  
As fair women as fair could be,  
And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
And some got knights o high degree :  
When I was married to Earl Crawford,  
This was the fate befell to me.
- 2 When we had been married for some time,  
We walked in our garden green,  
And aye he clappd his young son's head,  
And aye he made sae much o him.
- 3 I turnd me right and round about,  
And aye the blythe blink in my ee :  
'Ye think as much o your young son  
As ye do o my fair body.
- 4 'What need ye clap your young son's head ?  
What need ye make so much o him ?  
What need ye clap your young son's head ?  
I'm sure ye gotna him your lane.'
- 5 'O if I gotna him my lane,  
Show here the man that helpd me ;  
And for these words your ain mouth spoke  
Heir o my land he neer shall be.'
- 6 He calld upon his stable-groom  
To come to him right speedilie :  
'Gae saddle a steed to Lady Crawford,  
Be sure ye do it hastilie.
- 7 'His bridle gilt wi gude red gowd,  
That it may glitter in her ee ;
- And send her on to bonny Stobha,  
All her relations for to see.'
- 8 Her mother lay oer the castle wa,  
And she beheld baith dale and down,  
And she beheld her Lady Crawford,  
As she came riding to the town.
- 9 'Come here, come here, my husband dear,  
This day ye see not what I see ;  
For here there comes her Lady Crawford,  
Riding alane upon the lee.'
- 10 When she came to her father's yates,  
She tirl'd gently at the pin :  
'If ye sleep, awake, my mother dear,  
Ye'll rise lat Lady Crawford in.'
- 11 'What news, what news, ye Lady Crawford,  
That ye come here so hastilie ?'  
'Bad news, bad news, my mother dear,  
For my gude lord's forsaken me.'
- 12 'O wae's me for you, Lady Crawford,  
This is a dowie tale to me ;  
Alas ! you were too young married  
To thole sic cross and misery.'
- 13 'O had your tongue, my mother dear,  
And ye'll lat a' your folly be ;  
It was a word my merry mouth spake  
That sinderd my gude lord and me.'
- 14 Out it spake her brither then,  
Aye as he stept ben the floor :  
'My sister Lillie was but eighteen years  
When Earl Crawford ca'ed her a whore.

- 15 'But had your tongue, my sister dear,  
And ye'll lat a' your mourning bee;  
I'll wed you to as fine a knight,  
That is nine times as rich as hee.'
- 16 'O had your tongue, my brither dear,  
And ye'll lat a' your folly bee;  
I'd rather yae kiss o Crawford's mouth  
Than a' his gowd and white monie.
- 17 'But saddle to me my riding-steed,  
And see him saddled speedilie,  
And I will on to Earl Crawford's,  
And see if he will pity me.'
- 18 Earl Crawford lay o'er castle wa,  
And he beheld baith dale and down,  
And he beheld her Lady Crawford,  
As she came riding to the town.
- 19 He called ane o his livery men  
To come to him right speedilie:  
'Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,  
Keep Lady Crawford out frae me.'
- 20 When she came to Earl Crawford's yates,  
She tirl'd gently at the pin:  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford,  
Ye'll open, lat Lady Crawford in.
- 21 'Come down, come down, O Earl Crawford,  
And speak some comfort unto me;  
And if ye winna come yoursell,  
Ye'll send your gentleman to me.'
- 22 'Indeed I winna come mysell,  
Nor send my gentleman to thee;  
For I tauld you when we did part  
Nae mair my spouse ye'd ever bee.'
- 23 She laid her mouth then to the yates,  
And aye the tears drapt frae her ee;  
Says, Fare ye well, Earl Crawford's yates,  
You again I'll nae mair see.
- 24 Earl Crawford call'd on his stable-groom  
To come to him right speedilie,  
And sae did he his waiting-man,  
That did attend his fair bodie.
- 25 'Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,  
And see and saddle him speedilie,  
And I'll gang to the Lady Crawford,  
And see if she will pity me.'
- 26 Lady Crawford lay oer castle-wa,  
And she beheld baith dale and down,  
And she beheld him Earl Crawford,  
As he came riding to the town.
- 27 Then she has call'd ane o her maids  
To come to her right speedilie:  
'Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,  
Keep Earl Crawford out frae me.'
- 28 When he came to Lady Crawford's yates,  
He tirl'd gently at the pin:  
'Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford,  
Ye'll rise and lat Earl Crawford in.
- 29 'Come down, come down, O Lady Crawford,  
Come down, come down, and speak wi me;  
And gin ye winna come yoursell,  
Ye'll send your waiting-maid to me.'
- 30 'Indeed I winna come mysell,  
Nor send my waiting-maid to thee;  
Sae take your ain words hame again  
At Crawford castle ye tauld me.
- 31 'O mother dear, gae make my bed,  
And ye will make it saft and soun,  
And turn my face unto the west,  
That I nae mair may see the sun.'
- 32 Her mother she did make her bed,  
And she did make it saft and soun;  
True were the words fair Lillie spake,  
Her lovely eyes neer saw the sun.
- 33 The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,  
Wi sorrows great he did ride hame;  
But ere the morning sun appear'd  
This fine lord was dead and gane.
- 34 Then on ae night this couple died,  
And baith were buried in ae tomb:  
Let this a warning be to all,  
Their pride may not bring them low down.

A. a. 4<sup>1</sup>, 5, 6. *Omitted; supplied from b.* Dean Christie notes that the lines omitted will be found in a copy which, with other things of the kind, he had destined for use in this collection. Unfortunately, and quite unaccountably, these pieces never came to hand.

19<sup>2</sup>. put on the black.

b. *Of b, which was obtained some twenty years after a was written down, Mrs Thomson says: Enclosed is the whole of the ballad, as I had it from my mother. . . . She never sang those two verses to us [5, 6]. She only repeated them to me when Dean Christie wanted the ballad. We may, perhaps, infer from these last words that the ballad was originally taken down by the daughter from her mother's recitation, and not by Dean Christie. It is to be observed that the mother was still living in 1890, but when b was committed to paper is not said.*

a. 8<sup>3,4</sup>, 9<sup>1,2</sup>, are wanting in b; b has a stanza, an inevitable one, which a lacks, in answer to 13.

1<sup>1</sup>. It's we were sisters and.

1<sup>2</sup>. Some got dukes. 1<sup>4</sup>. got men.

1<sup>5</sup>. But I: Earl Crawford. 1<sup>6</sup>. a meet.

2<sup>1</sup>. Fifteen years that.

2<sup>2</sup>. And sixteen years I.

2<sup>3</sup>. that a tender age.

3<sup>2</sup>. We were walking in yon.

3<sup>3</sup>. There was nae body walking there.

3<sup>4</sup>. But the earl himself and. 4<sup>1</sup>. you, Earl.

4<sup>2</sup>. You mak sae much o your.

4<sup>3</sup>. I wonder at you, Earl Crawford.

4<sup>4</sup>, 5, 6. *Inserted in a.*

7<sup>2</sup>. little son he set her.

7<sup>3</sup>. gee on to your father's bowers.

8<sup>2</sup>. down on her knee. 8<sup>3,4</sup>, 9<sup>1,2</sup>, *wanting.*

9<sup>5</sup>. Hoo's a', hoo's a. 9<sup>4</sup>. thee wi.

10<sup>1</sup>. now *wanting.* 10<sup>2</sup>. And a' my folly lat it.

10<sup>3</sup>. For one: mouth. 11<sup>1</sup>. my Lady.

11<sup>2</sup>. And I'll lat a' your folly.

11<sup>3</sup>. portion oer again.

11<sup>4</sup>. I'll provide for.

12<sup>1</sup>. now *wanting.*

12<sup>2</sup>. And speak nae mair o this to me.

12<sup>3</sup>. For I wad nae. 12<sup>4</sup>. ye could.

13<sup>3</sup>. That will: Crawford's.

13<sup>4</sup>. see gin's hairt be faen tae.

*After 13:*

'O here am I, a bonny boy,

That's willin to win meat and fee,

That will go on to Earl Crawford's,

And see an's hairt be faen to thee.'

14<sup>1</sup>. to Earl Crawford's gates.

14<sup>2</sup>. He lighted low down on a stane.

14<sup>3</sup>. Says, I wonder at you, E. C.

14<sup>4</sup>. You'r nae gaun to tak.

15<sup>1</sup>. tell to Lady. 15<sup>2</sup>. Ye may neither.

15<sup>3</sup>. stay weel in. 15<sup>4</sup>. she'll never.

16<sup>1</sup>. came to her father's bowers.

17<sup>1</sup>. tell to Lady.

17<sup>2</sup>. You'r bidden stay well in your.

17<sup>4</sup>. For yu'll never enter his. 18<sup>1</sup>. lily-white.

18<sup>2</sup>. to the Earl himself.

18<sup>4</sup>. And wi that her bonny hairt did brack.

19<sup>1</sup>. Dowie, dowie raise up her father.

19<sup>2</sup>. And *wanting*: the black put on.

19<sup>3</sup>. And *wanting*: his steed he mounted.

20<sup>1</sup>. When he came to Earl Crawford's gates.

20<sup>2</sup>. They were all going to dine.

20<sup>3</sup>. And were all drest in robes of white.

21<sup>1</sup>. He says, You may put aff the robes o white.

21<sup>2</sup>. And ye'll put on the dowie black.

22<sup>1</sup>. Earl Crawford took his hat in 's hand.

22<sup>2</sup>. Says, If this be true that L[ady] L[illie's].

22<sup>4</sup>. sin shall never shine.

## 230

## THE SLAUGHTER OF THE LAIRD OF MELLERSTAIN

In a folio volume with the title "Miscellanies," the last piece in the volume, Abbotsford.

BIRREL'S Diary has this entry under date of January 3, 1603: "The 3 of Januar Johne Hai[t]lie of Millstanes slaine at the Salt Tron be Williame Home hes guidfather. This William of Ball[int]a wes of the hous of Cowdenknowis." P. 57. In a proclamation of the Privy Council against reset of criminals, 20th January, 1603, the list of cases begins with "the reset of the persons who lately most shamefully and barbarously slew the Laird of Mellestanes." Register, VI, 525 f. There is nothing to show that these persons were ever brought to justice, and the efforts made by the public authorities to stop hostilities between the families concerned were, as usual, not readily successful. April 28, 1608, the parties to the "feud between James Haitlie, now of Mellirstanes [son of John], and Mr James Home of Eccles, on account of the slaughter of John Haitlie of Mellirstanes," are ordered to appear before the Council on the 12th of May following, to be reconciled and to chop hands together. Register, VIII, 81 f.

An entry of the 4th of December, 1599, censures Sir George Home, sheriff of Berwick, for not proceeding against "William Home, younger, called of Coldenknowis and now of Ballinta, who slew within the said shire Mr

Alexander Dicksoun," and was denounced therefor 29th December, 1596. This William we may presume to have been the undegenerate son of the William whom Birrel calls Mellerstain's "guidfather." Register, VI, 57.

The lady of st. 1 was Marion Lumsden (otherwise Mariot, Margaret), "Lady Mellirstanes," "relicta Joannis Haitlie de Mellerstanes." Register P. C., VIII, 101, 366, Register of the Great Seal, VI, 722. Mellerstain stands on a rising ground near the right bank of the Eden, 12. Cowdenknowis in 3<sup>1</sup> may have been Sir John Home of Cowdenknowis, named as one of the curators of James Haitlie (a minor in 1607). Earlstoun is not determinate. Bemerside is an alternative reading for Earlstoun. The laird of Bemerside at the date of the slaughter was the turbulent James Haig. The lady in st. 4 is looking in several directions for the arrival of her husband's body. (I have not found Fieldiesha and Yirdandstane.) The Salt Tron is a locality of much note in the history of Edinburgh: see Wilson's Memorials, p. 249.

This fragment appears to have come into Sir Walter Scott's hands through Mr W. Yellowlees, who filled out two of the defective stanzas, and appended some remarks under the date of 29th October, 1828.\*

- 1 . . . . .  
As they came in by the Eden side,  
They heard a lady lamenting sair,  
Bewailing the time she was a bride.

- 2 . . . . .  
A stately youth of blude and lane,

. . . . .  
John Hately, the laird of Mellerstain.

- 3 'Cowdenknowis, had ye nae lack?  
And Earlstoun, had ye nae shame?

\* It would have come in earlier (as No 195), had it been discovered in time.

Ye took him away beside my back,  
But ye never saw to bring him hame.'

4 And she has lookit to Fieldiesha,  
So has she through Yirdandstane;  
She lookit to Earlstoun, and she saw the Fans,  
But he's coming hame by West Gordon.

5 And she staggerd and she stood,

6 ' . . . . .  
. . . . . wude;  
How can I keep in my wits,  
When I look on my husband's blood?'

7 'Had we been men as we are women,  
And been at his back when he was slain,  
It should a been tauld for mony a lang year,  
The slaughter o the laird of Mellerstain.'

2<sup>d</sup>. James Hately. 3<sup>d</sup>. Earlstoun Bemeride had.  
*Between 3 and 4 are two half stanzas which  
belong to 'James Hatley,' No. 241, and are  
there given.*

4<sup>1</sup>. Fieldies ha.  
4<sup>2</sup>. yird and stane.

## 231

### THE EARL OF ERROL

A. a. 'Kate Carnegie,' Campbell MSS, II, 94. b. The  
Edinburgh Magazine, or Literary Miscellany, June,  
1808, p. 458.

B. Skene MS., p. 113.

C. 'The Countess of Erroll,' Buchan's Ballads of the  
North of Scotland, II, 176.

D. a. 'Lord and Lady Errol,' Buchan's Gleanings,

p. 158. b. 'Errol's Place,' Maidment's North Coun-  
trie Garland, p. 31. c. 'Earl of Errol,' Kinloch's  
Ballad Book, p. 31.

E. Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe,  
edited by Alexander Allardyce, I, 180; Sharpe's  
Ballad Book, p. 89, No. 31.

F. 'The Earl of Erroll,' Kinloch MSS, III, 138.

SIR GILBERT HAY, tenth Earl of Errol, was married to Lady Catherine Carnegie, younger daughter of James, second Earl of Southesk, January 7, 1658, and had no children by her. He died in 1674. The ballad, says the person who communicated A b to the Edinburgh Miscellany, was "founded, it would seem, on some attempt to withhold from the Earl of Errol his consort's portion." It will be observed that the father proposes a beguil-

ing to his daughter, and that she is ready to assent, in A, 12, 13.

It appears from a letter cited by Sharpe in his Ballad Book that the matters treated in the ballad were agitating, and had even "come to public hearing," in February, 1659.

Sir John Hay of Killour, as the nearest male heir, became the eleventh Earl of Errol. His wife was Lady Anne Drummond, only daughter of James, third Earl of Perth, so

that the Earl of Perth might seem to have an interest in this affair of Errol's. She, however, was not born till January, 1656. Perth is actually made the other party in legal proceedings in A a 1, but in A b seems to espouse Errol's side.

Carnegy's other daughter, who in most of the versions censures her sister's conduct, is called Jean in A 5, D a 7, F 10, Anne in D b c. These are stock ballad-names, and we need not suppose that Anne comes from Lady Anne Drummond. The older daughter's name was Elizabeth.

Errol is in the Carse of Gowrie, a tract noted for its fertility; which accounts for B 2, D a 1, D c 1, F 2.

E, F go the length of imputing to Lady Errol an attempt to poison her husband with wine which she offers him. A page, of Errol's kin, exposes her in E; in F Errol gives the drink to a greyhound, and the dog bursts.

The last stanza of A b, C, D c has reference to "the ancient separate maintenance of a lady dissatisfied with or apart from her husband." (Edinburgh Magazine, as above.)

E is introduced in Sharpe's letter by some pages of mild pleasantry in the form of a preface to "a specimen of the fourth volume of the Border Minstrelsy, speedily to be published."

### A

a. Campbell MSS., II, 94. b. The Edinburgh Magazine, or Literary Miscellany, June, 1803, p. 458.

- 1 THERE was a jury sat at Perth,  
In the merry month of May,  
Betwixt the noble Duke of Perth  
But and Sir Gilbert Hay.
- 2 My lord Kingside has two daughters,  
They are proper, straight and tall;  
But my lord Carnegie he has two  
That far excells them all.
- 3 Then Errol he has dressd him,  
As very well he could;  
I'm sure there was not one cloth-yard  
But what was trimmd with gold.
- 4 'Ane asking, ane asking, my lord Carnegie,  
Ane asking I've to thee;  
I'm come to court your daughter Jean,  
My wedded wife to be.'
- 5 'My daughter Jean was wed yestreen,  
To one of high degree,  
But where Jean got one guinea of gold  
With Kate I'll give thee three.
- 6 'Full fifteen hundred pounds  
Had Jean Carnegie,  
But three fifteen hundred pounds  
With Kate I'll gie to thee.'

- 7 Then Errol he has wed her,  
And fairly brought her hame;  
There was nae peace between them twa  
Till they sundered oer again.
- 8 When bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
And a' man bound to bed,  
The Earl of Errol and his countess  
In one chamber was laid.
- 9 Early in the morning  
My lord Carnegie rose,  
The Earl of Errol and his countess,  
And they've put on their clothes.
- 10 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
'Kate, is your toucher won?'  
'Ye may ask the Earl of Errol,  
If he be your good-son.
- 11 'What need I wash my petticoat  
And hing it on a pin?  
For I am as leal a maid yet  
As yestreen when I lay down.
- 12 'What need I wash my apron  
And hing it on the door?  
It's baith side and wide enough,  
Hangs even down before.'
- 13 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
'O Kate, what do ye think?

- We 'll beguile the Earl of Errol  
As lang as he 's in drink.'
- 14 'O what will ye beguile him wi?  
Or what will ye do than?  
I 'll swear before a justice-court  
That he 's no a sufficient man.'
- 15 Then Errol he cam down the stair,  
As bold as oney rae:  
'Go saddle to me my Irish coach,  
To Edinbro I 'll go.'
- 16 When he came to Edinbro,  
He lighted on the green;  
There were four-and-twenty maidens  
A' dancing in a ring.
- 17 There were four-and-twenty maidens  
A' dancing in a row;  
The fatest and the fairest  
To bed wi him must go.
- 18 He 's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And he led her thro the green,  
And twenty times he kissd her there,  
Before his ain wife's een.
- 19 He 's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And he 's led her thro the hall,  
And twenty times he 's kissd her there,  
Before his nobles all.
- 20 'Look up, look up, my Peggy lass,  
Look up, and think nae shame;  
Ten hundred pounds I 'll gie to you  
To bear to me a son.'
- 21 He 's keepit his Peggy in his room  
Three quarter of a year,  
And just at the nine months' end  
She a son to him did bear.
- 22 'Now if ye be Kate Carnegie,  
And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I 'll make your father sell his lands  
Your toucher for to pay.'
- 23 'To make my father sell his lands,  
It wad be a great sin,  
To toucher oney John Sheephead  
That canna toucher win.'
- 24 'Now hold your tongue, ye whorish bitch,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie!  
For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
Upon his mother's knee;  
For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
Altho he 's no by thee.'
- 25 'You may take hame your daughter Kate,  
And set her on the glen;  
For Errol canna please her,  
Nor nane o Errol's men;  
For Errol canna please her,  
Nor twenty of his men.'
- 26 The ranting and the roving,  
The thing we a' do ken,  
The lady lost her right that night,  
The first night she lay down;  
And the thing we ca the ranting o't,  
The lady lies her lane.

## B

Skene MS., p. 113; taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 EARELL is a bonny place,  
It stands upon yon plain;  
The greatest faut about the placo  
Earell 's no a man.  
What ye ca the danting o't,  
According as ye ken,  
For the pearting . . .  
Lady Earell lyes her lane.
- 2 Earell is a bonny place,  
It stands upon yon plain;  
The roses they graw red an white,  
An apples they graw green.
- 3 'What need I my apron wash  
An hing upon yon piu?  
For lang will I gae out an in  
Or I hear my bairnie's din.
- 4 'What need I my apron wash  
An hing upo yon door?

- For side and wide is my petticoat,  
An even down afore.
- 5 'But I will lace my stays again,  
My middle jimp an sma ;  
I 'l gae a' my days a maiden,  
[Awa], Earell, awa !'
- 6 It fell ance upon a day Lord Earell  
Went to hunt him lane,  
. . . . .
- 7 He was na a mile fra the town,  
Nor yet sae far awa,  
Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,  
To try hir all the law.
- 8 Little did Lord Earell think,  
Whan he sat down to dine,  
That his lady was on to Edinburgh,  
Nor what was in her mind.
- 9 Till his best servant came  
For to lat him ken  
. . . . .
- 10 She was na in at the toun-end,  
Nor yet sae far awa,  
Till Earell was at her back,  
His gaudy locks to sha.
- 11 She was na in at the loan-head,  
Nor just at the end,  
Till Earell he was at her back,  
Her errand for to ken.
- 12 'As lang as they ca ye Kate Carnegie,  
An me Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I 's gar yer father sell Kinaird,  
Yer tocher for to pay.'
- 13 'For to gar my father sell Kinnaird,  
It wad be a sin,  
To gee it to ony naughty knight  
That a tocher canna win.'
- 14 Out spak the first lord,  
The best amang them a' ;  
'I never seed a lady come  
Wi sick matters to the law.'
- 15 Out spak the neest lord,  
The best o the town ;  
'Ye get fifteen well-fared maids,  
An put them in a roun,  
An Earell in the midst o them,  
An lat him chuse out ane.'
- 16 They ha gotten fifteen well-fared maids,  
An pit them in a roun,  
An Earell in the mids o them,  
An bad him chuse out ane.
- 17 He viewed them a' intill a raw,  
Even up an down,  
An he has chosen a well-fared may,  
An Meggie was her name.
- 18 He took her by the hand,  
Afore the nobles a',  
An twenty times he kissed her mou,  
An led her thro the ha.
- 19 'Look up, Megie, look up, Megie,  
[Look up,] an think na shame ;  
As lang as ye see my gaudy locks,  
Lady Earell 's be yer name.'
- 20 There were fifteen noblemen,  
An as mony ladies gay,  
To see Earell proven a man  
. . . . .
- 21 'Ye tak this well-fared may,  
And keep her three roun raiths o a year,  
An even at the three raiths' end  
I sall draw near.'
- 22 They hae taen that well-fared may,  
An keepd her three roun raiths o a year,  
And even at the three raiths' end  
Earell's son she bare.
- 23 The gentlemen they ga a shout,  
The ladies ga a caa,  
Fair mat fa him Earell !  
But ran to his lady.
- 24 He was na in at the town-head,  
Nor just at the end,  
Till the letters they were waiting him  
That Earell had a son.

25 'Look up, Meggie, look up, Meggie,  
[Look up,] an think na shame;  
As lang as ye see my bra black hat,  
Lady Earell's be yer name.

26 'I will gie my Meggie a mill,  
But an a piece o land,  
. . . . .  
To foster my young son.

27 'Faur is a' my merry men a',  
That I pay meat an gaire,  
To convey my Meggy hame,  
. . . . .?'

28 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
Even in Lord Earell's coach  
They conveyed the lassie hame.

29 'Take hame yer daughter, Lord Kinnaird,  
An take her to the glen,  
For Earell canna pleas her,  
Earell nor a' his men.'

30 'Had I ben Lady Earell,  
Of sic a bonny place,  
I wad na gaen to Edinburgh  
My husband to disgrace.'

## O

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 176.

1 ERROLL it's a bonny place,  
It stands upon a plain;  
A bad report this ladie's raisd,  
That Erroll is nae a man.

2 But it fell ance upon a day  
Lord Erroll went frae hame,  
And he is on to the hunting gane,  
Single man alane.

3 But he hadna been frae the town  
A mile but barely twa,  
Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,  
To gain him at the law.

4 O Erroll he kent little o that  
Till he sat down to dine,  
And as he was at dinner set  
His servant loot him ken.

5 'Now saddle to me the black, the black,  
Go saddle to me the brown,  
And I will on to Edinburgh,  
Her errands there to ken.'

6 She wasna well thro Aberdeen,  
Nor passd the well o Spa,  
Till Erroll he was after her,  
The verity to shaw.

7 She wasna well in Edinburgh,  
Nor even thro the town,

Till Erroll he was after her,  
Her errands there to ken.

8 When he came to the court-house,  
And lighted on the green,  
This lord was there in time enough  
To hear her thus compleen:

9 'What needs me wash my apron,  
Or drie 't upon a door?  
What needs I eek my petticoat,  
Hings even down afore?

10 'What needs me wash my apron,  
Or hing it upon a pin?  
For lang will I gang but and ben  
Or I hear my young son's din.'

11 'They ca you Kate Carnegie,' he says,  
'And my name's Gilbert Hay;  
I'll gar your father sell his land,  
Your tocher down to pay.'

12 'To gar my father sell his land  
For that would be a sin,  
To such a noughtless heir as you,  
That canno get a son.'

13 Then out it speaks him Lord Brechen,  
The best an lord ava;  
'I never saw a lady come  
Wi sic matters to the law.'

14 Then out it speaks another lord,  
The best in a' the town;

- 'Ye'll wyle out fifeteen maidens bright  
Before Lord Erroll come :'  
And he has chosen a tapster lass,  
And Meggie was her name.
- 15 They kept up this fair maiden  
Three quarters of a year,  
And then at that three quarters' end  
A young son she did bear.
- 16 They hae gien to Meggie then  
Five ploughs but and a mill,  
And they hae gien her five hundred pounds,  
For to bring up her chill.
- 17 There was no lord in Edinburgh  
But to Meggie gae a ring ;  
And there was na a boy in a' the town  
But on Katie had a sang.
- 18 'Kinnaird, take hame your daughter,  
And set her to the glen,  
For Erroll canna pleasure her,  
Nor nane o Erroll's men.'
- 19 Seven years on Erroll's table  
There stand clean dish and speen,  
And every day the bell is rung,  
Cries, Lady, come and dine.

## D

a. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 158. b. Maidment's North  
Countrie Garland, p. 31. c. Kinloch's Ballad Book, p. 31.

- 1 O ERROL's place is a bonny place,  
It stands upon yon plain ;  
The flowers on it grow red and white,  
The apples red and green.  
The ranting o't and the danting o't,  
According as ye ken,  
The thing they ca the danting o't,  
Lady Errol lies her lane.
- 2 O Errol's place is a bonny place,  
It stands upon yon plain ;  
But what's the use of Errol's place ?  
He's no like other men.
- 3 'As I cam in by yon canal,  
And by yon bowling-green,  
I might hae pleased the best Carnegy  
That ever bore that name.
- 4 'As sure's your name is Kate Carnegy,  
And mine is Gibbie Hay,  
I'll gar your father sell his land,  
Your tocher for to pay.'
- 5 'To gar my father sell his land,  
Would it not be a sin,  
To give it to a naughtless lord  
That couldna get a son?'
- 6 Now she is on to Edinburgh,  
For to try the law,
- And Errol he has followed her,  
His manhood for to shaw.
- 7 Then out it spake her sister,  
Whose name was Lady Jane ;  
'Had I been Lady Errol,' she says,  
'Or come of sic a clan,  
I would not in this public way  
Have sham'd my own gudeman.'
- 8 But Errol got it in his will  
To choice a maid himsel,  
And he has taen a country-gi'rl,  
Came in her milk to sell.
- 9 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her up the green,  
And twenty times he kissd her there,  
Before his lady's een.
- 10 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her up the stair ;  
Says, Thrice three hundred pounds I'll gie  
To you to bear an heir.
- 11 He kept her there into a room  
Three quarters of a year,  
And when the three quarters were out  
A braw young son she bear.
- 12 'Tak hame your daughter, Carnegy,  
And put her till a man,  
For Errol he cannot please her,  
Nor any of his men.'

## E

C. K. Sharpe's Letters, ed. Allardyce, I, 180 ff; written down from the recitation of Violet Roddick, a woman living near Hoddam Castle, 1803. Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p. 89.

1 O ERROL it's a bonny place,  
It stands in yonder glen;  
The lady lost the rights of it  
The first night she gaed hame.  
A waly and a waly!  
According as ye ken,  
The thing we ca the ranting o't,  
Our lady lies her lane, O.

2 'What need I wash my apron,  
Or hing it on yon door?  
What need I truce my petticoat?  
It hangs even down before.'

3 Errol's up to Edinburgh gaen,  
That bonny burrows-town;  
He has chusit the barber's daughter,  
The top of a' that town.

4 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He has led her through the room,  
And twenty times he's kisst her,  
Before his lady's een.

5 'Look up, look up now, Peggy,  
Look up, and think nae shame,  
For I'll gie thee five hundred pound,  
To buy to thee a gown.

6 'Look up, look up, now, Peggy,  
Look up, and think nae shame,  
For I'll gie thee five hundred pound  
To bear to me a son.

7 'As thou was Kate Carnegie,  
And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I'll gar your father sell his lands,  
Your tocher-gude to pay.

8 'Now he may take her back again,  
Do wi her what he can,  
For Errol canna please her,  
Nor ane o a' his men.'

9 'Go fetch to me a pint of wine,  
Go fill it to the brim,  
That I may drink my gude lord's health,  
Tho Errol be his name.'

10 She has taen the glass into her hand,  
She has putten poison in,  
She has sign'd it to her dorty lips,  
But neer a drop went in.

11 Up then spake a little page,  
He was o Errol's kin;  
'Now fie upon ye, lady gay,  
There's poison there within.

12 'It's hold your hand now, Kate,' he says,  
'Hold it back again,  
For Errol winna drink on't,  
Nor none o a' his men.'

13 She has taen the sheets into her arms,  
She has thrown them oer the wa:  
'Since I maun gae maiden hame again,  
Awa, Errol, awa!'

14 She's down the back o the garden,  
And O as she did murne!  
'How can a workman crave his wage,  
When he never wrought a turn?'

## F

Kinloch MSS, III, 133.

1 O ERROLL is a bonny place,  
And stands upon yon plane,  
But the lady lost the rights o it  
Yestreen or she came hame.

2 O Erroll is a bonny place,  
And lyes forenent the sun,

And the apples they grow red and white,  
And peers o bonny green.

3 'I nedna wash my apron,  
Nor hing it on the door;  
But I may tuck my petticoat,  
Hangs even down before.

4 'Oh, Erroll, Erroll,  
Oh, Erroll if ye ken,

Why should I love Erroll,  
Or any of his men ?'

5 She's turned her right and round about,  
Poured out a glass o wine ;  
Says, I will drink to my true love,  
He'll drink to me again.

6 O Erroll stud into the fleer,  
He was an angry man :  
'See here it is a good gray-hun,  
We'll try what is the run.'

7 Then Erroll stud into the fleer,  
Steered neither ee nor bree,  
Till that he saw his good gray-hun  
Was burst and going free.

8 'But ye are Kate Carnegie,' he said,  
'And I am Sir Gilbert Hay ;  
I'se gar your father sell Kinnaird,  
Your tocher-good to pay.'

9 Now she is on to Edinburgh,  
A' for to use the law,  
And brave Erroll has followed her,  
His yellow locks to sheu.

10 Out and spak her sister Jean,  
And an angry woman was she ;  
'If I were lady of Erroll,  
And hed as fair a face,  
I would no go to Edinburgh,  
My good lord to disgrace.'

A. a. 23<sup>4</sup>. toucher one.

26. *May have been a burden.*

b. Ballad of Gilbert, Earl of Errol, and Lady Catherine Carnegie.

13 Up spake Lord Carnegie,  
'O Kate, what do you think ?  
We'll beguile the Earl of Errol,  
As long as he's in drink.'

14 'O what need you beguile him ?  
Or what would you do than ?  
For I can easy vow and testify  
Lord Errol's not a man.

12 'You need not wash my petticoat  
And hang it at the door ;  
For it's baith side and wide enough,  
And hangs even down before.

11 'You need not wash my apron  
And hang it on a pin ;  
For I'm as leil a maiden  
As first when I went in.'

15 Down came the Earl of Errol,  
As swift as any roe :  
'Come harness me my Irish coach,  
To Edinburgh I go.'

16 And when he came to Edinburgh,  
A ganging through the green,  
Full four-and-twenty maidens  
A' dancing there were seen.

17 And there were fifteen maidens  
All dancing in a row,  
And the fairest and the fattest  
To prove that she must go.

18 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And led her through the green,  
And twenty times he's kissed her,  
Before his lady's een.

19 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And led her through the hall,  
And twenty times he's kissed her,  
Before the nobles all.

He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And led her to a room,  
And gave her a cup of claret wine,  
And syne a bed of down.

20<sup>1,2</sup> 'Stand up, stand up, my Peggy,  
Stand up, and think na shame,  
Na hide your face within your hand,  
On me be all the blame.

'For you shall have a thousand pounds  
As soon as it is won,

20<sup>3,4</sup> And you shall have ten thousand pounds  
If you bear to me a son.'

21 He kept his Peggy in a room  
Full nine months and a day,  
And at the very nine months' end  
She bore a son so gay.

As they were all at dinner sat,  
And merrily went the can,  
Up spake the noble Earl of Perth,  
'Kate, what ails you at your man?'

'Oh, all the lands and earldom  
Are now to ruin gone,  
For I can easy vow and testify  
He'll never get a son.'

24<sup>1-4</sup> 'Ye lie, ye lie, you filthy jade,  
So loud I hear you lie!  
For there sits Lord Errol's son,  
Upon his mither's knee.'

22 'As you are Kate Carnegie  
And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I'll gar your father sell his land  
Your tocher for to pay.'

23 'To gar my father sell his land  
I'm sure would be a sin,  
For to tocher any John Sheephead  
Who could neer a tocher win.'

25<sup>1-4</sup> 'You may take hame your daughter Kate,  
And set her in a glen,  
For Lord Errol cannot please her,  
Nor none of Errol's men.

'You may provide a knife and fork,  
A trencher and a spoon,  
A little boy to call her,  
Come to your dinner, dame;  
A little boy to call her  
Till seven years are done.'

B. *Written in long lines, without division into stanzas; carelessly and in a bad hand, like other transcripts by Skene. The frequent gaps (of which only one is indicated, 5<sup>4</sup>) make the division here adopted doubtful in some cases.*

*The burden is given at the end only, and is badly corrupted.* 1. the Darton all. 3. Pearting?

7<sup>4</sup>. hir all. *Corrupted?* hir, or him, at?

10<sup>1</sup>. tour end: see 24<sup>1,2</sup>. 15<sup>3</sup>, 16<sup>3</sup>. Earl.

20<sup>2</sup>. gay ladies.

23<sup>4</sup>. *Corrupted?* some malediction on the lady? 27<sup>2</sup>. gaire is, I suppose, gear.

D. b. *Burden.* 1. The wally o't, the wally o't.  
3. the ranting o't. 4. Our lady lies alane.

1<sup>3</sup>. at it. 3<sup>1</sup>. It's I.

4<sup>1</sup> As sure as you're Jean. 4<sup>2</sup>. And I am.

4<sup>3</sup>. I'll cause. 5<sup>1</sup>. To cause.

5<sup>2</sup>. I think would be.

5<sup>3</sup>. give to such a rogue as you.

5<sup>4</sup>. Who never could it win.

6<sup>1</sup>. So he must go. 6<sup>2</sup>. Amang the nobles a'.

6<sup>3</sup>. And there before good witnesses.

7<sup>2</sup>. was called Miss Anne.

9<sup>3</sup>. she says *wanting*.

8-12 A servant girl there was found out,  
On whom to show his skill;  
He gave to her a hundred pounds,  
To purchase her good-will.

And still he cried, Look up, Peggy,  
Look up, and think no shame,  
And you shall have your hundred pounds  
Before I lay you down.

Now he has lain him down wi her,  
A hundred pounds in pawn,  
And all the noblemen cried out  
That Errol is a man.

'Tak hame your daughter,' Errol said,  
'And tak her to a glen,  
For Errol canna pleasure her,  
Nor can no other man.'

c. *Burden.* 1. And the. 3. And the thing we.

4. Is, Errol's na a man.

1<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>1</sup>. O Errol is.

1<sup>2</sup>. Into the simmer time.

1<sup>3</sup>. The apples they grow.

1<sup>4</sup>. And the pears they grow green.

3<sup>4</sup>. bore the.

4<sup>1</sup>. Tho your name be Dame Cathrine Carnegie. 4<sup>2</sup>. mine Sir Gilbert.

4<sup>3</sup>. sell Kinnaird. 4<sup>4</sup>. tocher gude to.

5<sup>1</sup>. If ye gar my father sell Kinnaird.

5<sup>2</sup>. 'T will be a crying.

5<sup>3,4</sup>. To tocher onie weary dwrf, That canna tocher win. 6<sup>1</sup>. The lady is. 6<sup>2</sup>. A' for.

6<sup>4</sup>. His ainsell. 7<sup>1</sup>. O up bespak.

7<sup>2</sup>. Lady Ann. 7<sup>3</sup>. she says *wanting*.

*After 7, two stanzas which are clearly a spurious interpolation.*

8<sup>1</sup>. Errol has got (But *wanting*).

8<sup>2</sup>. has chosen a weel-faurd may.

8<sup>4</sup>. Come. *After 8 (= 10):*

'Look up, look up, my weel-faurd may,  
Look up, and think na shame;  
I'll gie to thee five hundred merk  
To bear to me a son.'

9<sup>1</sup>. He 's tane the lassie by the han.

9<sup>2</sup>. there *wanting*. 9<sup>4</sup>. Afore.

After 9:

When they war laid in the proof-bed,

And a' the lords looking on,

Then a' the fifteen vovd and swore

That Errol was a man.

11<sup>1</sup>. But they hae keepit this lassie.

11<sup>2</sup>. And at the end o nine lang months.

11<sup>4</sup>. A son to him she bare.

After 11:

And there was three thairbut, thairbut,

And there was three thairben,

And three looking oure the window hie,

Crying, Errol 's provd a man!

And whan the word gaed thro the toun,

The sentry gied a cry,

'O fair befa you, Errol, now!

For ye hae won the day.'

'O I'll tak off my robes o silk,

And fling them oure the wa,

And I'll gae maiden hame again,

Awa, Errol, awa!'

12<sup>1</sup>. Sir Carnegie. 12<sup>2</sup>. till the glen.

12<sup>3</sup>. he *wanting*. 12<sup>4</sup>. nane o Errol's.

(12 is found in Kinloch's MSS, VII, 95,  
with Sir Carnegie beginning the line.)

After 12:

And ilka day her plate was laid,

Bot an a siller spune,

And three times cried oure Errol's yett,

'Lady Errol, come and dine.'

Kinloch gives the following as a variant. It  
is found in Kinloch's MSS, VII, 95:

Seven years the trencher sat,

And seven years the spune;

Seven years the servant cried,

'Lady Errol, come and dine.'

Burden, at the end. 3. ye ca.

4. Lady Errol lies her leen.

E. Sharpe made these changes in his Ballad  
Book:

3<sup>4</sup>. the toss. 4<sup>2</sup>. He 's led her oer the green.

4<sup>3</sup>. he kist. 7<sup>1</sup>. Your name is. 7<sup>2</sup>. And I'm.

12<sup>3</sup>. shall not.

F. 1<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

## 232

### RICHIE STORY

A. 'Ritchie Storie,' Motherwell's MS., p. 426.

B. Skene MS., p. 96.

C. a. 'Richie Story,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for  
Border Minstrelsy," No 65, MS. of Thomas Wilkie,  
1813-15, p. 53, Abbotsford. b. 'Ritchie's Tory  
Laddie,' Campbell MSS, II, 116.

D. 'Richy Story,' the late Mr Robert White's papers.

E. 'Richard Storie,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for  
Border Minstrelsy," No 76, Abbotsford.

F. a. 'Richie Storie,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p.  
95. b. 'Richie Storrie,' Nimmo, Songs and Ballads  
of Clydesdale, 1882, p. 211.

G. a. 'Richard Storry,' Kinloch MSS, I, 203. b.  
'Richie Tory,' Gibb MS., p. 77. c. 'Ritchie's  
Lady,' Murison MS., p. 82. d. 'Richie's Lady,'  
Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 72. e. Kin-  
loch MSS, VII, 263, a fragment. f. 'The Earl of  
Winton's Daughter,' Buchan's MSS, I, 87.

H. The Scots Magazine, 1803, LXV, 253, one stanza.

THE youngest (eldest, A) and fairest of the daughters of the Earl of Wigton, A, F (bonniest of his sisters, E), has fallen in love with her footman, Richie Story (Tory). Richie brings her a letter from a nobleman who desires to be her suitor; the Earl of Hume, A, B, F, G a, d, e; the Earl of Hume's son, D; the Earl of Aboyne, E; of Cumbernauld, G b; of Mohun, G c; of Wemyss, G f and a variant of E; the Earls of Hume and Skimmerjim, Skimmerham (Kimmerghame), C. The lady has made a vow, and will keep it, to marry none but Richie. Richie deprecates; he has nothing to maintain her with; she is ready to descend to the lowest fortune. (In several versions she has enough of her own. *Hunten Tour* and *Tillebarn* and the *House of Athol* are hers, B; *Musselburgh*, C; the *House of Athol* and *Taranadie*, G d; *Blair-in-Athol* and *Dunkeld*, H.) Asked by her sister, by Richie, or by some one else, whether she is not sorry to have left Cumbernauld (Castle Norry, G f) to follow a footman, she answers that there is no reason, she has her heart's desire and the lot that was ordained her. As she goes up the Parliament close, rides through Edinburgh town, Glasgow city (London city, C b, absurdly), she is greeted by many a lord, but few or none of them thought she was a footman's lady. Arrived at the domicile of the Storrys, her good-mother bids her, gars her, kilt up her coats and muck the byres with Richie.

F, G, are not satisfied with this conclusion. The footman is really a lover in disguise, the Earl of Hume or of Cumbernauld, F, G a b. (G b 2 spoils the plot by making the Earl of Hume write to the lady that he will be her footman-laddie.) Four-and-twenty gentlemen welcome the bride at Ritchie's gates, or elsewhere, and she blesses the day that she was Richie's lady. This is incontestably a later invention.

G f, which is otherwise embellished, goes a

good step beyond G a-e. Richie is an Englishman and takes the lady to London. 'Madam' has left her kindred to gang with a servant; he has 'left the sceptre and the crown' her servant for to be; little she knew that her waiting-man was England's royal king.

"Lillias Fleming, second daughter of John, Earl of Wigton by his wife Jane Drummond (a daughter of the Earl of Perth), did elope with and marry one of her father's servants, named Richard Storry. In 1673, she, with consent of her husband, resigned her portion, consisting of the five-merk land of Smythson, etc., in the barony of Lenzie, into the hands of her brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Fleming. The Fleming family afterwards procured for Richie a situation in the Custom-House." So Hunter, Biggar and the *House of Fleming*, p. 555, and, in part, Douglas's *Peerage*, where, however, Lady Lillias is said to have married Richard Storry, "Esq.:" ed. Wood, II, 616.

Douglas notes that "John, third Earl of Wigton, . . . had a charter of the lordship of Cumbernauld, 1st February, 1634." This place (Comarnad, Campernadie, etc., B, D, G a, c, d) is in Dumbartonshire. In F 11 it is attributed to the young Earl of Hume, and the disguised lover is the Earl of Cumbernauld in G b.

The lady, ready for any extremity, says in F 6 that she will lie ayont a dyke (on the other side of a wall), in E 6 sit below the dyke, in D 5 sit aneath the duke, and that she will be at Richie's command at all times. This matter was not understood by the reciter of B, and in B 7 the lady is made to say, We will go to sea, I'll sit upon the *deck* (and be your servant, as in the other cases). In A the difficulty, such as it is, seems to have been evaded, and we read, 6, I'll live whereer you please (and be ready at your call late or early).

For the relation of this ballad to 'Huntingtower' and 'The Duke of Athol,' see an appendix.

## A

Motherwell's MS., p. 426; from the recitation of Mrs —, of Kilbarchan, January 3, 1826.

- 1 THE Earl of Wigton had three daughters,  
Oh and a waly, but they were unco bonnie!  
The eldest of them had the far brawest house,  
But she's fallen in love with her footman-laddie.
- 2 As she was a walking down by yon river-side,  
Oh and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
There she espied her own footman,  
With ribbons hanging over his shoulders sae bonnie.
- 3 'Here's a letter to you, madame,  
Here's a letter to you, madame;  
The Earl of Hume is waiting on,  
And he has his service to you, madame.'
- 4 'I'll have none of his service,' says she,  
'I'll have none of his service,' says she,  
'For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
That I'll marry none but you, Ritchie.'
- 5 'O say not so again, madame,  
O say not so again, madame;  
For I have neither lands nor rents  
For to keep you on, madam.'

- 6 'I'll live where eer you please, Ritchie,  
I'll live where eer you please, [Ritchie,]  
And I'll be ready at your ca',  
Either late or early, Ritchie.'
- 7 As they went in by Stirling toun,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
A' her silks were sailing on the ground,  
But few of them knew of Ritchie Story.
- 8 As they went in by the Parliament Close,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
All the nobles took her by the hand,  
But few of them knew she was Ritchie's lady.
- 9 As they came in by her goodmother's yetts,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
Her goodmother bade her kilt her coats,  
And muck the byre with Ritchie Storie.
- 10 'Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame,  
Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame,  
To leave a' your lands at bonnie Cumbernauld,  
And follow home your footman-laddie?'
- 11 'What need I be sorry?' says she,  
'What need I be sorry?' says she,  
'For I've gotten my lot and my heart's desire,  
And what Providence has ordered for me.'

## B

Skene MS., p. 96; taken down in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 COMARNAD is a very bonny place,  
And there is ladies three, madam,  
But the fairest and rairest o them a'  
Has married Richard Storry.
- 2 'O here is a letter to ye, madam,  
Here is a letter to ye, madam;  
The Earle of Hume, that gallant knight,  
Has fallen in love wi ye, madam.'
- 3 'There is a letter to ye, madam,  
[There is a letter to ye, madam;]  
That gallant knight, the Earl of Hume,  
Desires to be yer servan true, madam.

- 4 'I'll hae nane o his letters, Richard,  
I'll hae nane o his letters, [Richard;]  
I hae voued, and will keep it true,  
I'll marry nane but ye, Richie.'
- 5 'Say ne sae to me, lady,  
Say ne sae to me, [lady,]  
For I hae neither lands nor rents  
To mentain ye, lady.'
- 6 'Hunten Tour and Tillebarn,  
The House o Athol is mine, Richie,  
An ye sal hae them a'  
Whan ere ye incline, Richie.
- 7 'For we will gae to sea, Richie,  
I'll sit upon the deck, Richie,  
And be your servant ere and late,  
At any hour ye like, [Richie.']

8 'O manna ye be sad, sister,  
An mann ye be sae sorry,  
To leave the house o bonny Comarnad,  
An follow Richard Storry?'

9 'O what needs I be sad, sister,  
An how can I be sorry?  
A bonny lad is my delit,  
And my lot has been laid afore me.'

10 As she went up the Parliament Close,  
Wi her laced shoon so fine,  
Many ane bad the lady good day,  
But few thought o Richard's lady.

11 As she gaed up the Parliament Close,  
Wi her laced shoon so fine,  
Mony ane hailed that gay lady,  
But few hailed Richard Storry.

## C

a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 65, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, 1813-15, p. 53, from the singing or recitation of Miss Euphemia Hislope. b. Campbell MSS, II, 116.

1 THERE are three white hens i the green, madam,  
There are three white hens i the green,  
madam,  
But Richie Story he's comd by,  
And he's stollen away the fairest of them.

2 'O are 'int ye now sad, sister,  
O are 'in[t] ye now sad, sister,  
To leave your bowers and your bony Skimmer-  
know,  
And follow the lad they call Richie Story?'

3 'O say not that again, sister,  
O say not that again, sister,  
For he is the lad that I love best,  
And he is the lot that has fallen to me.'

4 'O there's a letter to thee, madam,  
O there's a letter to thee, madam;  
The Earl of Hume and Skimmerjim,  
For to be sweethearts to thee, madam.'

5 'But I'll hae none of them, Richie,  
But I'll hae none of them, Richie,

For I have made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
I'll have none but Ric[h]ie Story.'

6 'O say not that again, madam,  
O say not that again, madam,  
For the Earl of Hume and Skimmerjim,  
They are men of high renown.'

7 'Musslebury's mine, Richie,  
Musslebury's mine, Richie,  
And a' that's mine it shall be thine,  
If you will marry me, Richie.'

8 As she went up through Glasgow city,  
Her gold watch was shining pretty;  
Many [a] lord bade her good day,  
But none thought she was a footman's lady.

9 As she went up through London city,  
There she met her scolding minny:  
'Cast off your silks and kilt your coats,  
And muck the byre wi Richie Story.'

10 'Hold your tongue, my scolding minnie,  
Hold your tongue, my scolding minnie;  
For I'll cast of my silks and kilt my coats,  
And muck the byres wi Richie Story.'

## D

The late Mr Robert White's papers.

1 As I came in by Thirlwirl Bridge,  
A coming frae the land of fair Camernadie,  
There I met my ain true love,  
Wi ribbons at her shoulders many.

2 'Here is a letter to you, madam;  
[Here is a letter to you, madam;]  
The Earl of Hume's eldest son  
Sent this letter to you, madam.

3 'I'll have none of his [letters], Richy,  
I'll have none of his letters, Richy;

- I made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
I'll wed wi nane but you, Richy.'
- 4 'Say not so again, madam,  
Say not so again, madam;  
I have neither lands nor rents  
To maintain you on, madam.'
- 5 'I'll sit aneath the duke, Richy,  
I'll sit aneath the duke, Richy;  
I'll sit on hand, at your command  
At any time ye like, Richy.'
- 6 As they came in by Thirlewirle bridge,  
A coming frae fair Cummernadie,  
She brak the ribbons that tied her shoon  
Wi following after the footman-laddie.

- 7 'O but ye be sad, sister,  
O but ye be sad and sorry,  
To leave the lands o bonnie Cummernad,  
'To gang alang wi a footman-laddie!'
- 8 'How can I be sad, sister?  
How can I be sad or sorry?  
I have gotten my heart's delight;  
And what can ye get mair?' says she.
- 9 To the house-end Richy brought his lady,  
To the house-end Richy brought his lady;  
Her mother-in-law gart her kilt her coats,  
And muck the byre wi Richy Story.

## E

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 76,  
Abbotsford.

- 1 THE Earl of Wigton has seven sisters,  
And O but they be wondrous bonnie!  
And the bonniest lass amang them a'  
Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.
- 2 As I came down by yon river-side,  
And down by the banks of Eachie bonnie,  
There I met my own true-love,  
Wi ribbons on her shoulders bonnie.
- 3 'Here is a letter for you, madam,  
Here is a letter for you, madam;  
The Earl of Aboyne has a noble design  
To be a suitor to you, madam.'
- 4 'I'll hae nane of his letters, Richie,  
I'll hae nane of his letters, Richie,  
For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
That I'll hae nane but you, Richie.'
- 5 'Take your word again, madam,  
Take your word again, madam,  
For I have neither land nor rents  
For to mentain you on, madam.'
- 6 'I'll sit below the dyke, Richie,  
I'll sit below the dyke, Richie,

And I will be at your command  
At any time you like, Richie.

- 7 'Ribbons you shall wear, Richie,  
Ribbons you shall wear, Richie,  
A cambric band about your neck,  
And vow but ye'll be braw, Richie!'
- 8 As they came in by the West Port,  
The naps of gold were bobbing bonnie;  
Many a one bade this lady gude-day,  
But neer a one to Richie Storie.
- 9 As they came up the Parliament Close,  
Naps of gold were bobbing bonnie;  
Many a gentleman lifted his cap,  
But few kennd she was Richie's lady.
- 10 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
And ay methinks we'll drink the night  
In Cambernauld sae bonnie.
- 11 'It's are not you sick, sister,  
Are not you very sorrie,  
To leave the lands of bonnie Cambernauld,  
And run awae wi Richie Storie?'
- 12 'Why should I be sick, sister,  
O why should I be any sorrie,  
When I hae gotten my heart's delight?  
I hae gotten the lot was laid afore me.'

## F

a. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 95, 1823. b. Nimmo, *Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale*, p. 211, 1882.

- 1 THE Erle o Wigton had three daughters,  
O braw wallie, but they were bonnie!  
The youngest o them, and the bonniest too,  
Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.
- 2 'Here's a letter for ye, madame,  
Here's a letter for ye, madame;  
The Erle o Home wad fain presume  
To be a suitor to ye, madame.'
- 3 'I'll hae nane o your letters, Richie;  
I'll hae nane o your letters, Richie;  
For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
That I'll have none but you, Richie.'
- 4 'O do not say so, madame;  
O do not say so, madame;  
For I have neither land nor rent,  
For to maintain you o, madame.
- 5 'Ribands ye maun wear, madame,  
Ribands ye maun wear, madame;  
With the bands about your neck  
O the goud that shines sae clear, madame.'
- 6 'I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie,  
I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie;

And I'll be aye at your command  
And bidding, whan ye like, Richie.'

- 7 O he's gane on the braid, braid road,  
And she's gane through the broom sae bon-  
nie,  
Her silken robes down to her heels,  
And she's awa wi Richie Storie.
- 8 This lady gade up the Parliament stair,  
Wi pendles in her lugs sae bonnie;  
Mony a lord lifted his hat,  
But little did they ken she was Richie's lady.
- 9 Up then spak the Erle o Home's lady;  
'Was na ye richt sorrie, Annie,  
To leave the lands o bonnie Cumbernauld  
And follow Richie Storie, Annie?'
- 10 'O what need I be sorrie, madame?  
O what need I be sorrie, madame?  
For I've got them that I like best,  
And war ordained for me, madame.'
- 11 'Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,  
Cumbernauld is mine, Annie;  
And a' that's mine, it shall be thine,  
As we sit at the wine, Annie.'

## G

a. Kinloch MSS, I, 203, from Alexander Kinnear, of Stonehaven. b. Gibb MS., p. 77, from Mrs Gibb, senior. c. Murison MS., p. 82. d. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 72, from the recitation of a native of Buchan. e. Kinloch MSS, VII, 263 (a fragment). f. Buchan's MSS, I, 87.

- 1 THERE were five ladies lived in a bouer,  
Lived in a bouer at Cumbernaldie;  
The fairest and youngest o them a'  
Has fa'n in love wi her footman-laddie.
- 2 'Here is a letter to you, ladye,  
Here is a letter to you, ladye;  
The Earl o Hume has written doun  
That he will be your footman-laddie.'
- 3 'I want nane o his service, Ritchie,  
I want nane o his service, Ritchie;

For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
That I'll wed nane but thee, Ritchie.'

- 4 'O that canna be, ladye,  
O that canna be, ladye;  
For I've neither house nor land,  
Nor ought suiting ye, ladye.'
- 5 'Livd ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,  
Livd ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,  
There's my hand, I'm at your command,  
Marry me whan ye will, Ritchie!'
- 6 This boy he went to his bed,  
It was a' to try this fair ladye;  
But she went up the stair to him:  
'Ye maun leave your comrades, Ritchie.

- 7 'To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,  
To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,  
For an my auld father he get word,  
It's you he will cause hang, Ritchie.'
- 8 'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye,  
To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;  
For altho your auld father got word,  
It's me he dare na hang, ladye.'
- 9 As they passed by her mither's bouer,  
O but her sisters they were sorry!  
They bade her tak aff the robes o silk,  
And muck the byres wi Ritchie Storry.
- 10 Whan they cam to yon hie hill,  
Dear vow, but the lady she was sorry!  
She looked oure her left showther —  
'O an I war in bonny Cumbernaldie!'
- 11 'O are na ye sorry now, ladye,  
O are na ye sorry now, ladye,  
For to forsake the Earl o Hume,  
And follow me, your footman-laddie?'
- 12 'How could I be sorry, Ritchie,  
How could I be sorry, Ritchie?
- Such a gudely man as you,  
And the lot that lies afore me, Ritchie.'
- 13 As they rode up through Edinburgh toun,  
Her gowd watch hang doun sae gaudie;  
Monie a lord made her a bow,  
But nane o them thought she was Ritchie's  
ladye.
- 14 Whan they cam to Ritchie's yetts,  
Dear vow, but the music playd bonnie!  
There were four-and-twenty gay ladies  
To welcome hame Richard Storry's ladye.
- 15 He called for a priest wi speed,  
A priest wi speed was soon ready,  
And she was na married to the Earl of Hume,  
But she blesses the day she got Richard  
Storry.
- 16 A coach and six they did prepare,  
A coach and six they did mak ready,  
A coach and six they did prepare,  
And she blesses the day made her Ritchie's  
lady.

## H

The Scots Magazine, LXV, 253, 1803, James Hogg.

Blair-in-Athol's mine, Ritchie,  
Blair-in-Athol's mine, Ritchie,  
And bonny Dunkeld, where I do dwell,  
And these shall a' be thine, Ritchie.

- A. 5<sup>1</sup>. Oh. 7<sup>4</sup>. Ritchie's story.
- B. 7<sup>4</sup>. ye lake, or take. 8<sup>2</sup>. manna ye be sorry?  
9<sup>2</sup>. An who.
- C. a. *The air is said in the MS. to be beautiful  
and very plaintive.*  
5<sup>1,2</sup>. madam instead of Richie. Richie in b.  
6<sup>3</sup>. Skimmerjim is glossed in the margin Kim-  
merghame.  
8<sup>1</sup>. Written twice. 8<sup>2</sup>. hining. shining in b.  
b. 2<sup>1,2</sup>, 3<sup>1,2</sup>, 4<sup>1,2</sup>, 5<sup>1,2</sup>, 6<sup>1,2</sup>, are written in one line.
- 10<sup>2</sup>. is indicated by &c. 1<sup>1,2</sup>. There's.  
1<sup>3</sup>. And Richies tory he's come by.  
2<sup>1,2</sup>. O care ye not sad. 2<sup>3</sup>. Skimmer knowes.  
2<sup>4</sup>. And go wi the lad they ca Richies tory.  
3<sup>1,2</sup>. not so again.  
4<sup>1,2</sup>. O wanting. 4<sup>2</sup>. madam wanting.  
4<sup>3</sup>. For the: Skimmerham.  
4<sup>4</sup>. They will be: to you.  
5<sup>1,2</sup>. Richie, for madam of a.  
5<sup>4</sup>. none but thee, Richie. 6. Wanting.

- 7<sup>2</sup>. Richie *wanting*. 8<sup>1</sup>. London city.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. shining. 8<sup>3</sup>. Many a.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. But few thought her a.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. mammy. 9<sup>4</sup>. Richies Torry.  
 10<sup>1,2</sup>. Now hold: mammy.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. and cast (*wrongly*).  
 10<sup>4</sup>. And I'll muck the byre wi Richies Torry.
- D. 1<sup>4</sup>. At his? *The ribbons seem more likely to belong to the footman: see A 2, G f 1. But compare E 2, G d, after 1.*
- E. 1<sup>4</sup>. *Var.: wi her brother's foot-boy.*  
 2<sup>3</sup>. On his? 3<sup>3</sup>. *Var.: Earl Wemyss.*  
 11<sup>3</sup>. *Marginal note: Lady Hume, whose son was suitor to the runaway lady.*
- F. b. *Evidently furbished, and therefore not collated. After 6 is inserted this stanza, corresponding to 11:*
- Fair Powmoodie is mine, dear Richie,  
 And goud and pearlins too;  
 Gin ye'll consent to be mine, dear Richie,  
 I will gie them a' to you.
- G. *Trivial variations are not noticed.*
- a, 15<sup>3,4</sup>. *It is certain from 16 and from other copies of G that she was married to the Earl of Hume, but I have let the text stand as delivered.*
- b. Stanzas 1, 9<sup>3,4</sup>, 2, 7, 8, 10-14, 15<sup>3,4</sup> (?), 16: *four marked as wanting.*
- 1<sup>1,2</sup>. Theres seven bonny ladies in yonder ha (*twice*).  
 1<sup>3</sup>. The youngest an bonniest amon.  
 2<sup>3,4</sup>. It's from the Earl o Cumbernauld, An he is seekin you, laddy.  
 7<sup>1</sup>. we will go, Richie. 7<sup>2</sup>. go, laddie.  
 9<sup>3</sup>. Ye'll cast aff your gowns o silk.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. wi your Richie Torry.  
 10<sup>1,2</sup>. As they gaed down by yon bonny water-side, O but the sma birds they sang bonnie!  
 11<sup>2</sup>. sorry, lassie.  
 11<sup>3</sup>. To leave the Earl o Cumbernauld.  
 12<sup>2</sup>. sorry, laddie.  
 12<sup>3,4</sup>. The thing that's afore us we maun endure, So what need I be sorry, laddie?  
 13<sup>1,2</sup>. As they gaed down by yon bonny water-side, O but her gold watch it hung bonny!  
 13<sup>3</sup>. a ane gaed her a low bow.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. But few kent she.  
 14<sup>1,2</sup>. As she gaed down by yon bonny ha-house, Oh but the pibrochs they sang bonny!  
 14<sup>3</sup>. f. an t. belted knights.  
 15<sup>3,4</sup>. Says, I'm the Earl o Cumbernauld, That for your sake was a footman-laddie.
- 16<sup>3,4</sup>. Now she rides in her coach-an-six, An blesses the day she saw Richie Torry.
- c. 11 stanzas: 1, 6-9, 13, 10, 14, 16, and 11, 12 as a "chorus" to each of the others.
- 1<sup>1,2</sup>. Seven sisters in yonder ha, Seven sisters in Campernadie.  
 6<sup>1-3</sup>. Ritchie he went up the stair, Thinking for to meet his lady; But sae quick as she turn'd round.  
 7<sup>1,2</sup>. we will go. 8<sup>1,2</sup>. I'll nae go.  
 9<sup>1</sup>. they rode up by her sisters' bowers.  
 9<sup>3</sup>. Says, Ye mann tak aff the goons.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. byres, nor wi Ritchie tarry.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. lady grew unco weary.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. were back at Campernadie.  
 11<sup>3</sup>. the yerl o Mohun.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. And wed wi me but.  
 12<sup>3,4</sup>. What is before me must nae I endure?  
 An why should I be sorry, Ritchie?  
 13<sup>3</sup>. O but her gowd it was shinin bonnie!  
 13<sup>3</sup>. Monie ane gae her a low bow.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. But few o.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. As they rode doon by yonder glen.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. the organs they.  
 14<sup>3,4</sup>. Four-an-twenty gentlemen Cam a'.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. An now she rides in her coach-an-six.
- d. 16 stanzas: 1; a stanza corresponding to A 2, D 1, 2-9, 13, 10-12, 14, 16.
- 1<sup>1,2</sup>. There were ladies in yon ha, Seven ladies in Cumbernauld. *After 1: He gaed down the garden green, In amang the birks sae bonnie, And there he saw his lady gay, Wi ribbons on her shoulders mony.*  
 2<sup>3,4</sup>. With Earl Hume's humble desire Your servant for to be.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. I'll hae nane o his letters.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. Nane from Earl Hume.  
 3<sup>3,4</sup>. But I'll hae him that I like best, And I'll hae nane but you, Richie.  
 4<sup>1,2</sup>. Say na that to me. 4<sup>3</sup>. lands nor rents.  
 4<sup>4</sup>. For to maintain you wi.  
 5<sup>1,2</sup>. Say na that again, Richie.  
 5<sup>3,4</sup>. The House o Athole it is mine, Taranadie shall be thine, Richie.  
 6<sup>1,2</sup>. He gaed from the garden green, Thinking he would shun his lady.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. But quickly she followed after him.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. I'll gae to them wi thee, Richie.  
 8<sup>1,2</sup>. To the Borders we will gae, We will to them gang, laddy.  
 9<sup>1</sup>. rode by her sister's bowers.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. And gang and beg wi her Richard Storie: *editorial nicety.*

- 10<sup>2</sup>. she grew wondrous weary.  
 12<sup>3,4</sup>. When I get him that I like best, And  
 what is laid before me, Richie.  
 13<sup>1</sup>. rode thro yon burrow-town.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. As they rode by yon bonny House.  
 14<sup>3,4</sup>. And four-and-twenty gallant knights  
 Came.  
 16<sup>2</sup>. And now she rides in her coach-and-four.  
*Christie touched up his text here and there.*  
 e. 11<sup>3,4</sup>, 12, 14, 16<sup>3,4</sup>. *Wanting.*  
 12<sup>4</sup>. What wad make me sorry?  
 14<sup>1</sup>. yonder gates. 14<sup>2</sup>. playd pretty.  
 14<sup>3</sup>. four-and-twenty noble knights.  
 14<sup>4</sup>. welcome in Ritchie Torry's lady.  
 16<sup>3,4</sup>. Now she rides in her coach-and-six, She  
 blesses the day she got Ritchie Torry.  
 f. 18 stanzas. *Much manipulated, and not  
 entitled to confidence.*
1. As I came in yon bonny burn-side,  
 And down below the bloom sae bonny,

There I espied a handsome lad,  
 Wi ribbons on his shoulders mony.  
 (Cf. A 2.)

- 2<sup>3,4</sup>. Here 's a letter frae the Earl o Wemyss,  
 That he 's in suit o thee, madam.
11. Out it speaks her mother then;  
 O daughter, may not you be sorry  
 To gang alang wi a servant-man,  
 And lose the rights o Castle Norry?
- 12<sup>3,4</sup>. I'm sure I've chosen a bonny lad, The  
 lot has just been laid afore me.
14. When they gaed through the Parliament  
 Closs,  
 The silver loops hang down sae bonny;  
 Then four-and-twenty noble lords  
 Came hat in hand to Richard Storry.

## APPENDIX

AYTOUN, II, 239, says of 'Richie Storie,' The words, recast in a romantic form and applied to a more interesting subject, have been set to music by a noble lady, and are now very popular under the title of 'Huntingtower.' The history of 'Huntingtower' is not so well known as might be expected. I have not been able to ascertain the authorship or the date of its first appearance (which was very probably in society rather than in print). 'Richie Storie' is not carried by our texts further back than 1802-3 (B, H). Kinloch published in 1827 a ballad from recitation, 'The Duke of Athol,' which is 'Huntingtower' passed through the popular mouth; for 'Huntingtower' became, and has continued to be, a favorite with the people. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 166, says that he had often heard 'The Duke of Athol' in his early years, and he gives eight stanzas which do not differ remarkably from Kinloch's ballad.

The marks of the derivation of 'Huntingtower' are the terminations of lines 1, 2, 4 of each stanza, and substantial agreements in the last two stanzas with A, B, E, 5, D, F, G, 4, and with B 6, C 7, H, respectively. The name Huntingtower occurs

only in B 6 of 'Richie Storie.' The author of 'Huntingtower' was no doubt possessed of a version of 'Richie Storie' which had its own peculiarities.

'Huntingtower' is too well known to require citing. It has been often printed; as, for example, in Mr G. F. Graham's *Popular Songs of Scotland*, revised by J. Muir Wood, Balmoral Edition, Glasgow, 1887, p. 152; *The Songs of Scotland*, the words revised by Dr Charles Mackay, p. 5, London, Boosey & Co. (Altered by the Baroness Nairne, and very little left of it, *Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*, edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers, 1872, p. 177.) The pleasing air strongly resembles, says Mr Wood, one in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, V, 42, ed. 1719.

'The Duke of Athol' may be given for the interest it has as a popular *rifacimento*.

## THE DUKE OF ATHOL

"Taken down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw;" Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 170.

- 1 'I AM gaing awa, Jeanie,  
 I am gaing awa;  
 I am gaing ayont the saut seas,  
 I'm gaing sae far awa.'

2 'What will ye buy to me, Jamie?  
What will ye buy to me?'  
'I'll buy to you a silken plaid,  
And send it wi vanitie.'

3 'That's na love at a', Jamie,  
That's na love at a';  
All I want is love for love,  
And that's the best ava.

4 'Whan will ye marry me, Jamie?  
Whan will ye marry me?  
Will ye tak me to your countrie,  
Or will ye marry me?'

5 'How can I marry thee, Jeanie?  
How can I marry thee,  
Whan I've a wife and bairns three?  
Twa wad na weill agree.'

6 'Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,  
Wae be to your fause tongue;  
Ye promised for to marry me,  
And has a wife at hame!

7 'But if your wife wad dee, Jamie,  
And sae your bairns three,  
Wad ye tak me to your countrie,  
Or wad ye marry me?

8 'But sin they're all alive, Jamie,  
But sin they're all alive,  
We'll tak a glass in ilka hand,  
And drink, Weill may they thrive!'

9 'If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,  
And sae my bairns three,  
I wad tak ye to my ain countie,  
And married we wad be.'

10 'O an your head war sair, Jamie,  
O an your head war sair,  
I'd tak the napkin frae my neck  
And tie doun your yellow hair.'

11 'I hae na wife at a', Jeanie,  
I hae na wife at a';  
I hae neither wife nor bairns three;  
I said it to thy thee.'

12 'Licht are ye to loup, Jamie,  
Licht are ye to loup;  
Licht are ye to loup the dyke,  
Whan I maun wale a slap.'

13 'Licht am I to loup, Jeanie,  
Licht am I to loup;  
But the hiest dyke that we come to  
I'll turn and tak you up.

14 'Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,  
Blair in Athol is mine;  
Bonnie Dunkel is whare I dwell,  
And the boats o Garry's mine.

15 'Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie,  
Huntingtower is mine,  
Huntingtower, and bonnie Belford,  
And a' Balquhither's mine.'

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## 233

### ANDREW LAMMIE

A. 'The Trumpeter of Fyvie,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 126, 1806.

B. 'Tifty's Nanny,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 382, from a stall-copy.

C. a. 'Andrew Lammie,' Buchan's Gleanings, p. 98, 1825; Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 55, 1823.  
b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 239.

JAMIESON, in his preface, 1806, says that this ballad was current in the Border counties within a few years, and that A was taken down by Leyden from the recitation of a young lady who learned it in Teviotdale. Writing to Scott, in November, 1804, of such bal-

lads as he had already prepared for the press, he says, "Trumpeter of Fyvie, from tradition, furnished by Mr Leyden, and collated with a stall-copy" (probably B): Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford, I, No. 117, Buchan, in the notes to his Gleanings, 1825,

p. 197, says of *C a*: "This is one of the greatest favorites of the people in Aberdeenshire that I know. I took it first down from the memory of a very old woman, and afterwards published thirty thousand copies of it. There are two versions, an old and a new; but, although I have both, I prefer this one, the younger of the two, having been composed and acted in the year 1674." Laing, who reprints *A* in his *Thistle of Scotland*, p. 63, calls that the "old way of Andrew Lammie." Motherwell, 1827, reprints "a stall-copy published at Glasgow several years ago, collated with a recited copy which has furnished one or two verbal improvements:" *C b*. There are a great many variations from *C a*, of which precisely one or two are verbal improvements. But Motherwell also gives six stanzas which are not in *a*. His copy is repeated in *The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1871, and there the editor says that in a chap-book printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, Glasgow, 1808, "Andrew Lammie is given with only a few slight verbal differences between it and the copy here printed." Such stall-copies as I have seen are late, and are reprints of *C a* or of *C b*. Motherwell assures us that the ballad as he has given it "agrees with any recited copy which the Editor has hitherto met with in the West Country."

A professed edition, "most carefully collated with all previous editions," was published at Peterhead, 1872: "Mill o' Tifty's Annie, A Buchan Ballad, with Introduction," etc. This is attributed to the Rev. Dr John Muir of Aberdeen. 'Mill o' Tiftie's Annie' in *Christie*, I, 48 "is epitomized from traditional copies;" that is to say, it is taken from Motherwell, with a trifling change here and there. A copy given in *Smith's New History of Aberdeenshire* is compounded of *A*, *B*, and a couple of lines from *C b*.

Annie, daughter to a well-to-do miller, loses her heart to a handsome trumpeter in the ser-

vice of Lord Fyvie. Her father will not hear of such a match. (Annie has five thousand marks, and the man not a penny, *A 11*.) The trumpeter is obliged to go to Edinburgh for a time, and Annie appoints him a tryst at a bridge. He will buy her her wedding-gear while he is away, and marry her when he comes back. Annie knows that she shall be dead ere he returns, and bids him an everlasting adieu.\* The trumpeter goes to the top of the castle and blows a blast which is heard at his love's house. Her father beats her, her mother beats her; her brother beats her and breaks her back. Lord Fyvie is passing on one of these occasions, comes in, and urges Mill of Tiftie to yield to his daughter's inclinations. The father is immovable; she must marry higher than with a trumpeter. Annie is put to bed, with her face towards Fyvie, and dies of a broken heart and of the cruel treatment which she has undergone.

This is a homely ditty,† but the gentleness and fidelity of Annie under the brutal behavior of her family are genuinely pathetic, and justify the remarkable popularity which the ballad has enjoyed in the north of Scotland. In those parts the story has been played as well as sung. "The ballad used in former times to be presented in a dramatic shape at rustic meetings in Aberdeenshire," says Chambers (*Scottish Ballads*, p. 143); perhaps misinterpreting and expanding the enunciation made by Buchan and in the title of some stall-copies that "this tragedy was acted in the year 1674," which may rather refer to the date of the story. But however it may have been in former times, two rival companies in Aberdeenshire were performing plays founded on the ballad in 1887-8.‡

"Bonny Andrew Lammie" was a well-known personage at the beginning of the last century, for, as Jamieson has pointed out, he is mentioned in a way that implies this by Allan Ramsay, in the second of his two cantos in continuation of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*,

\* "It is a received superstition in Scotland," says Motherwell, "that when friends or lovers part at a bridge they shall never again meet." Surely, lovers who were of this way of thinking would not appoint a bridge for a meeting.

† But not homely enough while *C 2*, 42 are retained. The mystical verses with which *A* and *B* begin are also not quite artless.

‡ The Scotsman newspaper, November 16, 1888.

written, as Ramsay says, in 1718. (*Poems*, London, 1731, I, 76, v. 70.)

Mill of Tiftie is, or was, a farm-house on the side of a glen about half a mile northeast of the castle of Fyvie, and in view of its turrets (on one of which there now stands a figure of the Trumpeter sounding towards Tiftie). The mill proper, now a ruin, was in the bottom of the glen, and gave its name to the house. The bridge of Sleugh, otherwise Skeugh, etc., was in the hollow between Tiftie and the castle.\*

Annie was Agnes Smith, Nannie being among her people an affectionate form for Agnes. There is reason to believe that she may have been daughter of a William Smith who is known to have been a brother or near kinsman of the laird of Inveramsay, a person of some local consequence.† An inscription on her gravestone makes Agnes Smith to have died January 19, 1673.‡

"Some years subsequent to the melancholy fate of poor Tifty's Nanny," says Jamieson, II, 387, citing the current tradition of Fyvie, "her sad story being mentioned and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh when [Andrew Lammie] was present, he remained silent and motionless, till he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him and several of the buttons flying from his waist-

coat." The peasants of Fyvie, Jamieson continues, "borrowed this striking characteristic of excessive grief" neither from the Laocoön group nor from Shakspeare's King Lear, but from nature. The anecdote, and the comment too, is apt to be repeated by editors of 'Andrew Lammie.' That "affecting image of overpowering grief," as Chambers calls it, the flying off of the buttons (or the bursting of a waistcoat), we have had several times already, though in no ballad (or version) of much note: see II, 118, D 17, 186, C 15, 308, 4; IV, 101, I 15, 185, 11. It must be owned to be a stroke that does not well bear iteration. Mrs. Littlewit in 'Bartholomew Fair' has a tedious life with her Puritan, she says: "he breaks his buttons and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out." Ben Jonson has taken out one of the best things in our tragedy and put it into his comedy.

The air to which this ballad was usually sung, Jamieson informs us, was "of that class which in Teviotdale they term a northern drawl; and a Perthshire set of it, but two notes lower than it is commonly sung, is to be found in Johnson's Scots Musical Museum [No. 175, p. 183], to the song 'How long and dreary is the night.'"

O b is translated by Wolff, Hausschatz, p. 199, Halle der Völker, I, 65.

### A

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 126; "taken down by Dr Leyden from the recitation of a young lady, Miss Robson, of Edinburgh, who learned it in Teviotdale."

1 'At Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,  
It grows baith braid and bonny;  
There's a daisie in the midst o it,  
And it's ca'd by Andrew Lammie.

2 'O gin that flower war in my breast,  
For the love I bear the laddie!

\* Buchan, by the Rev. John B. Pratt, 3d ed., 1870, p. 324 f.

† An Aberdeen newspaper of April, 1885, from which I have a cutting.

‡ Buchan gives the year as 1631, and is followed by Chambers and Aytoun. The original tombstone having be-

I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,  
And daut it for Andrew Lammie.

3 'The first time me and my love met  
Was in the woods of Fyvie;  
He kissed my lips five thousand times,  
And ay he ca'd me bonny,  
And a' the answer he gat frae me,  
Was, My bonny Andrew Lammie!'

4 'Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh;  
Love, I maun gang and leave thee!'

come "decayed," Mr Gordon of Fyvie had it replaced in 1845 with "a fac-simile in every respect." A headstone in the form of a cross of polished granite was added in 1869, by public subscription. (New Statistical Account of Scotland, XII, 325; Mill o Tifty's Annie, Peterhead, 1872, p. 4.)

- ' I sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
But, O gin I were wi ye !'
- 5 ' But true and trusty will I be,  
As I am Andrew Lammie ;  
I 'll never kiss a woman's mouth  
Till I come back and see thee.'
- 6 ' And true and trusty will I be,  
As I am Tiftie's Annie ;  
I 'll never kiss a man again  
Till ye come back and see me.'
- 7 Syne he's come back frae Edinburgh  
To the bonny hows o Fyvie,  
And ay his face to the nor-east,  
To look for Tiftie's Annie.
- 8 ' I hae a love in Edinburgh,  
Sae hae I intill Leith, man ;  
I hae a love intill Montrose,  
Sae hae I in Dalkeith, man.
- 9 ' And east and west, whereer I go,  
My love she's always wi me ;  
For east and west, whereer I go,  
My love she dwells in Fyvie.
- 10 ' My love possesses a' my heart,  
Nae pen can eer indite her ;  
She's ay sae stately as she goes  
That I see nae mae like her.
- 11 ' But Tiftie winna gie consent  
His dochter me to marry,  
Because she has five thousand marks,  
And I have not a penny.
- 12 ' Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the body ;  
For love o thee, oh I must die ;  
Adieu, my bonny Annie !'
- 13 Her mither raise out o her bed,  
And ca'd on baith her women :  
' What ails ye, Annie, my dochter dear ?  
O Annie, was ye dreamin ?
- 14 ' What dule disturbd my dochter's sleep ?  
O tell to me, my Annie !'  
She sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
But, O for Andrew Lammie !
- 15 Her father beat her cruellie,  
Sae also did her mother ;  
Her sisters sair did scoff at her ;  
But wae betide her brother !
- 16 Her brother beat her cruellie,  
Till his straits they werena canny ;  
He brak her back, and he beat her sides,  
For the sake o Andrew Lammie.
- 17 ' O fie, O fie, my brother dear !  
The gentlemen 'll shame ye ;  
The Laird o Fyvie he's gaun by,  
And he 'll come in and see me.
- 18 ' And he 'll kiss me, and he 'll clap me,  
And he will speer what ails me ;  
And I will answer him again,  
It's a' for Andrew Lammie.'
- 19 Her sisters they stood in the door,  
Sair grievd her wi their folly :  
' O sister dear, come to the door,  
Your cow is lowin on you.'
- 20 ' O fie, O fie, my sister dear !  
Grieve me not wi your folly ;  
I 'd rather hear the trumpet sound  
Than a' the kye o Fyvie.
- 21 ' Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the body ;  
For love o thee now I maun die ;  
Adieu to Andrew Lammie !'
- 22 But Tiftie's wrote a braid letter,  
And sent it into Fyvie,  
Saying his daughter was bewitchd  
By bonny Andrew Lammie.
- 23 ' Now, Tiftie, ye maun gie consent,  
And lat the lassie marry ;'  
' I 'll never, never gie consent  
To the trumpeter of Fyvie.'
- 24 When Fyvie looked the letter on,  
He was baith sad and sorry :  
Says, The bonniest lass o the country-side  
Has died for Andrew Lammie.
- 25 O Andrew's gane to the house-top  
O the bonny house o Fyvie,

He's blawn his horn baith loud and shill  
Oer the lawland leas o Fyvie.

- 26 'Mony a time hae I walkd a' night,  
And never yet was weary;  
But now I may walk wae my lane,  
For I'll never see my deary.

- 27 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the body;  
For the love o thee now I maun die;  
I come, my bonny Annie!'

## B

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 382; "from a stall copy,  
procured from Scotland."

- 1 'THERE springs a rose in Fyvie's yard,  
And O but it springs bonny!  
There's a daisy in the middle of it,  
Its name is Andrew Lammie.
- 2 'I wish the rose were in my breast,  
For the love I bear the daisy;  
So blyth and merry as I would be,  
And kiss my Andrew Lammie.
- 3 'The first time I and my love met  
Was in the wood of Fyvie;  
He kiss'd and he dawted me,  
Call'd me his bonny Annie.
- 4 'Wi apples sweet he did me treat,  
Which stole my heart so canny,  
And ay sinsyne himself was kind,  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 5 'But I am going to Edinburgh,  
My love, I'm going to leave thee;  
She sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
'I wish I were but wi you.'
- 6 'I will buy thee a wedding-gown,  
My love, I'll buy it bonny;  
'But I'll be dead or ye come back,  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 7 'I will buy you brave bridal shoes,  
My love, I'll buy them bonny;  
'But I'll be dead or ye come back,  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 8 'If you'll be true and trusty too,  
As I am Andrew Lammie,  
That you will neer kiss lad nor lown  
Till I return to Fyvie.'

- 9 'I shall be true and trusty too,  
As my name's Tifty's Nanny,  
That I'll kiss neither lad nor lown  
Till you return to Fyvie.' —

- 10 'Love pines awa, love dwines awa,  
Love pines awa my body;  
And love's crept in at my bed-foot,  
And taen possession o me.
- 11 'My father drags me by the hair,  
My mother sore does scold me;  
And they would give one hundred merks  
To any one to wed me.
- 12 'My sister stands at her bower-door,  
And she full sore does mock me,  
And when she hears the trumpet sound, —  
"Your cow is lowing, Nanny!"
- 13 'O be still, my sister Jane,  
And leave off all your folly;  
For I'd rather hear that cow low  
Than all the kye in Fyvie.
- 14 'My father locks the door at night,  
Lays up the keys fu canny,  
And when he hears the trumpet sound, —  
"Your cow is lowing, Nanny!"
- 15 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And let be a' your folly;  
For I would rather hear that cow  
Than all the kye in Fyvie.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 16 'If you ding me, I will greet,  
And gentlemen will hear me;  
Laird Fyvie will be coming by,  
And he'll come in and see me.'
- 17 'Yea, I will ding you though ye greet  
And gentlemen should hear you;

- Though Laird Fyvie were coming by,  
And did come in and see you.'
- 18 So they dang her, and she grat,  
And gentlemen did hear her,  
And Fyvie he was coming by,  
And did come in to see her.
- 19 'Mill of Tifty, give consent,  
And let your daughter marry;  
If she were full of as high blood  
As she is full of beauty,  
I would take her to myself,  
And make her my own lady.'
- 20 'Fyvie lands ly broad and wide,  
And O but they ly bonny!  
But I would not give my own true-love  
For all the lands in Fyvie.
- 21 'But make my bed, and lay me down,  
And turn my face to Fyvie,
- That I may see before I die  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 22 They made her bed, and laid her down,  
And turnd her face to Fyvie;  
She gave a groan, and died or morn,  
So neer saw Andrew Lammie.
- 23 Her father sorely did lament  
The loss of his dear Nannie,  
And wishd that he had gien consent  
To wed with Andrew Lammie.
- 24 But ah! alas! it was too late,  
For he could not recall her;  
Through time unhappy is his fate,  
Because he did controul her.
- 25 You parents grave who children have,  
In crushing them be canny,  
Lest for their part they break their heart,  
As did young Tifty's Nanny.

## C

a. Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 98; taken down "from the memory of a very old woman" (p. 197). b. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 239; a stall copy collated with a recited copy.

- 1 At Mill of Tifty lived a man,  
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;  
He had a lovely daughter fair,  
Was call'd bonny Annie.
- 2 Her bloom was like the springing flower  
That hails the rosy morning,  
With innocence and graceful mein  
Her beaوتous form adorning.
- 3 Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter  
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;  
He had the art to gain the heart  
Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.
- 4 Proper he was, both young and gay,  
His like was not in Fyvie,  
Nor was ane there that could compare  
With this same Andrew Lammie.
- 5 Lord Fyvie he rode by the door  
Where liv'd Tifty's Annie;
- His trumpeter rode him before,  
Even this same Andrew Lammie.
- 6 Her mother called her to the door:  
'Come here to me, my Annie:  
Did eer you see a prettier man  
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie?'
- 7 Nothing she said, but sighing sore,  
Alas for bonnie Annie!  
She durst not own her heart was won  
By the trumpeter of Fyvie.
- 8 At night when all went to their bed,  
All slept full soon but Annie;  
Love so opprest her tender breast,  
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.
- 9 'Love comes in at my bed-side,  
And love lies down beyond me;  
Love has possest my tender breast,  
And love will waste my body.
- 10 'The first time me and my love met  
Was in the woods of Fyvie;  
His lovely form and speech so soft  
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

- 11 'He called me mistress; I said, No,  
I'm Tifty's bonny Annie;  
With apples sweet he did me treat,  
And kisses soft and mony.
- 12 'It's up and down in Tifty's den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonny,  
I've often gane to meet my love,  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 13 But now alas! her father heard  
That the trumpeter of Fyvie  
Had had the art to gain the heart  
Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.
- 14 Her father soon a letter wrote,  
And sent it on to Fyvie,  
To tell his daughter was bewitchd  
By his servant, Andrew Lammie.
- 15 Then up the stair his trumpeter  
He call'd soon and shortly:  
'Pray tell me soon what's this you've done  
To Tifty's bonny Annie.'
- 16 'Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride,  
For it has ruined many;  
They'll not have 't said that she should wed  
The trumpeter of Fyvie.
- 17 'In wicked art I had no part,  
Nor therein am I canny;  
True love alone the heart has won  
Of Tifty's bonny Annie.
- 18 'Where will I find a boy so kind  
That will carry a letter canny,  
Who will run to Tifty's town,  
Give it to my love Annie?
- 19 'Tifty he has daughters three  
Who all are wonderous bonny;  
But ye'll ken her oer a' the rest;  
Give that to bonny Annie.
- 20 'It's up and down in Tifty's den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonny,  
There wilt thou come and I'll attend;  
My love, I long to see thee.
- 21 'Thou mayst come to the brig of Slugh,  
And there I'll come and meet thee;  
It's there we will renew our love,  
Before I go and leave you.
- 22 'My love, I go to Edinburgh town,  
And for a while must leave thee;  
She sigh'd sore, and said no more  
But 'I wish that I were with you!'
- 23 'I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,  
My love, I'll buy it bonny;  
'But I'll be dead ere ye come back  
To see your bonny Annie.'
- 24 'If ye'll be true and constant too,  
As I am Andrew Lammie,  
I shall thee wed when I come back  
To see the lands of Fyvie.'
- 25 'I will be true and constant too  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie,  
But my bridal bed or then'll be made  
In the green church-yard of Fyvie.'
- 26 'The time is gone, and now comes on  
My dear, that I must leave thee;  
If longer here I should appear,  
Mill of Tifty he would see me.'
- 27 'I now for ever bid adieu  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;  
Or ye come back I will be laid  
In the green church-yard of Fyvie.'
- 28 He hied him to the head of the house,  
To the house-top of Fyvie,  
He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,  
It was heard at Mill of Tifty.
- 29 Her father lockd the door at night,  
Laid by the keys fu canny,  
And when he heard the trumpet sound  
Said, Your cow is lowing, Annie.
- 30 'My father dear, I pray forbear,  
And reproach not your Annie;  
I'd rather hear that cow to low  
Than all the kye in Fyvie.
- 31 'I would not for my braw new gown,  
And all your gifts so many,  
That it was told in Fyvie land  
How cruel ye are to Annie.

- 32 'But if ye strike me I will cry,  
And gentlemen will hear me;  
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,  
And he'll come in and see me.'
- 33 At the same time the lord came in;  
He said, What ails thee Annie?  
'It's all for love now I must die,  
For bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 34 'Pray, Mill of Tifty, give consent,  
And let your daughter marry;'  
'It will be with some higher match  
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.'
- 35 'If she were come of as high a kind  
As she's advanced in beauty,  
I would take her unto myself,  
And make her my own lady.'
- 36 'Fyvie lands are far and wide,  
And they are wonderous bonny;  
But I would not leave my own true-love  
For all the lands in Fyvie.'
- 37 Her father struck her wonderous sore,  
As also did her mother;  
Her sisters also did her scorn,  
But woe be to her brother!
- 38 Her brother struck her wonderous sore,  
With cruel strokes and many;  
He broke her back in the hall-door,  
For liking Andrew Lammie.
- 39 'Alas! my father and my mother dear,  
Why so cruel to your Annie?  
My heart was broken first by love,  
My brother has broke my body.'
- 40 'O mother dear, make me my bed,  
And lay my face to Fyvie;  
Thus will I lie, and thus will die  
For my dear Andrew Lammie.'
- 41 'Ye neighbours hear, baith far and near,  
And pity Tifty's Annie,  
Who dies for love of one poor lad,  
For bonny Andrew Lammie.'
- 42 'No kind of vice eer staid my life,  
'Or hurt my virgin honour;  
My youthful heart was won by love,  
But death will me exoner.'
- 43 Her mother than she made her bed,  
And laid her face to Fyvie;  
Her tender heart it soon did break,  
And never saw Andrew Lammie.
- 44 Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,  
Said, Alas for Tifty's Annie!  
The fairest flower's cut down by love  
That ever sprang in Fyvie.
- 45 'Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride!  
He might have let them marry;  
I should have given them both to live  
Into the lands of Fyvie.'
- 46 Her father sorely now laments  
The loss of his dear Annie,  
And wishes he had given consent  
To wed with Andrew Lammie.
- 47 When Andrew home frae Edinburgh came,  
With muckle grief and sorrow,  
'My love is dead for me to-day,  
I'll die for her to-morrow.'
- 48 'Now I will run to Tifty's den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonny;  
With tears I'll view the brig of Slugh,  
Where I parted from my Annie.'
- 49 'Then will I speed to the green kirk-yard,  
To the green kirk-yard of Fyvie,  
With tears I'll water my love's grave,  
Till I follow Tifty's Annie.'

C. a. 9<sup>a</sup>. Love so oppressd: b, has possessd.  
11<sup>a</sup>. mony: b, many.  
44<sup>a</sup>. flower: b, flower's.  
47<sup>a</sup>. home: b, hame.

48<sup>a</sup>. For *perhaps Aberdonian* for Where: b,  
Where.  
b. *Insignificant variations will not be noted.*  
7<sup>a</sup>. She sighed sore, but said no more.

8<sup>2</sup>. Sound *for* soon (soun?).  
 9<sup>2</sup>. Love has possessed. 11<sup>4</sup>. many.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. Of Tiftie's bonny Annie. *After* 14:

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,  
 O dear! but he was sorry:  
 'The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land  
 Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.'

16, 17 *are* 17, 16. 16<sup>1</sup>. Woe betide Mill.  
 16<sup>2</sup>. He 'll no hae 't. *After* 18:

'Here you shall find a boy so kind  
 Who 'll carry a letter canny,  
 Who will run on to Tiftie's town,  
 And gie 't to thy love Annie.'

19<sup>2</sup>. a' the lave.  
 20<sup>24</sup>. and meet thy love, Thy bonny Andrew  
 Lammie.

21. 'When wilt thou come, and I 'll attend?  
 My love, I long to see thee:  
 'Thou mayst come to the bridge of Sleugh,  
 And there I 'll come and meet thee.'

24<sup>2</sup>. As my name 's. 26<sup>1</sup>. Our time.  
 28<sup>2</sup>. schill. 30<sup>4</sup>. Than hae a' the kine.

35<sup>2</sup>. she 's adorned with. 36<sup>1</sup>. are fair.  
*After* 43:

But the word soon went up and down,  
 Through all the lands of Fyvie,  
 That she was dead and buried,  
 Even Tiftie's bonny Annie.

44<sup>2</sup>. flower 's. 45<sup>1</sup>. O woe betide Mill.  
*After* 46:

Her mother grieves both air and late,  
 Her sisters, cause they scornd her;  
 Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve  
 For the cruel usage he 'd givn her.

But now alas! it was too late,  
 For they could not recal her;  
 Through life unhappy is their fate  
 Because they did controul her.

47<sup>1</sup>. hame. 47<sup>2</sup>. love has died. 48<sup>2</sup>. Where.  
 48<sup>4</sup>. parted last with Annie. *After* 49:

Ye parents grave who children have,  
 In crushing them be canny,  
 Lest when too late you do repent;  
 Remember Tiftie's Annie.

## 234

### CHARLIE MAC PHERSON

A. 'Charlie MacPherson,' Harris MS., fol. 23 b.

B. 'Charlie M'Pherson,' Buchan's Ballads of the North  
 of Scotland, I, 85.

CHARLIE MACPHERSON comes to Kinaldie with a large party of men from the West Isle to take away Helen, whom he has long courted, A 1, 4. Helen's mother is obliged to admit them. When her daughter is asked for, MacPherson is told that she has gone to Whitehouse, to marry auld Gairn, A 5 (Dalgairn, B 12). The party go on to Whitehouse, where indeed they find Helen, and ev-

erybody there calling her bride. We expect a collision, and judging by A 8 there was one, with the bride wishing well to the assailants. But in B (where there is no hint that Helen favors her irregular suitor), MacPherson comports himself very mildly, and only wishes, as he goes off, that his heavy heart may light on Whitehouse of Cromar.

The ballad was known to Mrs Brown of

Falkland.\* She gives it the title of 'The Carrying-off of the Heiress of Kinady,' from which it is warrantable to conclude that MacPherson was so far successful.

There are several Kinaldies and more than one Whitehouse. The Kinaldie which we

have to do with here is a small place in the parish of Logie-Coldstone, Cromar. Milton of Whitehouse is about a mile to the south of Kinaldie, and seems to be the place intended by Whitehouse o Cromar, B 18, 20. Braemar, A 7<sup>1</sup>, should then be Cromar.

## A

Harris MS., fol. 23 b; from Mrs Harris's singing.

- 1 CHARLIE MACPHERSON, that braw Hieland lad[ie],  
On Valentine's even cam down to Kinaltie,  
Courtit Burd Hellen, baith wakin an sleepin:  
'Oh, fair fa them has my love in keepin!'
- 2 Charlie MacPherson cam down the dykeside,  
Baith Milton an Muirton an a' bein his guide;  
Baith Milton an Muirton an auld Water Nairn,  
A' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.
- 3 Whan he cam to the hoose o Kinaltie,  
'Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us come in!  
Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us come in!  
For here's a commission come frae your gude-son.
- 4 'Madam,' says Charlie, 'whare [i]s your dochter?  
Mony time have I come to Kinatie an socht her;

Noo maun she goe wi me mony a mile,  
Because I've brocht mony men frae the West Isle.'

- 5 'As for my dochter, she has gane abroad,  
You'll no get her for her tocher gude;  
She's on to Whitehouse, to marry auld Gairn:  
Oh, fair fa them that wait on my bairn!'
- 6 Charlie MacPherson gaed up the dykeside,  
Baith Muirtoun an Milton an a' bein his guide;  
Baith Muirtoun an Milton an auld Water Nairn,  
A' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.
- 7 Whan he cam to the hoose in Braemar,  
Sae weel as he kent that his Nellie was there!  
An Nellie was sittin upon the bed-side,  
An every one there was ca'ing her, bride.
- 8 The canles gaed oot, they waurna weel licht,  
Swords an spears they glancet fou bricht;  
Sae laith as she was her true-love to beguile,  
Because he brocht mony men frae the West Isle.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* "I have lately, by rummaging in a by-corner of my memory, found some Aberdeenshire ballads which totally escaped me before. They are of a different class from those I sent you, not near so ancient, but may be about a century ago. I cannot boast much of their poetical merits, but the family incidents upon which they are founded, the local allusions which they contain, may perhaps render them curious and not uninteresting to many people. They are as follows: 1st, 'The Baron of Braichly' [No 203]; 2d, 'The Lass of Philorth' [No 239 ?]; 3d, 'The Tryal of the Laird

of Gycht' [No 209]; 4th, 'The Death of the Countess of Aboyne' [No 235]; 5th, 'The Carrying-off of the Heiress of Kinady.' All these I can recollect pretty exactly. I never saw any of them either in print or manuscript, but have kept them entirely from hearing them sung when a child." Letter to Alexander Fraser Tytler, December 23, 1800.

'Charlie MacPherson' should have been put with Nos 221-5.

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 85.

- 1 CHARLIE M'PHERSON, that brisk Highland laddie,  
At Valentine even he came to Kinadie:
- 2 To court her Burd Helen, baith waking and sleeping;  
Joy be wi them that has her a keeping!
- 3 Auldtown and Muirtown, likewise Billy Beg,  
All gaed wi Charlie, for to be his guide.
- 4 Jamie M'Robbie, likewise Wattie Nairn,  
All gaed wi Charlie, for to be his warran.
- 5 When they came to Kinadie, they knockd at the door;  
When nae ane woud answer, they gaed a loud roar.
- 6 'Ye'll open the door, mistress, and lat us come in;  
For tidings we've brought frae your appearant guid-son.'
- 7 For to defend them, she was not able;  
They bangd up the stair, sat down at the table.
- 8 'Ye'll eat and drink, gentlemen, and eat at your leisure;  
Nae thing's disturb you, take what's your pleasure.'
- 9 'O madam,' said he, 'I'm come for your daughter;  
Lang hae I come to Kinadie and there sought her.
- 10 'Now she's gae wi me for mony a mile,  
Before that I return unto the West Isle.'
- 11 'My daughter's not at home, she is gone abroad;  
Ye darena now steal her, her tocher is guid.
- 12 'My daughter's in Whitehouse, wi Mistress Dalgairn;  
Joy be wi them that waits on my bairn!'
- 13 The swords an the targe that hang about Charlie,  
They had sic a glitter, and set him sae rarelie!
- 14 They had sic a glitter, and kiest sic a glamour,  
They showed mair light than they had in the chamour.
- 15 To Whitehouse he went, and when he came there  
Right sair was his heart when he went up the stair.
- 16 Burd Helen was sitting by Thomas' bed-side,  
And all in the house were addressing her, bride.
- 17 'O farewell now, Helen, I'll bid you adieu;  
Is this a' the comfort I'm getting frae you?
- 18 'It was never my intention ye should be the waur;  
My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!
- 19 'For you I hae travelled full mony lang mile,  
Awa to Kinadie, far frae the West Isle.
- 20 'But now ye are married, and I am the waur;  
My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!'

A. Air, Whilk o ye lasses.

B. Printed in stanzas of four short lines.

## 235

## THE EARL OF ABOYNE

- A. 'The Earl of Aboyne,' Kinloch MSS, V, 351.      H. 'Bonny Peggy Irvine,' Campbell MSS, II, 105.
- B. 'The Earl of Aboyne.' a. Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 71. b. Gibb MS., p. 29, No 5.      I. 'Earl of Aboyne,' or, 'Bonny Peggy Irvine,' Motherwell's MS., p. 128.
- C. Skene MS., p. 58.      J. 'Earl of Aboyne,' or, 'Bonny Peggy Irvine,' Motherwell's MS., p. 135.
- D. 'The Earl o Boyne,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 17, Abbotsford.      K. From the recitation of Miss Fanny Walker, two stanzas.
- E. 'Earl of Aboyne,' Harris MS., fol. 21 b.      L. 'Earl of Aboyne,' Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 54, one stanza.
- F. 'The Earl of Aboyne,' Motherwell's MS., p. 635.
- G. Motherwell's MS., p. 131.

THE copy in *The New Deeside Guide*, by James Brown [Joseph Robertson], Aberdeen, 1832, p. 26, is B a with a few editorial changes. It is repeated in *The Deeside Guide*, Aberdeen, 1889, with slight variations. The copy in *Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 22, is "given from the way the editor has heard it sung, assisted by Mr Buchan's copy in his *Gleanings*;" in fact, it is B a with unimportant variations, which must be treated as arbitrary. *Smith's New History of Aberdeenshire*, I, 207, repeats Aytoun, nearly, and Aytoun, II, 309, 1859, B a, nearly.

None of the versions here given go beyond 1800. Mrs Brown of Falkland, in an unprinted letter to Alexander Fraser Tytler, December 23, 1800, offers him 'The Death of the Countess of Aboyne,' which she had heard sung when a child: see p. 309, note.

A-I. The Earl of Aboyne (who is kind but careless, E) goes to London without his wife, and stays overlong. Information comes by letter that he has married there, B, or that he is in love with another woman, D. Word is brought that he is on his way home, and very near. His lady orders stable-grooms, minstrels, cooks, housemaids, to bestir themselves,

A-E, I, K, makes a handsome toilet, A, B, D, E, F, and calls for wine to drink his health, B, C, D, G. She comes down to the close to take him from his horse, B, C, D, F, and bids him thrice welcome. "Kiss me then for my coming," says the earl, and surprises his wife, and all of us, by adding that the morrow would have been his wedding-day, if he had stayed in London. The lady gives him an angry and disdainful answer. This he resents, and orders his men to mount again; he will go first to the Bog of Gight to see the Marquis of Huntly, and then return to London. The lady attempts, through a servant, to get permission to accompany him, but is repulsed, A, B, C, D (misplaced in G). According to A, C, D 24, F, the countess languished for about a twelvemonth, and then died of a broken heart; but D 25, G, H, make her death ensue before or shortly after the earl's arrival at the Bog o Gight. Aboyne is very much distressed at the tidings; he would rather have lost all his lands than Margaret Irvine, C, D, E, G, H. He goes to the burial with a train of gentlemen, all in black from the hose to the hat, A, C (horse to the hat, B, E, F).

J. No Earl of Aboyne ever married an Ir-

vine, and no Earl of Aboyne would have meditated open bigamy, and have informed his wife while receiving her welcome home how near he had come to perpetrating the same. The historical difficulty and the practical absurdity are removed by assuming that J alone has preserved (or restored) the true and original story, and that all the other copies, beginning with Mrs Brown's, which calls the lady the Countess of Aboyne, have gone wrong. In J, Peggy Irvine is only Aboyne's love, 1<sup>8</sup>, and Aboyne is her true lover, 8<sup>3</sup>. Aboyne was careless and kind, and kind to

every woman, and Aboyne staid over long in London, A, and the ladies they did invite him, H. Under these circumstances, some Aboyne may have been on the brink of deserting a Peggy Irvine to whom he was engaged.

Aboyne is Boyn, D, Boon, H; Irvine is Harboun, Harvey, D, Ewan, E, K; Bog o Gight is Bogs o the Geich, D, Bogs o the Gay, G, Bughts o the Gight, H, Bog o Keith, J. The Bog o Gight is made Aboyne's property in D, G, H. The Marquis of Huntly is blamed by Aboyne for inciting him to unkindness, D 28, G 11.

## A

Kinloch MSS, V, 351; in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne he's courteous and kind,  
He's kind to every woman,  
And the Earl of Aboyne he's courteous and kind,  
But he stays ower lang in London.
- 2 The ladie she stood on her stair-head,  
Beholding his grooms a coming;  
She knew by their livery and raiment so rare  
That their last voyage was from London.
- 3 'My grooms all, ye'll be well in call,  
Hold all the stables shining;  
With a brettther o degs ye'll clear up my nags,  
Sin my gude Lord Aboyne is a coming.
- 4 'My minstrels all, be well in call,  
Hold all my galleries ringing;  
With music springs ye'll try well your strings,  
Sin my gude lord's a coming.
- 5 'My cooks all, be well in call,  
Wi pots and spits well ranked;  
And nothing shall ye want that ye call for,  
Sin my gude Lord Aboyne's a coming.
- 6 'My chamber-maids, ye'll dress up my beds,  
Hold all my rooms in shining;  
With Dantzic waters ye'll sprinkle my walls,  
Sin my good lord's a coming.'
- 7 Her shoes was of the small cordain,  
Her stockings silken twisting;  
Cambrick so clear was the pretty lady's smock,  
And her stays o the braided sattin.
- 8 Her coat was of the white sarsenent,  
Set out wi silver quiltin,  
And her gown was o the silk damask,  
Set about wi red gold waltin.
- 9 Her hair was like the threads of gold,  
Wi the silk and sarsanet shining,  
Wi her fingers sae white, and the gold rings  
sae grite,  
To welcome her lord from London.
- 10 Sae stately she steppit down the stair,  
And walkit to meet him coming;  
Said, O ye'r welcome, my bonny lord,  
Ye'r thrice welcome home from London!
- 11 'If this be so that ye let me know,  
Ye'll come kiss me for my coming,  
For the morn should hae been my bonny wedding-day  
Had I stayed the night in London.'
- 12 Then she turned her about wi an angry look,  
O for such an a sorry woman!  
'If this be so that ye let me know,  
Gang kiss your ladies in London.'
- 13 Then he looked ower his left shoulder  
To the worthie companie wi him;

- Says he, Isna this an unworthy welcome  
The we've got, comin from London!
- 14 'Get yer horse in call, my nobles all,  
And I'm sorry for yer coming,  
But we'll horse, and awa to the bonny Bog o  
Gight,  
And then we'll go on to London.'
- 15 'If this be Thomas, as they call you,  
You'll see if he'll hae me with him;  
And nothing shall he be troubled with me  
But myself and my waiting-woman.'
- 16 'I've asked it already, lady,' he says,  
'And your humble servant, madam;  
But one single mile he winna lat you ride  
Wi his company and him to London.'
- 17 A year and mare she lived in care,  
And docters wi her dealin,
- And with a crack her sweet heart brack,  
And the letters is on to London.
- 18 When the letters he got, they were all sealed  
in black,  
And he fell in a grievous weeping;  
He said, She is dead whom I loved best  
If I had but her heart in keepin.
- 19 Then fifteen o the finest lords  
That London could afford him,  
From their hose to their hat, they were all  
clad in black,  
For the sake of her corpse, Margaret Irvine.
- 20 The furdur he gaed, the sorer he wept,  
Come keping her corpse, Margaret Irvine,  
Until that he came to the yetts of Aboyne,  
Where the corpse of his lady was lying.

## B

a. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 71, 1825. b. Gibb MS., p. 29,  
No 5, 1882, as learned by Mrs Gibb, senior, "fifty years  
ago," in Strachan, Kincardineshire.

- 1 THE Earl o Aboyne to old England's gone,  
An a his nobles wi him;  
Sair was the heart his fair lady had  
Because she wanna wi him.
- 2 As she was a walking in her garden green,  
Amang her gentlewomen,  
Sad was the letter that came to her,  
Her lord was wed in Lunan.
- 3 'Is this true, my Jean,' she says,  
'My lord is wed in Lunan?'  
'O no, O no, my lady gay,  
For the Lord o Aboyne is comin.'
- 4 When she was looking oer her castell-wa,  
She spied twa boys comin:  
'What news, what news, my bonny boys?  
What news hae ye frae Lunan?'
- 5 'Good news, good news, my lady gay,  
The Lord o Aboyne is comin;  
He's scarcely twa miles frae the place,  
Ye'll hear his bridles ringin.'
- 6 'O my grooms all, be well on call,  
An hae your stables shinin;  
Of corn an hay spare nane this day,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.
- 7 'My minstrels all, be well on call,  
And set your harps a tunin,  
Wi the finest springs, spare not the strings,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.
- 8 'My cooks all, be well on call,  
An had your spits a runnin,  
Wi the best o roast, an spare nae cost,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.
- 9 'My maids all, be well on call,  
An hae your flours a shinin;  
Cover oer the stair wi herbs sweet an fair,  
Cover the flours wi linen,  
An dress my bodie in the finest array,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.'
- 10 Her gown was o the guid green silk,  
Fastned wi red silk trimmin;  
Her apron was o the guid black gaze,  
Her hood o the finest linen.
- 11 Sae stately she stept down the stair,  
To look gin he was comin;

- She called on Kate, her chamer-maid,  
An Jean, her gentlewoman,  
To bring her a bottle of the best wine,  
To drink his health that's comin.
- 12 She's gaen to the close, taen him frae's horse,  
Says, You'r thrice welcome fra Lunan!  
'If I be as welcome hauf as ye say,  
Come kiss me for my comin,  
For tomorrow should been my wedding-day  
Gin I'de staid on langer in Lunan.'
- 13 She turned about wi a disdainful look  
To Jean, her gentlewoman:  
'If tomorrow should been your wedding-day,  
Go kiss your whores in Lunan.'
- 14 'O my nobles all, now turn your steeds,  
I'm sorry for my comin;  
For the night we'll alight at the bonny Bog o  
Gight,  
Tomorrow tak horse for Lunan.'
- 15 'O Thomas, my man, gae after him,  
An spier gin I'll win wi him;'
- 'Yes, madam, I hae pleaded for thee,  
But a mile ye winna win wi him.'
- 16 Here and there she ran in care,  
An doctors wi her dealin;  
But in a crak her bonny heart brak,  
And letters gaed to Lunan.
- 17 When he saw the letter sealed wi black,  
He fell on's horse a weeping:  
'If she be dead that I love best,  
She has my heart a keepin.
- 18 'My nobles all, ye'll turn your steeds,  
That comely face [I] may see then;  
Frae the horse to the hat, a' must be black,  
And mourn for bonny Peggy Irvine.'
- 19 When they came near to the place,  
They heard the dead-bell knellin,  
And aye the turnin o the bell  
Said, Come bury bonny Peggy Irvine.

## O

Skene MS., p. 58; taken down in the North of Scotland,  
1802-3.

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne he's careless an kin,  
An he is new come frae London;  
He sent his man him before,  
To tell o his hame-comin.
- 2 First she called on her chamberline,  
Sin on Jeanie, her gentlewoman:  
'Bring me a glass o the best claret win,  
To drink my good lord's well-hame-comin.
- 3 'My servants all, be ready at a call,  
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.  
For the Lord of Aboyne is comin
- 4 'My cooks all, be ready at a call  
.  
.  
.  
Wi the very best of meat,  
For the Lord of Aboyne is comin.
- 5 'My maids all, be ready at a call,  
.  
.  
.  
The rooms I've the best all to be dressed,  
For the Lord of Aboyn is comin.'
- 6 She did her to the closs to take him fra his  
horse,  
An she welcomed him frae London:  
'Ye'r welcome, my good lord, frae Lon-  
don!'
- 7 'An I be sae welcome, he says,  
'Ye'll kiss me for my comin,  
For the morn sud hae bin my weddin-day  
Gif I had staid in London.'
- 8 She turned her about wi a disdainfull look,  
Dear, she was a pretty woman!  
'Gif the morn shud hae bin yer weddin-day,  
Ye may kiss your whores in London.'
- 9 .  
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- 'So I shall, madam, an ye's hae na mare to sey,  
For I'll dine wi the Marquis of Huntley.'
- 10 She did her to his servant-man,  
I wat they caed him Peter Gordon :  
'Ye will ask my good lord if he will let me  
Wi him a single mile to ride [to London].'
- 11 'Ye need not, madam, . . .  
I have asked him already ;  
He will not let ye a single mile ride,  
For he is to dine with the Marquis o Huntly.'
- 12 She called on her chamber-maid,  
Sin on Jean, her gentlewoman :  
'Ge make my bed, an tye up my head,  
Woe's me for his hame-comin !'
- 13 She lived a year and day, wi mickle grief and wae,  
The doctors were wi her dealin ;  
Within a crack, her heart it brack,  
An the letters they went to London.
- 14 He gae the table wi his foot,  
An koud it wi his knee,  
Gared silver cup an easer dish  
In flinders flee.
- 15 . . . . .  
'I wad I had lost a' the lands o Aboyne  
Or I had lost bonny Margat Irvine.'
- 16 He called on his best serving-man,  
I wat the caed him Peter Gordon :  
'Gae get our horses saddled wi speed,  
Woe's me for our hame-comin !'
- 17 . . . . .  
'For we will a' be in black, fra the hose to the hat,  
Woe's me for bonny Margat Irvine !'
- 18 'We must to the North, to bury her corps,  
Alas for our hame-comin !  
I rather I had lost a' the lands o Aboyne  
Or I had lost bonny Margat Irvine.'

## D

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 17; in the handwriting of Richard Heber.

- 1 THE guid Earl o Boyn's awa to Lonon gone,  
An a' his gallan grooms wie him,  
But, for a' the ribbons that hing at her hat,  
He has left his fair lady behind him.
- 2 He had not been in London toun  
A month but barely one, O,  
Till the letters an the senes they came to her hand  
That he was in love with another woman.
- 3 'O what think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
'What think ye o my lord at London?  
What think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
'He's in love wie another woman.'
- 4 That lady lookd out at her closet-window,  
An saw the gallan grooms coming;
- 'What think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
'For yonder the gallan grooms coming.'
- 5 Stately, stately steppit she doun  
To welcome the gallan grooms from London :  
'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, gallan grooms a' ;  
Is the guid Earl o Boyn a coming ?
- 6 'What news, what news, my gallan grooms a' ?  
What news have ye from London ?  
What news, what news, my gallan grooms a' ?  
Is the guid Earl o Boyn a-coming ?'
- 7 'No news, no news,' said they gallan grooms a',  
'No news hae we from London ;  
No news, no news,' said the gallan grooms a',  
'But the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming,  
An he's not two miles from the palace-gates,  
An he's fast coming hame from London.'
- 8 'Ye stable-grooms a', be ready at the ca,  
An have a' your stables in shening,

- An sprinkle them over wie some costly water,  
Since the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming.
- 9 'Ye pretty cooks a', be ready at the ca,  
An have a' your spits in turning,  
An see that ye spare neither cost nor pains,  
Since the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming.
- 10 'Ye servant-maids, ye'll trim up the beds,  
An wipe a' the rooms oer wie linnen,  
An put a double daisy at every stair-head,  
Since the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming.
- 11 'Ye'll call to me my chambermaid,  
An Jean, my gentlewoman,  
An they'll dress me in some fine array,  
Since the good Earl o Boyn's a coming.'
- 12 Her stockens were o the good fine silk,  
An her shirt it was o the camrie,  
An her gown it was a' giltit oer,  
An she was a' hung oer wie rubbies.
- 13 That lady lookd out at her closet-window,  
An she thought she saw him coming:  
'Go fetch to me some fine Spanish wine,  
That I may drink his health that's a coming.'
- 14 Stately, stately steppit she doun  
To welcome her lord from London,  
An as she walked through the close  
She's peed him from his horse.
- 15 'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my dearest dear,  
Ye're three times welcome from London!'  
'If I be as welcome as ye say,  
Ye'll kiss me for my coming;  
Come kiss me, come kiss me, my dearest dear,  
Come kiss me, my bonny Peggy Harboun.'
- 16 O she threw her arms aroun his neck,  
To kiss him for his coming:  
'If I had stayed another day,  
I'd been in love wie another woman.'
- 17 She turned her about wie a very stingy look,  
She was as sorry as any woman;  
She threw a napkin out-oure her face,  
Says, Gang kiss your whore at London.
- 18 'Ye'll mount an go, my gallan grooms a',  
Ye'll mount and back again to London;
- Had I known this to be the answer my Meg-  
gy's gein me,  
I had stayed some longer at London.'
- 19 'Go, Jack, my livery boy,' she says,  
'Go ask if he'll take me wie him;  
An he shall hae nae cumre o me  
But mysel an my waiting-woman.'
- 20 'O the laus o London the're very severe,  
They are not for a woman;  
An ye are too low in coach for to ride,  
I'm your humble servant, madam.
- 21 'My friends they were a' angry at me  
For marrying ane o the house o Harvey;  
And ye are too low in coach for to ride,  
I'm your humble servant, lady.
- 22 'Go saddle for me my steeds,' he says,  
'Go saddle them soon and softly,  
For I maun awa to the Bogs o the Geich,  
An speak wi the Marquess o Huntly.'
- 23 The guid Earl o Boyn's awa to London gone,  
An a' his gallan gro[o]ms wie him;  
But his lady fair he's left behind  
Both a sick an a sorry woman.
- 24 O many were the letters she after him did  
send,  
A' the way back again to London,  
An in less than a twelvemonth her heart it did  
break,  
For the loss o her lord at London.
- 25 He was not won well to the Bogs o the Geich,  
Nor his horses scarcely batit,  
Till the letters and the senes they came to his  
hand  
That his lady was newly strickit.
- 26 'O is she dead? or is she sick?  
O woe's me for my coming!  
I'd rather a lost a' the Bogs o the Geich  
Or I'd lost my bonny Peggy Harboun.'
- 27 He took the table wi his foot,  
Made a' the room to tremble:  
'I'd rather a lost a' the Bogs o the Geich  
Or I'd lost my bonny Peggy Harboun.
- 28 'Oh an alas! an O woe's me!  
An wo to the Marquess o Huntly,

Wha caus'd the Earl o Boyn prove sae very  
unkin  
To a true an a beautifu lady !'

29 There were fifteen o the bravest gentlemen,  
An the bravest o the lords o London,  
They went a' to attend her burial-day,  
But the Earl o Boyn could not go wi them.

## E

Harris MS., fol. 21 b ; from the recitation of Mrs Harris.

- 1 'My maidens fair, yoursels prepare.'
- 2 You may weel knaw by her hair, wi the dia-  
monds sae rare,  
That the Earl of Aboyne was comin.
- 3 'My minstrels all, be at my call,  
Haud a' your rooms a ringin,  
For the Earl of Aboyne is comin.'
- 4 'Tomorrow soud hae been my bonnie waddin-  
day,  
If I had staid in London.'

- 5 She turned her aboot wi an angry look,  
An sic an angry woman !  
'Gin tomorrow soud hae been your bonnie  
waddin-day,  
Gae back to your miss in Lunnon.'
- 6 For mony a day an year that lady lived in care,  
An doctors wi her dealin,  
Till just in a crack her very heart did brak,  
An her letters went on to Lunnon.
- 7 There waur four-an-twenty o the noblest lords  
That Lonnon could aford him,  
A' clead in black frae the saidle to the hat,  
To convey the corpse o Peggy Ewan.
- 8 'I'd rather hae lost a' the lands o Aboyne  
Than lost my pretty Peggy Ewan.'

## F

Motherwell's MS., p. 635 ; "from the recitation of Margaret Black, wife of Archie Black, sailor in Ayr, a native of Aberdeenshire."

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne is to London gane,  
And a' his nobles with him ;  
He 's left his lady him behin,  
He 's awa, to remain in London.
- 2 She 's called upon her waiting-maid  
To busk her in her claithin ;  
Her sark was o cambrick very fine,  
And her bodice was the red buckskin.
- 3 Her stockings were o silk sae fine,  
And her shoon o the fine cordan ;  
Her coat was o the guid green silk,  
Turnit up wi a siller warden.
- 4 Her gown was also o the silk,  
Turned up wi a siller warden,

And stately tripped she doun the stair,  
As she saw her gude lord comin.

- 5 She gaed thro the close and grippit his horse,  
Saying, Ye 're welcome hame frae London !  
'Gin that be true, come kiss me now,  
Come kiss me for my coming.
- 6 'For blythe and cantie may ye be,  
And thank me for my comin,  
For the morn would hae been my wedding-day  
Had I remained in London.'
- 7 She turnd her richt and round about,  
She was a waefu woman :  
'Gin the morn would hae been your weddin-day,  
Gae kiss your whores in London.'
- 8 He turned him richt and round about,  
He was sorry for his comin :  
'Loup on your steeds, ye nobles a',  
The morn we 'll dine in London.'

- 9 She lived a year in meikle wae,  
And the doctors dealin wi her ;  
At lang and last her heart it brast  
And the letters gade to London.
- 10 And when he saw the seals o black,  
He fell in a deadly weeping ;  
He said, She 's dead whom I loed best,  
And she had my heart in keeping.
- 11 'Loup on your steeds, ye nobles a',  
I 'm sorry for our comin ;  
Frae our horse to our hat, we 'll gae in black,  
And we 'll murn for Peggy Irwine.'
- 12 They rade on but stap or stay  
Till they came to her father's garden,  
Whare fifty o the bravest lords  
Were convoying Peggy Irwine.

## G

Motherwell's MS., p. 131.

- 1 THE Earl Aboyne to London has gane,  
And all his nobles with him ;  
For a' the braw ribbands he wore at his hat,  
He has left his lady behind him.
- 2 She 's called on her little foot-page,  
And Jean, her gentlewoman ;  
Said, Fill to me a full pint of wine,  
And I 'll drink it at my lord's coming.
- 3 'You 're welcome, you 're welcome, you 're welcome,' she says,  
'You 're welcome home from London !'  
'If I be welcome as you now say,  
Come kiss me, my bonnie Peggy Irvine.
- 4 'Come kiss me, come kiss me, my lady,' he says,  
'Come kiss me for my coming,  
For the morn should hae been my wedding-day,  
Had I staid any longer in London.'
- 5 She turned about with an angry look,  
Said, Woe 's me for your coming !  
If the morn should hae been your wedding-day,  
Go back to your whore in London.
- 6 He 's called on his little foot-page,  
Said, Saddle both sure and swiftly,  
And I 'l away to the Bogs o the Gay,  
And speak wi the Marquis o Huntly.
- 7 She has called on her little foot-page,  
Said, See if he 'll take me with him ;  
And he shall hae nae mair cumber o me  
But nysell and my servant-woman.
- 8 'O London streets they are too strait,  
They are not for a woman,  
And it is too low to ride in coach wi me  
With your humble servant-woman.'
- 9 He had not been at the Bogs o the Gay,  
Nor yet his horse was baited,  
Till a boy with a letter came to his hand  
That his lady was lying streekit.
- 10 'O woe ! O woe ! O woe !' he says,  
'O woe 's me for my coming !  
I had rather lost the Bogs o the Gay  
Or I 'd lost my bonny Peggy Irvine.
- 11 'O woe ! O woe ! O woe !' he said,  
'O woe to the Marquis o Huntly,  
Gard the Earl of Aboyne prove very unkind  
To a good and a dutiful lady !'

## H

Campbell MSS, II, 105.

- 1 THE Earl of Boon 's to London gone,  
And all his merry men with him ;
- 2 He had not been a night in town,  
Nor a day into the city,
- For a' the ribbons hang at his horse's main.  
He has left his lady behind him.

- Until that the letters they came to him,  
And the ladies they did invite him.
- 3 His lady has lookit oer her left shoulder,  
To see if she saw him coming,  
And then she saw her ain good lord,  
Just newly come from London.
- 4 'Come kiss me, my dear, come kiss me,' he  
said,  
'Come kiss me for my coming,  
For if I had staid another day in town  
Tomorrow I would hae been married in Lun-  
non.'
- 5 She turned about wi a very saucy look,  
As saucy as eer did a woman ;  
Says, If a' be true that I 've heard of you,  
You may go back and kiss your whores in  
Lunnon.
- 6 'Go call on Jack, my waiting-man,' he said,  
'Go saddle and make him ready ;  
For I maun away to the Bughts o Gight,  
To speak to the Marquess of Huntly.'
- 7 He had not been at the Bughts of the Gight,  
Nor the horses yet weel bated,  
Until that the letters came ta him  
That his lady was newly streeket.
- 8 'Wae 's me, my dear ! wae 's me !' he said,  
'It waes me for my coming ;  
For I wad rather lost a' the Bughts o the  
Gight  
Or I had lost my bonny Peggy Irvine.'

## I

Motherwell's MS., p. 128.

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne to London has gone,  
And all his nobles with him ;  
For all the braw ribbands he wore at his hat,  
He has left his lady behind him.
- 2 She has to her high castle gane,  
To see if she saw him coming ;  
And who did she spy but her own servant Jack,  
Coming riding home again from London.
- 3 'What news, what news, my own servant  
Jack ?  
What news have you got from London ?'  
'Good news, good news, my lady,' he says,  
'For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'
- 4 She has to her kitchen-maid gane :  
'Set your pots and your pans all a boiling ;  
Have every thing fine for gentry to dine,  
For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.
- 5 'Stable-grooms all, pray be well employed,  
Set your stable-bells all a ringing ;  
Let your hecks be overlaid with the finest of  
good hay,  
For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'
- 6 She has to her low gates gane,  
To see if she saw him coming,  
And long seven miles before they came to town  
She heard their bridles ringing.
- 7 'Come kiss me, come kiss me, madam,' he says,  
'Come kiss me for my coming,  
For the morn should hae been my wedding-day  
Had I staid any longer in London.'
- 8 She's turned about with an angry look,  
Says, Woe 's me for thy coming !  
If the morn should hae been your wedding-day,  
Go back and kiss your whores in London.
- 9 They've turned their horses' heads around,  
Their faces all for London ;  
With their hands to their hats they all rode off,  
And they're all away to London.

## J

Motherwell's MS., p. 135; from the recitation of Widow Nicol, of Paisley.

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne has up to London gone,  
And all his nobles with him,  
And three broad letters he sent into his love  
He would wed another woman in London.
- 2 She has turned the honey month about,  
To see if he was coming,  
And lang three miles ere he came to the town  
She heard his bridle ringing.
- 3 She's went down unto the close and she's taen  
him from his horse,  
Says, Ye're welcome home from London!  
'If I be as welcome, dear Peggy, as you say,  
Come kiss me for my coming.
- 4 'Come kiss me, come kiss me, dear Peggy,' he  
said,  
'Come kiss me for my coming,  
For tomorrow should have been my wedding-  
day  
Had I tarried any longer in London.'
- 5 She has turned herself round about,  
And she was an angry woman:  
'If tomorrow should have been your wedding-  
day,  
You may kiss with your sweethearts in Lon-  
don.'
- 6 'Go saddle me my steed,' he said,  
'Saddle and make him ready;

For I must away to the bonny Bog of Keith,  
For to visit the Marquis of Huntley.'

- 7 'Go ask him, go ask, dear Thomas,' she said,  
'Go ask if he'll take me with him;'  
'I've asked him once, and I'll ask him no  
more,  
For ye'll never ride a mile in his company.'
- 8 'Go make to me my bed,' she said,  
'Make it soft and narrow;  
For since my true lover has slighted me so,  
I will die for him ere morrow.'
- 9 She has called her waiting-man,  
And Jean her gentlewoman:  
'Go bring to me a glass of red wine,  
For I'm as sick as any woman.'
- 10 The bed it was not made nor well laid down,  
Nor yet the curtains drawn on,  
Till stays and gown and all did burst,  
And it's alace for bonny Peggy Irvine!
- 11 The Earl of Aboyne was not at the Bog of  
Keith,  
Nor met wi the Marquis of Huntley,  
Till three broad letters were sent after him  
That his pretty Peggy Irvine had left him.
- 12 He gave such a rap on the table where he sat  
It made all the room for to tremble:  
'I would rather I had lost all the rents of  
Aboyne  
Than have lost my pretty Peggy Irvine.'

## K

Communicated by Mr Alexander Laing; from the recita-  
tion of Miss Fanny Walker, of Mount Pleasant, near New-  
burgh-on-Tay.

- 1 THE Earl o Aboyne is awa to Lunnon gane,  
An he's taen Joannan wi him,  
An it ill be Yule ere he come again;  
But he nicht hae taen his bonnie Peggie  
Ewan.

- 2 Cook-maidens all, be ready at my call,  
Hae a' your pats an pans a-reekin;  
For the finest o flowrs, gae through your  
bowrs,  
For the Earl o Aboyne's a comin.

## L

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 54. "An old woman (native of Banfshire) sings 'The Earl of Aboyne,' beginning:"

THE Lord Aboyn's to London gone,  
And his hail court wi him;  
Better he had staid at hame,  
Or taen his lady wi him.

A. 3<sup>3</sup>. *Perhaps brethler a: not understood by me in either case. clear may be clean.*

20<sup>2</sup>. keping. *Glossed "meeting" in a note, but the line is not intelligible to me, and does not seem to be consistent with what follows.*

B. a. 9<sup>3</sup>. herbs sweet air. *Robertson, New Deeside Guide, prints herbs sweet an fair.*

12<sup>6</sup>. *Robertson prints ony langer.*

b. 1. The Earl o Aboyne he's courteous an kind,  
He's kind to every woman,  
An he has left the castle o Aboyne  
An gane to dwell in Lunan;  
An sair was the heart his lady had,  
Because she wan na wi him.

2. As she was walking in her garden green,  
Alang wi her gentlewoman,  
There was a letter brocht to her  
That her lord was wed in London.

3. *Wanting.* 4<sup>2</sup>. saw twa bonny boys.

4<sup>4</sup>. bring ye. 5<sup>1</sup>. ye lady.

5<sup>2</sup>. For the Earl o. 5<sup>3,4</sup>. *Wanting.*

6<sup>1</sup>. all *wanting.* 6<sup>4</sup>, 8<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>4</sup>. Earl for Lord.

7, 8<sup>2,3</sup>, 9<sup>2-5</sup>, 10, 11<sup>1,2</sup>. *Wanting.*

9<sup>1</sup>. maidens.

11<sup>5</sup>. Gae bring me a pint o the gude red wine.

12<sup>2</sup>. Says, Ye're welcome hame.

12<sup>3</sup>. welcome, he cried, as.

12<sup>6</sup>. wad hae been. 12<sup>6</sup>. only langer.

13<sup>1</sup>. her about wi a scornfu.

13<sup>3</sup>. suld hae been his.

13<sup>4</sup>. He may kiss his miss in.

14<sup>1</sup>. My merry men a'.

14<sup>2</sup>. I'm wae at heart for.

14<sup>3</sup>. The nicht we'll licht.

14<sup>4</sup>. An the morn tak.

15, 16<sup>1,2</sup>, 17<sup>4</sup>, 18<sup>2</sup>. *Wanting.*

18<sup>1</sup>. My merry men a' now turn.

19<sup>1</sup>. near to bonny Aboyne. 19<sup>3</sup>. the tollin.

a *may have been derived from a printed copy, and b learned from the same.*

C. *The latter half of the Skene MS. is very carelessly copied. Here, as in other places, stanzas are not separated, lines are improperly divided, and there are omissions which are in no way indicated.*

1<sup>3</sup>. man hin | Before to, etc.

D. 4<sup>4</sup>. yonder's? *But yonder may = yonder are.*

14<sup>4</sup>. She speed.

G. 7, 8 are 2, 3 in the MS.

H. 7<sup>4</sup>. streeket. *MS., perhaps, struket.*

I. 1<sup>1</sup>, 3<sup>4</sup>. of is of later insertion.

6<sup>3</sup>. came hame, *originally; hame is erased and to town written above.*

J. 2<sup>1</sup>. *I do not understand* turned the honey month.

3<sup>1</sup>. taen from him.

3<sup>3</sup>. as you say: *originally written* he says.

7<sup>1</sup>. him *struck out after the second ask.*

## 236

## THE LAIRD O DRUM

- A. a. Kinloch MSS, V, 9. b. 'Laird of Drum,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 199.
- B. 'The Laird of Doune' [miswritten for Drum], Skene MS., p. 78.
- C. MS. copy formerly in the possession of Sir Walter Scott.
- D. a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 194. b. 'The Laird of Drum,' Buchan's MSS, II, 101; Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 53, Percy Society, vol. xvii. c. The New Deeside Guide, by James Brown, [1882,] p. 11. d. Gibb MS., p. 21.
- E. 'The Laird of Drum,' MS., inserted in Dr Joseph Robertson's interleaved copy of The New Deeside Guide, Aberdeen [1882].
- F. a. 'The Ladye o the Drum,' London MS., p. 7. b. 'The Laird o the Drum,' Macmath MS., p. 13.

FIRST taken into a collection by Kinloch, 1827, who remarks that the ballad had been printed as a broadside in the North, and was extremely popular. B, the oldest version that has been recovered, was written down in 1802-3. There are verbal agreements between B, especially, and a fragment in Herd's MSS (I, 55, II, 187, Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 6), and there has been borrowing from one side or the other. Herd's fragment belongs to a ballad of a shepherd's daughter and an earl which is preserved in two copies in Motherwell's MS. (I, 37, 252). No 397 of The Musical Museum, communicated to Johnson, says Stenhouse, by Burns, [1792,] and probably in a large measure his work, begins with stanzas which may have been suggested by the ballad before us or by the other. See an appendix.

The copy in Christie, I, 24, was epitomized from A b, with some alterations. That in The Deeside Guide, 1889, p. 17, is Aytoun's, compounded of A b and D a.

Alexander Irvine, the young laird of Drum, says Spalding, was married to the lady Mary

Gordon on December 7, 1643: Memorials of the Troubles in Scotland, etc., II, 296. Lady Mary Gordon was fourth daughter to George the second Marquis of Huntly, and niece to the Marquis of Argyll. The Laird of Drum suffered extremely in his worldly fortunes through his fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts. This would have been a natural reason for his declining a peerage offered him at the Restoration, and for his marrying, the second time, to win and not to spend. He took for his second wife Margaret Coutts (A 9), "a woman of inferior birth and manners, which step gave great offence to his relations." (Kinloch.) He died in 1687. After the death of Irvine of Drum, Margaret Coutts married Irvine of Cults. She died in 1710, at the age of only forty-five.\*

Drum is ten miles west of Aberdeen.†

For the commonplace in A a 3, B 8, C 5, etc., see II, 181 b.

Knortz, Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands, No 29, p. 105, translates Allingham's ballad.

\* Epitaphs and Inscriptions . . . in the North East of Scotland, by Andrew Jervise, 1875, I, 17. (W. Macmath.)

† The House of Drum is a well-known mansion in Liber-

ton, near Edinburgh, and there is a note to F a importing (wrongly) that the ballad refers to this place.

## A

a. Kinloch MSS, V, 9, in the handwriting of James Beattie. b. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 199; "from recitation."

- 1 O it fell out upon a day,  
When Drums was going to ride, O  
And there he met with a well-far'd may,  
Keeping her flocks on yon side. O
- 2 'O fair may, O rare may,  
Can not you fancy me?  
Of a' the lasses here about  
I like nane so well as thee.'
- 3 'Set your love on another, kind sir,  
Set it not on me,  
For I'm not fit to be your bride,  
And your whore I'll never be.'
- 4 Drums is to her father gane,  
Keeping his flocks on yon hill,  
And he has gotten his consent,  
And the maid was at his will.
- 5 'My daughter can neither read nor write,  
She was neer brought up at school;  
But well can she milk cow and ewe,  
And make a kebbuck well.
- 6 'She'll winn in your barn at bear-seed time,  
Cast out your muck at Yule;  
She'll saddle your steed in time o need,  
Draw aff your boots hersell.'
- 7 'Have not I no clergymen?  
Pay I no clergy fee?  
I'll school her as I think fit,  
And as I think fit to be.'
- 8 Drums is to the Highlands gane  
For to be made ready,  
And a' the gentry thereabout  
Says, Yonder comes Drums and his lady.
- 9 'Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,  
And Drums is a wealthy laddie;  
But Drums might hae chosen a higher match  
Than any shepherd's daughter.'
- 10 Then up bespake his brother John,  
Says, Brother you've done us wrong;  
You've married ane below our degree,  
A stain to a' our kin.
- 11 'Hold your tongue, my brother John,  
I have done you no wrong;  
For I've married ane to wark and win,  
And ye've married ane to spend.
- 12 'The last time that I had a wife,  
She was above my degree;  
I durst not come in her presence  
But with my hat on my knee.'
- 13 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Stood at the yetts o Drum;  
There was na ane amang them a'  
That welcomd his lady in.
- 14 He's taen her by the milk-white hand  
And led her in himsell,  
And in thro ha's and in thro bowers,  
'And you're welcome, Lady o Drum.'
- 15 Thrice he kissd her cherry cheek,  
And thrice her cherry chin,  
And twenty times her comely mouth,  
'And you're welcome, Lady o Drum.'
- 16 'Ye shall be cook in my kitchen,  
Butler in my ha;  
Ye shall be lady at my command  
When I ride far awa.'
- 17 'But what will I do when auld Drum dies,  
When auld Drum dies and leaves me?  
Then I'll tak back my word again,  
And the Coutts will come and see me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## B

Skene MS., p. 78; taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 THERE was a knight, [an a gallant knight,  
An a gallant knight was he,  
An he's faen in love  
Wi his shepherd's daghterie.
- 2 . . . . .  
He could neither gang nor ride,  
He fell so deep in her fancy,  
Till his nose began to bleed.
- 3 'Bonny may, an bra may,  
Canna ye on me rue?  
By a' the maid[s] I ever saw,  
There is nane I loo by you.'
- 4 'Ye'r a shepherd's ae daghter,  
An I'm a barron's son;  
An what pleasure I wad hae  
To see ye gae out an in!'
- 5 'I'm a shepherd's ae dochter,  
An ye'r a barron's son;  
An there is nae pleasure I could ha  
To see ye gae out or in.
- 6 . . . . .  
'For I wadna gie the fancy of my bonny love  
For na love nor favour o you.'
- 7 'Bonny may, an bra may,  
Canna ye on me rue?  
By a' the maids I ever saw  
There is nane I loo by you.'
- 8 'Lay na yer fancy, sir, on me,' she says,  
'Lay na yer fancy on me;
- 9 'For I will wear nane o yer silks,  
Nor nane o yer scarlet claes;  
For the hue o the whin shall be my gown,  
An I will gae as I pleas.'
- 10 . . . . .  
'Ye'r na our laigh to be my bride,  
An my quine ye's never be.
- 11 'Bonny may, and bra may,  
Winna ye on me rue?  
By a' the maids I ever see,  
There's nane I loo but you.'
- 12 'Gin ye ha faen so deep in my fancy  
Ye can neither gan[g] nor ride,  
Gae tak me to the middle o the ring,  
An bring me guid companie.'
- 13 He has taen her by the milk-white hand  
And led her thro haas an bowers:  
'Ye'r the choice of my heart,  
An a' I hae is yours.'
- 14 He took her by the milk-white hand  
And led her out and in:  
'Ye'r the choice o my heart,  
My dear, ye'r welcome in.'
- 15 Out spake his brither John,  
'Brither, ye ha done great wrong;  
Ye hae married a wife this night  
Disdained by a' yer kin.'
- 16 'Hold yer tong, my brither John,  
For I hae don na wrong;  
For I ha married a wife to . . . ,  
An ye ha ane to spend.'

## C

From a MS. copy formerly in possession of Sir Walter Scott; communicated by the Rev. W. Forbes-Leith, through Mr Macmath.

- 1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter  
Sheering at the bear,

And by cam the Laird o Drum,  
On an evening clear.

- 2 'O will ye fancy me, fair maid?  
O will ye fancy me?  
O will ye fancy me, fair maid,  
An lat the sheering be?'

- 3 'O say na sae again, kind sir,  
O say na sae again;  
I'm ower low to be your bride,  
Ye'r born ower high a man.'
- 4 Said, Fair maid, O rare maid,  
Will ye on me rue?  
Amang a' the lasses o the land  
I fancy nane but you.
- 5 'Lay your love on another,' she said,  
'And lay it not on me,  
For I'm ower low to be your bride,  
Your miss I'll never be.
- 6 'Yonder is my father dear,  
Wi hogs upon yon hill;  
Gif ye get but his consent,  
I shall be at your will.'
- 7 He's taen him to her father dear,  
Keeps hogs upon yon hill,  
An he has gotten his consent,  
The may was at his will.
- 8 'My daughter canna read or write,  
She never was at school;  
Weel can she milk cow and ewe,  
An serve your house fu weel.
- 9 'Weel can she shack your barns  
An gae to mill an kill,  
Saddle your steed in time o need,  
And draw your boots hersel.
- 10 'She canna wear your silk sae fine,  
Nor yet your silver clear;  
The hue o the ewe man be her weed,  
Altho she was your dear.'
- 11 He's wedded the shepherd's daughter,  
An he has taen her hame;  
He's wedded the shepherd's daughter,  
An led her on to Drum.
- 12 There were four an twenty bold barons  
Stood at the yet o Drum;  
There was na ane amang them a'  
That welcomd his lady hame.
- 13 Out then spak his brother dear,  
Says, Ye've done mickel wrong;  
Ye've wedded a mean woman,  
The lack o a' our kin.
- 14 'I never did thee wrong, brother,  
I never did thee wrong;  
I've wedded a woman to work an win,  
An ye hae ane to spen.
- 15 'The last woman I wedded  
Was aboon my degree;  
I could na sit in her presence  
But wi hat upon my knee.'
- 16 He's taen her by the milk-white hand  
An led her but an ben,  
An in the ha, amang them a',  
He's hailed her Lady Drum.
- 17 'Now I've wedded the shepherd's daughter,  
An I hae brought her hame,  
In the ha, amang ye a',  
She is welcome hame to Drum.'

## D

a. Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 194.  
b. Buchan's *MSS*, II, 101. c. *The New Deeside Guide*, by  
James Brown [Joseph Robertson], [1832], p. 11. d. *Gibb*  
*MS.*, p. 21, No 4, from the recitation of a schoolfellow at  
Auchinblae, Kincardineshire, about 1851.

- 1 THE laird o Drum is a hunting gane,  
All in a morning early,  
And he did spy a well-far'd may,  
Was shearing at her barley.

- 2 'O will ye fancy me, fair may,  
And let your shearing be, O  
And gang and be the lady o Drum?  
O will ye fancy me?' O

- 3 'I winna fancy you,' she says,  
'Nor let my shearing be;  
For I'm ower low to be Lady Drum,  
And your miss I'd scorn to be.'

- 4 'But ye'll cast aff that gown o grey,  
Put on the silk and scarlet;

- I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
You'll neither be miss nor harlot.'
- 5 'Then dee you to my father dear,  
Keeps sheep on yonder hill;  
To ony thing he bids me do  
I'm always at his will.'
- 6 He has gane to her father dear,  
Keeps sheep on yonder hill:  
'I'm come to marry your ae daughter,  
If ye'll gie me your gude will.'
- 7 'She'll shake your barn, and winna your corn,  
And gang to mill and kill;  
In time of need she'll saddle your steed;  
And I'll draw your boots mysell.'
- 8 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,  
And wha will brew my ale,  
And wha will welcome my lady hame,  
It's mair than I can tell.'
- 9 Four an twenty gentle knights  
Gied in at the yetts o Drum;  
But nae a man lifted his hat  
Whan the lady o Drum came in.
- 10 But he has taen her by the hand,  
And led her but and ben;  
Says, You'r welcome hame, my lady Drum,  
For this is your ain land.
- 11 For he has taen her by the hand,  
And led her thro the ha;  
Says, You'r welcome hame, my lady Drum,  
To your bowers ane and a'.
- 12 Then he ['s] stript her o the robes o grey,  
Drest her in the robes o gold,  
And taen her father frae the sheep-keeping,  
Made him a bailie bold.
- 13 She wasna forty weeks his wife  
Till she brought hame a son;  
She was as well a loved lady  
As ever was in Drum.
- 14 Out it speaks his brother dear,  
Says, You've dune us great wrang;  
You've married a wife below your degree,  
She's a mock to all our kin.
- 15 Out then spake the Laird o Drum,  
Says, I've dune you nae wrang;  
I've married a wife to win my bread,  
You've married ane to spend.
- 16 'For the last time that I was married,  
She was far abeen my degree;  
She wadna gang to the bonny yetts o Drum  
But the pearlin abeen her ee,  
And I durstna gang in the room where she was  
But my hat below my knee.'
- 17 When they had eaten and well drunken,  
And all men bound for bed,  
The Laird o Drum and his lady gay  
In ae bed they were laid.
- 18 'Gin ye had been o high renown,  
As ye are o low degree,  
We might hae baith gane down the streets  
Amang gude companie.'
- 19 'I tauld you ere we were wed  
You were far abeen my degree;  
But now I'm married, in your bed laid,  
And just as gude as ye.
- 20 'Gin ye were dead, and I were dead,  
And baith in grave had lain,  
Ere seven years were at an end,  
They'd not ken your dust frae mine.'

## E

From Dr Joseph Robertson's interleaved and annotated copy of *The New Deeside Guide*, [nominally] by James Brown [but written by Joseph Robertson], Aberdeen [1832]; inserted at p. 12.

- 1 THE LAIRD OF DRUM is a wooing gane,  
All in a morning early,

And there he spied a weel-far'd may,  
She was shearing at her barley.

- 2 'Will you fancy me, my bonny may,  
And will you fancy me? O  
And will you come and be Lady Drum,  
And let your shearing a be?' O

- 3 'It's I winna fancy you, kind sir,  
I winna fancy thee;  
For I'm too low to be lady o Drum,  
And your whore I would scorn to be.'
- 4 'Ye'll cast aff the robes of gray,  
And put on the silk and the scarlet,  
And here to you I'll make a vow  
Ye'se neither be whore nor harlot.'
- 5 'I winna cast aff the robes o gray,  
To put on the silk and the scarlet,  
But I'll wear the colour of the ewe,  
For they set me better than a' that.'
- 6 'But ye'll do you doun to my father dear,  
Keeping sheep on yonder hill,  
And the first ae thing that he bids me I'll do,  
For I wirk aye at his will.'
- 7 He's done him doun to her father dear,  
Keeping sheep on yonder hill:  
'Ye hae a pretty creature for your daughter;  
Dear me! but I like her well.'
- 8 'It's she can neither read nor write,  
She was never brought up at the squeel;  
She canna wash your china cups,  
Nor yet mak a dish o tea.'
- 9 'But well can she do a' ither thing,  
For I learnt the girly mysell;  
She'll fill in your barn, and winnow your corn,  
She'll gang to your kill and your mill,  
And, time o need, she'll saddle your steed,  
And draw your boots hersell.'
- 10 'Wha will bake my bridal bread,  
And wha will brew my ale?  
Wha will welcome my lady in?  
For it's more than I can tell.'
- 11 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Stood a' in the yetts o Drum,  
But there was nane o them lifted their hats  
To welcome the young lady in.
- 12 But up spake his ae brither,  
Says, Brither, ye hae done wrang;  
Ye have married a wife this day  
A lauch to a' our kin.
- 13 'I've married ane to win my bread,  
But ye married ane to spend;  
But as lang's I'm able to walk to the yetts o  
Drum  
On me she may depend.
- 14 'The last lady that I did wed  
Was far above my command;  
I durst not enter the bower where she was  
But my hat low in my hand.'
- 15 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' man bound for bed,  
The Laird o Drum and the shepherd's dother  
In one bed they were laid.
- 16 'If ye were come o noble bleed  
An were as high as me,  
We could gang to the yetts o Drum  
Amangst gueed companie.'
- 17 'I tald you ere we was wed  
I was oer low for thee,  
But now we are wedd and in ae bed laid,  
And you must be content wi me.
- 18 'For an ye were dead, an I were dead,  
And laid in the dust low down,  
When we were baith turnd up again  
Wha could ken your mould frae mine?'

## F

a. Manuscript of David Loudon, Morham, Haddington, p. 7, 1873; from Mrs Dickson, Rentonhall, derived from her great-grandmother. b. Macmath MS., p. 13; from Mr William Traquair, S. S. C., Edinburgh, obtained originally in Perthshire.

- 1 'OH, will ye fancy me, fair maid?  
Oh, will ye fancy me? O

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Or will ye go to be ladye o the Drum,  
An let a' your shearin abe? O  
An let a' your shearin abe? O  
An let a' your shearin abe? O

- 2 'I can neither read nor write,  
Nor neer been brocht up at schule;  
But I can do all other things,  
An keep a hoose richt weel.

3 'My faither he's a puir shepherd-man,  
Herds his hogs on yonder hill;  
Gin ye will go get his consent,  
Then I'll be at your call.'

4 He has gane to her father,  
That herds hogs on yonder hill;  
He said, 'You've got a pretty daughter,  
I'd fain tak her to my sel.'

5 'She can neither read nor write,  
Was neer brocht up at schule;  
But she can do all other things,  
An I learnt aye the lassie my sel.

6 'She'll milk your cows, she'll carry your corn,  
She'll gang to the mill or the kiln;  
She'll saddle your steed at any time of need,  
And she'll brush up your boots hersel.'

7 'It's who will bake my bridal bread?  
Or who will brew my ale?  
Or who will welcome this bonnie lassie in?  
For it's more than I can tell.'

8 There's four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Stand doun at the gate o the Drum;

Not one of them all would take off his hat  
For to welcome the bonnie lassie in.

9 . . . . .  
'Oh, brother, you've married a wife this day  
A disgrace to all our kin.'

10 'Oh, brother, I've married a wife to win,  
And ye've got one to spen,  
And as long as the bonnie lassie walks out and  
in  
She shall aye be the ladye o the Drum.'

11 When all was done, and no bells rung,  
And all men bound for their bed,  
The laird and the shepherd's bonnie daughter  
In one bed they were laid.

12 'Though I'm not of as noble blood,  
Nor yet of as high degree,  
Now I lie locked in your arms two,  
And you must be contented wi me.

13 'If you were dead, and I were dead,  
And baith laid in one grave,  
If we were baith to be raised up again,  
Wha would ken your dust frae mine?

A. a. 1<sup>a</sup>. wellfar'd May. 2<sup>a</sup>. fair May: rare May.  
2<sup>a</sup>. as thee May.

17. *This stanza looks like a spurious addition.*

b. *Kinloch has taken fourteen of the seventeen stanzas of a (all but 1, 2, 17) into his printed copy, with a change of a word here and there (not here noticed), as was his way. The remaining ten stanzas must be from recitation, if Kinloch is to be understood strictly.*

1. The laird o Drum is a-wooing gane;  
It was on a morning early;  
And he has fawn in wi a bonnie may,  
A-shearing at her barley.

2. 'My bonnie may, my weel-faurd may,  
O will ye fancy me, O  
And gae and be the lady o Drum,  
And lat your shearing abee?' O

3. 'It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,  
I winna fancy thee;  
I winna gae and be lady o Drum,  
And lat my shearing abee.'

After 3. 'My father he is a shepherd mean,  
Keeps sheep on yonder hill,  
And ye may gae and spier at him,  
For I am at his will.

4. Drum: *and always.*  
After 7:

'I'll learn your lassie to read and write,  
And I'll put her to the scheel;  
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,  
Nor draw aff my boots hersell.

'But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale,

And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,  
Is mair than I can tell.'

10<sup>4</sup>. lake for stain, and so entered in pencil in  
the MS.

After 12:

'The first wife that I did wed,  
She was far abeen my degree;  
She wadna hae walkd to the yetts o Drum  
But the pearls abeen her bree.

'But an she was adord for as much gold  
As Peggie's for beautie,  
She micht walk to the yetts o Drum  
Amang guesd companie.'

16<sup>3</sup>. in my command, a plausible reading.  
After 16:

'But I told ye afore we war wed  
I was owre low for thee;  
But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,  
And ye maun be content wi me.

'For an I war dead, and ye war dead,  
And baith in ae grave laid,  
And ye and I war tane up again,  
Wha could distan your moul's frae mine?'

O is added to the second and fourth lines except when the rhyme is in two syllables, as in 1.

B. Title. The Laird o Doune. So written twice: at p. 75 by anticipation, again at p. 78.

1<sup>4</sup>. daighterie (i undotted): daghter he?

3<sup>1</sup>. May: and always. 4<sup>4</sup>, 11<sup>4</sup>. May added for singing.

6<sup>4</sup>. Sir added for singing.

No division into stanzas, and no indication of gaps. The deficiency at the end of 16<sup>3</sup> is noted by . . .

D. a. O is added (for singing) to the second and fourth verse of every stanza except 1, 4, which have two-syllable rhyme.

19 is by mistake printed twice.

b. O added as in a.

2<sup>1</sup>. me, bonny lassie.

2<sup>3</sup>. O will ye fancy me, bonny lassie.

2<sup>4</sup>. And lat your shearing be.

3<sup>4</sup>, 4<sup>4</sup>. whore for miss. 4<sup>1</sup>. ye cast.

7<sup>4</sup>. And wanting.

12, 13. Wanting.

16<sup>2,4</sup>, 19<sup>2</sup>. above for abeen. 16<sup>5</sup>. durst not.

17<sup>2</sup>. all man. 19. Repeated, as in a.

20<sup>2</sup>. in your grave: lien.

Dixon made changes in printing this copy.

c. O is not added as in a. 1<sup>8</sup>. he has spied.

2<sup>1</sup>. you. 3<sup>3</sup>. lady o. 5<sup>1</sup>. go you.

7<sup>1</sup>. winn. 7<sup>2</sup>. mill or. 9<sup>4</sup>. Drum was come.

10<sup>4</sup>. is a' your ain. 12<sup>2</sup>. in robes.

14<sup>4</sup>. all your.

19<sup>1</sup>. you weel ere.

20. Gin we were dead, and in grave laid,

And then taen up again,

I doubt they would look wi a gay clear ee

That would ken your dust frae mine.

In Robertson's annotated and interleaved copy, besides some readings from E, there are noted in the margin the following:

7<sup>2</sup>. to your mill and your kill.

9<sup>3</sup>. But there was nae ane did lift.

17<sup>3</sup>. and the herd's dochter.

19<sup>1</sup>. you before that we. This stanza twice, as in a.

20 as in a.

d. O is not added as in a, b. 1<sup>2</sup>. Upon a.

1<sup>8</sup>. he has spied. 2<sup>2</sup>. O will you fancy me.

2<sup>4</sup>. An let your shearin abee.

3<sup>1</sup>. said. 3<sup>2</sup>. abee.

3<sup>3</sup>. For wanting. I'm far ower: lady o.

3<sup>4</sup>. your whore I winna. 4, 5. Wanting.

6<sup>1</sup>. her auld faither. 6<sup>2</sup>. Kept sheep upon the.

6<sup>3</sup>. Wanting.

6<sup>4</sup>. That the may was at his will.

7. But my daughter can neither read nor write,

She was never at the schule;

But she'll saddle your steed in time of need,

An draw aff your boots hersel.

8<sup>3</sup>. my bonny bride. 8<sup>4</sup>. Is more.

9<sup>1</sup>. gentlemen. 9<sup>2</sup>. Stood at.

9<sup>3</sup>. There was na ane that lifted.

9<sup>4</sup>. Drum was come. 10<sup>3</sup>. lady o.

10<sup>4</sup>. is a' your ain. 11-13. Wanting.

14<sup>1</sup>. Out an spake his brither John.

14<sup>4</sup>. a' your. 15<sup>1</sup>. Out an.

15<sup>2</sup>. to save my gear.

16<sup>1</sup>. the first time I had a wife.

16<sup>2,4</sup>. I durstna, etc., <sup>3,5</sup> come before <sup>3,4</sup>.

17<sup>2</sup>. to bed. 17<sup>3</sup>. an the weel-faured may.

19<sup>1</sup>. afore we. 19<sup>2</sup>. we are: in ae.

19<sup>4</sup>. An I'm: as thee. 20<sup>2</sup>. in ae grave lain.

- 20<sup>2</sup>. were come an gane.  
 20<sup>4</sup>. Wha could ken your mools.  
 E. O is appended, as in D a, b, except in 1, 4, 5.  
 F. a. "Mrs Dickson says her mother used to say  
 she has heard her (her mother's) grand-  
 mother sing the following ballad with great  
 glee. Air, Boyne Water."  
 9<sup>3,4</sup>, 10 are given as one stanza, the last two  
 lines "instead of repeat."  
 O is appended throughout.  
 b. Variations given only in part.  
 O is appended as in D, E.  
 Begins :

The laird o the Drum a hunting went,  
 One morning very early,  
 And there he spied a bonny, bonny may,  
 A shearing at the barley.

1. 'And could ye fancy a gentleman?  
 An wad ye married be? O  
 Or wad ye be the lady o the Drum?  
 I pray ye tell to me.'

'I could, etc.  
 And I wad, etc.  
 But for to be the lady o the Drum,  
 It's by far too high for me.'

2. Wanting. 3<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup>. Feeding sheep.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. I'm entirely at his will. (*Good prose:*  
*cf. 5<sup>3</sup>.*)  
 4<sup>3,4</sup>. It's I am in love wi your daughter, And  
 I'll.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. But for all other things she'll do very well.  
 6<sup>1,2</sup>. Wanting. 7. Wanting.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. Stood all at.  
 8<sup>3</sup>. And nane o them would put their hand to  
 their hat.  
 9. 'O brother, you've married a wife the day,  
 And you have done much ill;  
 O brother you've married a wife today  
 A scorn to a' your kin.'  
 10<sup>1,2</sup>. I've got a wife to win my bread, And  
 you've got ane to spend it.  
 10<sup>3,4</sup>. Wanting.  
 After 10:  
 The first wife that I married,  
 She was far above my degree;  
 I durst na enter the room she was in  
 But wi hat below my knee.  
 11-13. Wanting.

## APPENDIX

Herd's MSS, I, 55, II, 187; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 6.

- 1 'O MY bonie, bonie may,  
 Will ye not rue upon me?  
 A sound, sound sleep I'll never get  
 Untill I lie ayon thee.  
 2 'I'll gie ye four-and-twenty good milk-kye,  
 Wer a' caft in ae year, may,  
 And a bonie bull to gang them by,  
 That blude red is his hair, may.'  
 3 'I hae nae houses, I hae nae land,  
 I hae nae gowd or fee, sir;  
 I am oer low to be your bryde,  
 Your loon I'll never be, sir.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Motherwell's MS., p. 37; from the recitation of Thomas Risk, smith, learned by him in his youth at St Ninian's, Stirlingshire.

- 1 MONTROSE he had a poor shepherd,  
 And a poor shepherd was he;  
 He had as fair a daughter  
 As ever you could see,  
 And an earl has fallen in love wi her,  
 And his bride now she must be.  
 2 The earl he came to the shepherd's door,  
 And he tirl'd at the pin;  
 Slowly rose the fair maid  
 For to let the earl in.  
 3 'Good day, good day, fair maid,' he says;  
 'Good day, good day,' said she;  
 'Good day unto thee, noble sir,  
 What is thy will with me?'  
 4 'I'm so possessed with love to thee,  
 That I cannot gang nor stand  
 Till you go unto yonder church,  
 To give me thy right hand.'

- 5 'Oh, no, oh no,' the fair maid says,  
 'Oh that can never be ;  
 For thou art a lord of good estate,  
 And I but of mean degree.
- 6 'Oh no, oh no,' the fair maid says,  
 'Thou 'rt rich and I am poor ;  
 And I am owre mean to be thy wife,  
 Too good to be thy whore.
- 7 'I can shape, and I can sew,  
 And cows and yowes can milk,  
 But I was neer brought up in a lady's room,  
 To sew satin nor silk.
- 8 'And if you had your will of me  
 Ye wud me soon forget ;  
 Ye wad gar turn me down your stairs  
 And bar on me your yett.'
- 9 'Oh no, oh no,' the earl says,  
 'For so shall never be ;  
 For this night or I eat or drink  
 My honoured bride you shall be.'
- 10 'My father he 's a poor shepherd,  
 He 's herding on yon hill ;  
 You may go to my old father,  
 And ask at him his will.'
- 11 The earl he went to the poor shepherd,  
 Who was herding on the lea ;  
 'Good day, good day, shepherd,' he says ;  
 'Good day, good day,' said he,  
 Good day unto your honour, sir ;  
 What is your will with me ?'
- 12 'Oh you have a fair daughter ;  
 Will ye give her to me,  
 Silk and satin she shall wear,  
 And, shepherd, so shall ye.'
- 13 'It 's true I have a fair daughter,  
 But I 'll not give her to thee ;  
 For thou art a lord of good estate,  
 And she but of mean degree.
- 14 'The reason is, thou art too rich,  
 And my daughter is too poor ;  
 She is owre mean to be thy wife,  
 Too good to be thy whoore.
- 15 'She can shape, etc. (as verse 7).
- 16 'And if you had your will of her, etc. (8).
- 17 'Oh no, oh no,' the earl says, etc. (9).
- 18 The earl he to the fair maid again,  
 Who was spinning at her wheel ;

She had but one petticoat on her,  
 But oh she set it weel !

- 19 'Cast off, cast off that petticoat  
 That you were wont to wear,  
 And put on a gown of the satin silk,  
 With a garland in your hair.'
- 20 She cast off the petticoat  
 That she was wont to wear,  
 And she put on a gown of the satin silk,  
 With a garland in her hair.
- 21 Many, many was there that night  
 To hear them company ;  
 And she is the earl's wife,  
 She 's thrice fairer than he.
- Motherwell's MS., p. 252; from the recitation of Mrs  
 Crum, Dumbarton, 7 April, 1825.
- 1 'O FAIR maid and true maid,  
 Will ye not on me rue, maid ?  
 Here 's my hand, my heart's command,  
 I 'll come and go by you, maid.
- 2 'I 've four-and-twenty good milk-kye,  
 A' calved in a[e] year, maid,  
 And a bonnie bill to eisin them,  
 Just as red as your hair, maid.'
- 3 'Your kye go as far in my heart  
 As they go in my heel, sir ;  
 And, altho I be but a shepherd's dochter,  
 I love my body weel, sir.
- 4 'I love my body weel, sir,  
 And my maidenhead far better ;  
 And I 'll keep it to marry me,  
 Because I 'm scarce o tocher.'
- 5 This knight he turned his bridle about,  
 While the tear stood in his ee ;  
 And he 's awa to her father gane,  
 As fast as he could dree.
- 6 'Gude een, gude een, you gude auld man,'  
 'Gude een, you earl's knight, sir ;'  
 'But you have a fair dochter,' he says,  
 'Will you grant her to me, sir ?  
 O silks and satins she shall wear,  
 Indeed and so shall ye, sir.'
- 7 'I have a fair dochter,' he says,  
 'She 's fair of blood and bane, sir ;  
 But an ye had your will o her  
 Ye wud leave her alane, sir.'
- 8 'Ye would steek her not your chamber-doors,  
 And bar her at your yett, sir ;

And an ye had your will o her  
Ye wud her soon forget, sir.'

9 This knight he turned his bridle about,  
While the tear stood in his ee,  
And he 's awa to this fair maid gane,  
As fast as he could drie.

10 'O fair maid and true maid,  
Will ye not on me rue, maid?  
Here 's my hand, my heart's command,  
I'll come and go by you, maid.

11 'Cast aff, cast aff your gay black gowns,  
Put on your gowns of silk, maid;  
Cast aff, cast aff your gay black snoods,  
Put the garlands on your hair, maid.'

12 'It 's I can bake, and I can brew,  
And good kye can I milk, sir;  
But I was neer born in the time o the year  
To wear the gowns o silk, sir.

13 'Yestreen I was a shepherd's dochter,  
Whistling my hogs to the hill;  
But the nicht I am an earl's lady,  
I may wear what I will.'

Johnson's Museum, No 397, p. 410.

As I went out ae May morning,  
A May morning it chanc'd to be,  
There I was aware of a weelfar'd maid,  
Cam linkin oer the lea to me.

O but she was a weelfar'd maid,  
The bonniest lass that 's under the sun;  
I spier'd gin she could fancy me,  
But her answer was, I am too young.

'To be your bride I am too young,  
To be your loun wad shame my kin;  
So therefore, pray, young man, begone,  
For you never, never shall my favour win.'

## 237

### THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER

a. 'The Duke of Gordon's Daughter,' The Duke of Gordon's Garland, Percy Papers, and another edition in a volume of garlands formerly in Heber's library. b. 'The Duke of Gordon's Daughters,' a stall-copy, printed for John Sinclair, Dumfries. c. 'The Duke of Gordon's Daughters,' Stirling, printed by M. Randall. d. 'The Duke of Gordon's Three Daughters,' Peterhead, printed by P. Buchan. e.

'The Duke of Gordon's Three Daughters,' Kinloch MSS, I, 125. f. 'The Duke o Gordon's Daughters,' Murison MS., p. 90, Aberdeenshire. g. 'The Duke o Gordon's Daughter,' Gibb MS., p. 13, No 3, from the recitation of Mrs Gibb, senior. h. 'The Duke of Gordon's Three Daughters,' Macmath MS., p. 31, a fragment recited by Mrs Macmath, senior, in 1874, and learned by her fifty years before.

A COPY of a was reprinted by Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, 1794, II, 169. (There are three slight variations in Ritson, two of which are misprints.) Fifteen stanzas are given from Ritson in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, 'The Duke of Gordon has three daughters,' No 419, p. 431, 1797 (with a single variation and the correction of a misprint). Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, IV, 98, repeats the stanzas in the Museum, inserting a few words to fill out lines for singing. Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 2, has made up a ballad from three "traditional" copies. A fragment of four

stanzas in *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, VII, 418, requires no notice.

Burns gave the first stanza as follows (*Cromek's Reliques*, p. 229, ed, 1817; *Cromek's Select Scottish Songs*, I, 86, 1810):

The lord o Gordon had three dochters,  
Mary, Marget, and Jean;  
They wad na stay at bonie Castle Gordon,  
But awa to Aberdeen.

The first sister's name is given as Mary in e also.

It is very likely that the recited copies were

originally learned from print. *e* and *g* have two stanzas which do not appear in *a-d*, but these may occur in some other stall-copy, or have been borrowed from some other ballad.

Ritson pointed out that George Gordon, the fourth Earl of Huntly, killed at Corrichie in 1562, had three daughters, named Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean, and that Jean, the youngest, married Alexander Ogilvie, Laird of Boyne. These facts, however, can have no relevancy to this ballad. Ogilvie was Lady Jean Gordon's third husband, and at the death of the second, in 1594, she was in her fiftieth year, or near to that. Her marriage with the Laird of Boyne was "for the utility and profit of her children," of which she had a full quiver.\*

Jean, one of the three daughters of the Duke of Gordon (there was no Duke of Gordon before 1684, but that is early enough for our

ballad), falls in love with Captain Ogilvie at Aberdeen. Her father threatens to have the captain hanged, and writes to the king to ask that favor. The king refuses to hang Ogilvie, but reduces him to the ranks, makes him a 'single' man. The pair lead a wandering life for three years, and are blessed with as many children. At the end of that time they journey afoot to the Highland hills, and present themselves at Castle Gordon in great destitution. Lady Jean is welcomed; the duke will have nothing to do with Ogilvie. Ogilvie goes over seas as a private soldier, but is soon after sent for as heir to the earldom of Northumberland. The duke is now eager to open Castle Gordon to the Captain. Ogilvie wants nothing there but Jean Gordon, whom, with her three children, he takes to Northumberland to enjoy his inheritance.

Nothing in the story of the ballad is known to have even a shadow of foundation in fact.

1 THE Duke of Gordon has three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;  
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,  
But they would go to bonny Aberdeen.

2 They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day  
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

3 Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Jean has fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

4 'Go saddle me the black horse,  
And you'll ride on the grey,  
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day.'

5 They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only three,  
Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
But away was Lady Jean.

6 'Where is your sister, maidens?  
Where is your sister now?  
Where is your sister, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you?'

7 'O pardon us, honoured father,  
O pardon us,' they did say;  
'Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae.'

8 When he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see Captain Ogilvie,  
Training up his men.

9 'O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,  
And an ill death thou shalt die;  
For taking to thee my daughter,  
Hang'd thou shalt be.'

10 Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie  
If ever he hanged a man.

\* Lady Jean Gordon was divorced from the Earl of Bothwell in 1567, "being then twenty years of age," says Sir Robert Gordon. His continuator puts her death at 1629,

in her eighty-fourth year. *Genealogy of the Earls of Sutherland*, pp. 143, 145, 169, 469.

- 11 'I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.'
- 12 Word came to Captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.
- 13 'If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
This pennance I'll take wi;  
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
All this I will dree.'
- 14 Lady Jean had not been married,  
Not a year but three,  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
Another upon her knee.
- 15 'O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but my fortune is bad!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a soldier-lad.
- 16 'O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but I think lang!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a single man.'
- 17 When they came to the Highland hills,  
Cold was the frost and snow;  
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,  
No farther could she go.
- 18 'O wo to the hills and the mountains!  
Wo to the wind and the rain!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No further am I able to gang.
- 19 'Wo to the hills and the mountains!  
Wo to the frost and the snow!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No farther am I able for to go.
- 20 'O if I were at the glens of Foudlen,  
Where hunting I have been,  
I would find the way to bonny Castle Gordon,  
Without either stockings or shoon.'
- 21 When she came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green,  
The porter gave out a loud shout,  
'O yonder comes Lady Jean!'
- 22 'O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
You are dear welcome to me;  
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,  
But away with your Captain Ogilvie.'
- 23 Now over seas went the captain,  
As a soldier under command;  
A message soon followed after  
To come and heir his brother's land.
- 24 'Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And heir your brother's land;  
Come home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Be Earl of Northumberland.'
- 25 'O what does this mean?' says the captain;  
'Where's my brother's children three?'  
'They are dead and buried,  
And the lands they are ready for thee.'
- 26 'Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,  
Let's be jovial and free;  
I'll to Northumberland and heir my estate,  
Then my dear Jeany I'll see.'
- 27 He soon came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green;  
The porter gave out with a loud shout,  
'Here comes Captain Ogilvie!'
- 28 'You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Your fortune's advanced I hear;  
No stranger can come unto my gates  
That I do love so dear.'
- 29 'Sir, the last time I was at your gates,  
You would not let me in;  
I'm come for my wife and children,  
No friendship else I claim.'
- 30 'Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And drink of the beer and the wine;  
And thou shalt have gold and silver  
To count till the clock strike nine.'
- 31 'I'll have none of your gold or silver,  
Nor none of your white-money;  
But I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon,  
And she shall go now with me.'

32 Then she came tripping down the stair,  
With the tear into her eye;  
One babe was at her foot,  
Another upon her knee.

33 'You're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
With my young family;  
Mount and go to Northumberland,  
There a countess thou shall be.'

a. The Duke of Gordon's Garland, composed of several excellent New Songs. I. The Duke of Gordon's Daughter. II. A new song call'd Newcastle Ale. Licensed and entered according to order.

*Heber's copy differs in a few places from Percy's, and generally for the worse.*

4<sup>2</sup>. on *wanting*. 7<sup>4</sup>. she woud.

10<sup>3</sup>. cause *wanting*. 13<sup>4</sup>. will not.

16<sup>2</sup>. think it. 18<sup>2</sup>. and rain. 24<sup>3</sup>. you.

24<sup>4</sup>. And be. 32<sup>2</sup>. tears in her eyes.

*Ritson's.* 9<sup>2</sup>. *wants* thee. 13<sup>3</sup>. *wants* for. 31<sup>1</sup>. gold and.

b. *Two copies, one in the British Museum, 1078. i. 20 (7), Printed at the St. Michael Press, by C. M'Lachlan, Dumfries, dated in the catalogue 1785?*

c. *British Museum, 11621. b. 12 (28), dated 1810?*

A beautiful old song, entitled the Duke of Gordon's three Daughters. To which is added The Challenge. Stirling: Printed by M. Randall.

d. *British Museum, 1078. k. 4 (5), dated 1820?* The Duke of Gordon's Three Daughters. To which is added Mrs Burns Lament for Burns. Peterhead: Printed by P. Buchan.

b, c, d. 1<sup>1</sup>. had. 1<sup>2</sup>. stay at. 1<sup>4</sup>. they went to. 2<sup>1</sup>. in bonny. 2<sup>3</sup>. Till Jean.

2<sup>4</sup>. b. him went she. c, d. And from him she would not stay.

3<sup>1</sup>. come.

3<sup>3,4</sup>. How Lady Jean fell in love with a captain, And from him she would not stay.

4<sup>1</sup>. to me: horse, he cry'd.

4<sup>2</sup>. My servant shall ride on. 4<sup>3</sup>. will go.

4<sup>4</sup>. Forthwith to bring her away.

5<sup>2</sup>. only one. 5<sup>3</sup>. walking *wanting*.

6<sup>1,2</sup>. O where. 6<sup>4</sup>. c, d. not along with.

7<sup>1</sup>. b. us, they did say.

7<sup>4</sup>. And from him she would (c, d, will) not stay.

8<sup>1</sup>. to bonny.

8<sup>4</sup>. b. A training of. c, d. A training his gallant.

9<sup>1</sup>. woe be to thee.

9<sup>4</sup>. High hanged. b. shalt thou.

10<sup>1</sup>. b. The Duke he wrote. c, d. The D. of G. wrote a letter.

10<sup>2</sup>. b. he sent. 10<sup>3</sup>. Desiring him to hang.

10<sup>4</sup>. b. eer he causd hang any. c, d. For marrying his daughter Jean.

11<sup>1</sup>. b. O no I. c, d. Said the king, I'll not.

11<sup>2</sup>. b. For any (c, d, all the) offence that.

11<sup>3</sup>. him put off the scarlet. 12<sup>1</sup>. Now word.

12<sup>2</sup>. To strip off. 13<sup>1,3</sup>. b. Jean.

13<sup>3</sup>. c, d. for my true-love.

13<sup>4</sup>. this and more I'll.

14<sup>2</sup>. c, d. Not *wanting*. b, c, d. but only.

14<sup>4</sup>. And another.

15<sup>1</sup>. b. weary, weary wandering. c, d. weary wandering.

16. O hold thy tongue, bonny Jean Gordon,  
O hold your tongue, my lamb!

(c, d. thy)

For once I was a noble captain,

Now for thy sake a single man.

17<sup>1</sup>. b. O high is the hills and the mountains.  
c, d. high were: and mountains.

17<sup>2</sup>. b. and the. 18, 19. *Wanting*.

20<sup>1</sup>. b. was in. c, d. were in.

20<sup>2</sup>. I could go. b. Jean for Castle, *wrongly*.

19-21 of b are displaced, and come after b 26: or, 23-27 of a follow a 20, and then come this stanza (not in a) and a 21, 22.

After 20. b:

O hold thy tongue, bonny Jean (c, d. your)  
Gordon,

O hold your tongue, my dow!

I've but one half-crown in the world,

I'll buy hose and shoon (c, d. And I'll)  
to you.

21<sup>1</sup>. b. Then, *wrongly*. b, c, d. to bonny.

21<sup>2</sup>. And coming over the green.

21<sup>3</sup>. b. porter cried out with a cry. c, d. called out very loudly.

- 21<sup>a</sup>. b. *O wanting*. b, c, d. comes our.  
 22<sup>a</sup>. b. *O wanting*. b, c, d. Jean.  
 22<sup>a</sup>. b. dearly. c, d. Her father he did say.  
 22<sup>a</sup>. Thou art: Jean. 22<sup>a</sup>. Captain *wanting*.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. over the. 23<sup>a</sup>. But a messenger.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. Which caused a countermand.  
 24<sup>a</sup>. b. home now pretty. c, d. home now  
 brave. 24<sup>a</sup>. To enjoy your.  
 24<sup>a</sup>. b. home now pretty. c, d. O come home  
 gallant.  
 24<sup>a</sup>. You 'r the heir of.  
 25<sup>a</sup>. c, d. *O wanting*. 25<sup>a</sup>. O they. b. are all.  
 25<sup>a</sup>. The lands. b. all ready. 26<sup>a</sup>. And let's.  
 26<sup>a</sup>. I'll go home and have my.  
 26<sup>a</sup>. And then. 27<sup>a</sup>. bonny Castle.  
 27<sup>a</sup>. b. And then at the gate stood he. c, d.  
 he stood, *wrongly*.  
 27<sup>a</sup>. b. porter cry'd out. c, d. cry'd with a  
 loud voice.  
 27<sup>a</sup>. c, d. O here. b. comes the.  
 28<sup>a</sup>. c, d. O you 're welcome now, Captain.  
 28<sup>a</sup>. b. come to. c, d. come within.  
 29<sup>a</sup>. b. at *wrongly omitted*. b, c, d. gate.  
 29<sup>a</sup>. c, d. Now I'm. 30, 31. *Wanting*.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. c, d. Then Jean came.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. c, d. The salt tear in.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. babe she had at every foot.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. c, d. And one in her arms did ly.
33. b. You 're welcome, bonny Jean Gordon,  
 You are dearly welcome to me;  
 You 're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
 Countess of Cumberland to be.
- c, d. The Captain took her straight in his arms,  
 O a happy man was he!  
 Saying, Welcome, etc., as in b.
- 33<sup>a</sup>. c, d. Northumberland. *After 33. b.*
- So the captain came off (c, d. The captain)  
 with his lady,  
 And also his sweet babes three;  
 (c, d. And his lovely babies three)  
 Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,  
 Tho the great Duke o Gordon you be.
- e—h are but partially collated.
- e. 1<sup>a</sup>. had. 1<sup>a</sup>. Lady Mary, Margret, and Jean.  
 1<sup>a</sup>. they wadna bide.  
 7<sup>a</sup>. From him she will not stay.  
 8. *Wanting*. 9<sup>a</sup>. Hie hangit shalt thou be.  
 10<sup>a</sup>. Desiring to hang.
- 10<sup>a</sup>. For marrying his dochter Jean.  
 11<sup>a</sup>. For a' the offence I see.  
 11<sup>a</sup>. gar him throw aff his broad scarlet.  
 13<sup>a</sup>. A' this and mair I'll dree.  
 14<sup>a</sup>. A year but only three.  
 15<sup>a</sup>. weary wandering. 16. As in b, c, d.  
 17<sup>a</sup>. High war the hills and the mountains.  
 18, 19. *Wanting*.  
 20<sup>a</sup>. I could ga. *After 20:*
- 'O an I war at bonnie Castle Gordon,  
 . . . . .  
 O an I war at bonnie Castle Gordon,  
 There I'd get hose and sheen.'
- 'Though ye war at bonnie Castle Gordon,  
 And standing on the green,  
 Your father is sae hard-hearted a man  
 He wad na lat you in.'
- 'If I war at bonnie Castle Gordon,  
 And standing on the green,  
 My mither 's a tender-hearted woman,  
 She wad rise and lat me in.'
- Then:* O haud your tongue—I'll buy hose  
 and sheen to you, as in b, c, d.
- 22<sup>a</sup>. awa wi your Ogilvie.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. But a messenger.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. Which causd a countermand.  
 24<sup>a</sup>. Ye 're the heir of.  
 26<sup>a</sup>. I'll gae hame and heir my estate.  
*After 26:*
- 'Then hoist up your sail,' said the Captain,  
 'And we'll gae oure the sea,  
 And I'll gae to bonnie Castle Gordon,  
 There my dear Jeanie to see.'
- 27<sup>a</sup>. And whan in sicht cam he.  
*Between 28, 29:*
- 'The last time I cam to your yetts  
 Ye wadna let me in,  
 But now I'm again at your yetts,  
 And in I will not gang.'
- 30, 31. *Wanting*.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. Wi the saut tear in her ee.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. A babe she held in every arm.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. Anither gaun at her knee.  
 33. As in c, d, and a concluding stanza as  
 in b, c, d.

f. 1<sup>1</sup>. had. 2<sup>2</sup>. Months but barely three.  
 2<sup>4</sup>, 3<sup>4</sup>, 7<sup>4</sup>. fae him she winna stay.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. Word 's come. 6<sup>2</sup>. sister Jean.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. ye are walkin alane. 9<sup>4</sup>. High hangèd.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. If ever he hangèd ane.  
 13<sup>2,4</sup>. A' this I'll dee an mair.  
 14. *Wanting*. 15<sup>1</sup>. weary wanrin.  
 15<sup>4</sup>. a single sodger lad. 16. *As in b, c, d.*  
 18, 19. *Wanting*.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. Fa monie merry day I hae been.  
*After 20 a stanza as in b, c, d, and then this  
 silly one :*

'O they would be bad stockings,  
 O they would be worse sheen,  
 O they would be bad stockings  
 Ye 'd get for half a crown.'

21<sup>1</sup>. they cam to bonnie Aberdeen.  
 22<sup>4</sup>. awa wi your Ogilvie.  
 23<sup>8</sup>. But a messenger.  
 23<sup>4</sup>. Which proved a counterman.  
 24<sup>4</sup>. You 're the heir o. 26, 30, 31. *Wanting*.  
 32<sup>2</sup>. Wi the saut tear in her ee.  
 32<sup>3</sup>. She had a babe in ilka airm.  
 32<sup>4</sup>. An a third whar nane could see.  
 33<sup>2</sup>. Ye 're welcome, thrice welcome to me.  
 33<sup>3,4</sup>. Ye 're welcome, bonnie Jeannie Gordon,  
 Countess o Northumberland to be.  
 g. 1<sup>1</sup>. had. 2<sup>2</sup>. A month but only one.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. from him she wald not stay.  
 4<sup>2</sup>. My servant shall ride on.  
 4<sup>4</sup>. An forthwith bring her away.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. only one. 6<sup>4</sup>. she 's not along with you.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. from him she will not stay.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. Training his gallant men.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. It 's high hangit ye sall.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. It was to hang.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. For marrying his daughter Jean.  
 11<sup>2</sup>. For all the offence I can see.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. 12<sup>4</sup>. Put on but the.

13. 'A' this I will do for your sake, Jeanie Gordon,  
 A' this I will do for thee ;  
 I will cast aff the gold lace an scarlet,  
 Put on but the single livery.'

14<sup>2</sup>. Ae year but only three.  
 15<sup>4</sup>. a single soldier-lad.

16. 'O haud your tongue, Jeannie Gordon,  
 An dinna ye lichtlie me ;

I was tane frae a captain's commission  
 An made low for lyin wi thee.'

(17 as 15.) 17<sup>1</sup>. High were the hills an the  
 mountains.  
 18, 19. *Wanting*. *Before 20 :*

'Haud your tongue, Jeannie Gordon,  
 Ye needna gloom on me ;  
 I hae but ae half-crown in the world,  
 I'll buy stockings an shoon to thee.'

20<sup>1</sup>. If I were in the bonny glens o Ourdlie.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. Where mony bonny days I hae been.  
*After 20 :*

'If ye were at bonny Castle Gordon,  
 An lichtit on the green,  
 Your faither is a hard-hearted man,  
 He wald na let you in.'

'If I were at bonny Castle Gordon,  
 An lichtit on the green,  
 My mother 's a good-hearted woman,  
 She wald open an lat me in.'

22. The Duke o Gordon cam trippin doun  
 stairs  
 Wi the saut tear in his ee : (*cf.* 32<sup>2</sup>)  
 'Ye 're welcome here, Jeannie Gordon,  
 Wi a' your young family, (*cf.* 33<sup>2</sup>)  
 Ye 're welcome here, Jeannie Gordon,  
 But awa wi your Ogilvie.'

23<sup>1,2</sup>. The Captain took ship an sailed, He  
 sailed from the land.  
 23<sup>3</sup>. But a messenger.  
 23<sup>4</sup>. Which caused a countermand.  
 24<sup>1,2</sup>. Come back, come back, C. O.  
 24<sup>4</sup>. You are earl. 25. *Wanting*.  
 26<sup>3</sup>. I will gae hame an.  
 27<sup>2</sup>. An lichtit on the green.  
 27<sup>4</sup>. Says, Here's Captain Ogilvie again.  
*After 27 :*

The Duke o Gordon cam trippin doun stairs,  
 Wi his hat into his hand :  
 'Ye 're welcome hame, Captain Ogilvie,  
 The heir o Northumberland.'  
*After 28 :*

'Put up your hat, Duke o Gordon,  
 An do not let it fa ;

It never set the noble Duke o Gordon  
To bow to a single soldier-lad.'

29<sup>4</sup>. No ither favour I claim.

30, 31. *Wanting*.

32<sup>2</sup>. the saut tear in her ee.

32<sup>3,4</sup>. You're welcome hame, Captain Ogilvie,  
You're dearly welcome to me.

33. *Wanting*. After 33: The Captain went  
aff with his lady, *nearly as in b—e*.

*The order of stanzas is deranged. Some of  
the variations are clearly misremembrances.*

h. *Nine stanzas only*. 1<sup>1</sup>. had.

1<sup>1</sup>. wud awa.

2<sup>2</sup>. A month but barely twa.

2<sup>4</sup>. from him she wudna stay.

3<sup>4</sup>. from him she will not stay.

11<sup>2</sup>. For any offence that.

15<sup>1</sup>. weary, weary wanderin.

After 15: Had yer tongue—I'll buy hose  
and shoon for you, Had yer tongue—For  
your sake I'm a single man.

22<sup>4</sup>. awa wi your Ogilvie.

*Christie's ballad has many of the readings of  
a, and a few of the editor's. Of "two  
verses, as sung in the counties of Banff and  
Moray, hitherto unpublished," one is in  
all copies except a; the other is the inept  
stanza (see f):*

'Oh, coarse, coarse would be the stockings,  
And coarser would be the shoon,  
Oh, coarse, coarse would they baith be,  
You would buy for ae siller crown.'

## 238

### GLENLOGIE, OR, JEAN O BETHELNIE

A. Skene MS., p. 13.

B. 'Glenlogie,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p. 37.

C. 'Glenlogie,' Gibb MS., No 6, p. 33.

D. 'There waur aucht an forty nobles,' Harris MS.,  
fol. 17.

E. a. 'Jean o Bethelnie's Love for Sir G. Gordon,'  
Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 188.  
b. 'Bonnie Jean o Bethelnie,' Christie's Traditional  
Ballad Airs, I, 54.

F. 'Jean o Bethelnie,' Percy Papers, communicated  
by R. Lambe, 1768.

G. 'Glenlogie,' Alexander Laing's MS., p. 8.

H. 'Glenlogie,' Kinloch MSS, V, 431.

I. a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrel-  
sy," No 77, Abbotsford. b. 'Glenlogie,' Smith's  
Scotish Minstrel, IV, 78, 1822.

'GLENLOGIE,' in Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1826, p. 200, is a repetition of B. F, the copy earliest taken down, is not pure and unvarnished tradition. The reconstructed copy in the Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, Glasgow, 1871, p. 506, was "based on a MS. version communicated to Mr Buchan in a letter from Mr Alexander Laing, dated Brechin, April 9th, 1829, and there given by him as taken down from the recitation of the amiable daughter of a clergyman in the North." G, from Laing's MS.,

may be supposed to be the ballad sent to Buchan by Laing. I b has been touched up by one of "that parliament of gentle ladies," in Motherwell's phrase, who had charge of the literary part of Smith's Scottish Minstrel.

Jean of Bethelnie, A, C, E, F, Jean Melville, B, D, G, of the age of fifteen or sixteen, scarce seventeen, G, falls in love at sight with Glenlogie (Earl Ogie, F, Glenlogie, I b), and opens her mind to him. Glenlogie, though much flattered, is obliged to say that

he is already promised.\* Jean takes to her bed, determined to die. Her father (mother, A†), as all too frequently happens at such conjunctures, proposes the miserable comfort of another and a better match, and, as usual, is told to hold his tongue. The chaplain of the family (the father himself is a king's chaplain in F) takes the business in hand, and writes a broad, long, and well-penned letter to Glenlogie, setting forth the desperate condition of the girl. Glenlogie is so much af-

fectured that he rides to Bethelnie with all haste and presents himself to Jean as her bridegroom, although promised awa.

The young lady is Jean Gordon in C. H has changed Bethelnie to Belhelvie, another Aberdeenshire town. I has Glenfeldy for Bethelnie.

Gerhard, p. 103, has translated E a; Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 15, Aytoun's copy, that is, B.

## A

Skene MS., p. 13; taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 FOUR an twenty noblemen they rode thro  
Banchory fair,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was flower [of a'] that  
was there.
- 2 Four and twenty noblemen rode from Ban-  
chory ha,  
But bonnie Glenlogie he was flower of them a'.
- 3 'O bonnie Glenlogie, be constant and kind,  
An, bonnie Glenlogie, I'll tell you my mind.
- 4 . . . . so frank and so free,  
. . . . and I get na Glenlogie, I'll die.'
- 5 'O bonnie Jeanie, your portion's but sma  
To lay your love on me, that's promist awa.'
- 6 Her cherry cheeks grew pale an wan; with  
the tear in her ee,  
'Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'
- 7 Ben came her father, steps to her bowr:  
'Dear Jeanie, you'r acting the part of a  
[whore].
- 8 'You're seeking ane that cares na for thee;  
Ye's get Lord William, let Glenlogie be.'

\* There is, to tell the whole truth, an allusion in A, H to Jean's portion, or tocher, as not being sufficient to justify the breaking of a previous engagement. One would wish to think that 'portion' in A 5 is a corruption of 'fortune,' and that what is meant is that her luck is hard. But tocher in H 3 is not easily disposed of.

- 9 'O had you still, father, let your folly be;  
Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'
- 10 Ben came her mother, steps on the floor:  
'Dear daughter Jeanie, you're acting the  
[whore],
- 11 'Seeking of ane that cares na for thee;  
For ye'll get Lord William, let Glenlogie  
be.'
- 12 'O had your tongue, mother, and let me be;  
An I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'
- 13 O ben came her father's chaplain, a man of  
great skill,  
And he has written a broad letter, and he has  
pennd it well.
- 14 H'as pennd it well, an sent it awa  
To bonnie Glenlogie, the flower of them a'.
- 15 When he got the letter, his tears did down  
fa  
'She's laid her love on me, that was promist  
awa.'
- 16 He calld on his servant wi speed, and bade  
him saddle his horses, and bridle them  
a':  
'For she has laid her love on me, altho I was  
promist awa.'

† The gross and uncalled-for language of father and mother in A 7, 10, has slipped in by a mere trick of memory, I am convinced, from 'Lady Maisry,' No 65, B, C. See again the ballad which follows this.

- 17 The horses were saddled wi speed, but ere  
they came he was four mile awa,  
To Jean of Bethelny, the flowr of them a'.
- 18 But when he came to her bowr she was pale  
and wan,  
But she grew red and ruddy when Glenlogie  
came in.
- 19 'Cheer up, bonnie Jeannie, ye are flowr o  
them a';  
I have laid my love on you, altho I was prom-  
ist awa.'
- 20 Her beauty was charming, her tocher down  
tauld;  
Bonnie Jean of Bethelny was scarce fifteen  
year auld.

## B

Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 37, 1823.

- 1 FOUR and twenty nobles sits in the king's ha,  
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower among them a'.
- 2 In came Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,  
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mong a' that  
was there.
- 3 She turned to his footman, and thus she did  
say:  
Oh, what is his name? and where does he  
stay?
- 4 'His name is Glenlogie, when he is from  
home;  
He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is John.'
- 5 'Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,  
My love is laid on you; I am telling my  
mind.'
- 6 He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does  
a':  
'I thank you, Lady Jean, my loves is promised  
awa.'
- 7 She called on her maidens her bed for to  
make,  
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.
- 8 In came Jeanie's father, a wae man was he;  
Says, I'll wed you to Drumfendrich, he has  
mair gold than he.
- 9 Her father's own chaplain, being a man of  
great skill,  
He wrote him a letter, and indited it well.
- 10 The first lines he looked at, a light laugh  
laughed he;  
But ere he read through it the tears blinded  
his ee.
- 11 Oh, pale and wan looked she when Glenlogie  
cam in,  
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat  
down.
- 12 'Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to  
this side,  
And I'll be the bridegroom, and you'll be the  
bride.'
- 13 Oh, 't was a merry wedding, and the portion  
down told,  
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce six-  
teen years old.

## C

Gibb MS., No 6, p. 33, from the recitation of Mrs Gibb,  
senior; traced to Mrs E. Lindsay, about 1800.

- 1 THERE was three score o nobles sat at the king's  
dine,  
An bonny Glenlogie was flower o thrice nine.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 2 . . . . . cam trippin downstair,  
An she fancied Glenlogie ower a' that was  
there.

- 3 She called on the footman that ran by his side,  
Says, What is that man's name, an where does  
he bide?
- 4 'His name is Glenlogie when he goes from  
home.  
But he's of the great Gordons, an his name is  
Lord John.'
- 5 'Glenlogie! Glenlogie! Glenlogie!' said she,  
'An for bonnie Glenlogie I surely will die.'
- 6 She called on her maidens to make her her  
bed,  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 7 When Glenlogie got the letter, amang noble-  
men,  
'Dear me,' said Glenlogie, 'what does young  
women mean!'
- 8 Then up spake his father, Let it never be  
said  
That such a fine lady should die for your  
sake.
- 9 'Go saddle my black horse, go saddle him  
soon,  
Till I go to Bethelnie, to see Lady Jean.'
- 10 When he got to Bethelnie, there was naeboddy  
there  
But was weeping an wailing an tearing their  
hair.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 11 'Turn round, Jeanie Gordon, turn round to  
this side;  
I'll be the bridegroom, an ye's be the bride.'

## D

Harris MS., fol. 17; learned from Mrs Harris before 1832.

- 1 THERE waur aucht an forty nobles rade to the  
king's ha,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was the flour o them a'.
- 2 There waur aucht an forty nobles rade to the  
king's dine,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was the flour o thrice  
nine.
- 3 Bonnie Jeanie Melville cam trippin down the  
stair,  
An whan she saw Glenlogie her hairt it grew  
sair.
- 4 . . . . .  
'He's of the gay Gordons, his name it is  
John.'
- 5 'Oh, Logie! Oh, Logie! Oh, Logie!' said  
she,  
'If I get na Glenlogie, I surely will dee.'
- 6 He turned him aboot, as the Gordons do a',  
Says, I thank you, Lady Jeanie, but I'm  
promised awa.
- 7 She called on her maidens her hands for to  
take,  
An the rings from her fingers she did them a'  
break.
- 8 'Oh, what is my lineage, or what is my make.  
That such a fine lady suld dee for my sake?'
- 9 Such a pretty wedding, as I have been told,  
An bonnie Jeanie Melville was scarce sixteen  
years old.

## E

- a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 188.  
 b. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 54.

- 1 THERE were four-and-twenty ladies dined i the  
 Queen's ha,  
 And Jean o Bethelnie was the flower o them a'.
- 2 Four - and - twenty gentlemen rode thro Ban-  
 chory fair,  
 But bonny Glenlogie was the flower that was  
 there.
- 3 Young Jean at a window she chanced to sit  
 nigh,  
 And upon Glenlogie she fixed an eye.
- 4 She calld on his best man, unto him did say,  
 O what is that knight's name? or where does  
 he stay?
- 5 'He's of the noble Gordons, of great birth  
 and fame;  
 He stays at Glenlogie, Sir George is his name.'
- 6 Then she wrote a broad letter, and wrote it in  
 haste;  
 To send to Glenlogie, she thought it was best.
- 7 Says, O brave Glenlogie, unto me be kind;  
 I've laid my love on you, and told you my  
 mind.
- 8 Then reading the letter, as he stood on the  
 green,  
 Says, I leave you to judge, sirs; what does  
 women mean?
- 9 Then turn'd about sprightly, as the Gordons  
 do a':  
 'Lay not your love on me, I'm promis'd awa.'
- 10 When she heard this answer, her heart was  
 like to break,  
 That she laid her love on him, and him so  
 ungrate.
- 11 Then she calld on her maidens to lay her to bed,  
 And take her fine jewels and lay them aside.
- 12 'My seals and my signets, no more shall I  
 crave;  
 But linen and trappin, a chest and a grave.'
- 13 Her father stood by her, possess'd with fear  
 To see his dear daughter possess'd with care.
- 14 Says, Hold your tongue, Jeannie, let all your  
 folly be;  
 I'll wed you to Dumfiedline, he is better than  
 he.
- 15 'O hold your tongue, father, and let me alane;  
 If I getna Glenlogie, I'll never have ane.
- 16 'His bonny jimp middle, his black rolling eye,  
 If I getna Glenlogie, I'm sure I shall die.'
- 17 But her father's old chaplain, a man of great  
 skill,  
 He wrote a broad letter, and penn'd it well.
- 18 Saying, O brave Glenlogie, why must it be  
 so?  
 A maid's love laid on you, shall she die in her  
 woe?
- 19 Then reading the letter, his heart was like to  
 break  
 That such a leal virgin should die for his  
 sake.
- 20 Then he calld on his footman, and likewise his  
 groom,  
 Says, Get my horse saddled and bridled soon.
- 21 Before the horse was saddled and brought to  
 the yate,  
 Bonnie Glenlogie was five miles on foot.
- 22 When he came to Bethelnie, he saw nothing  
 there  
 But weeping and wailing, vexation and care.
- 23 Then out spake her father, with the tear in his  
 ee,  
 You're welcome, Glenlogie, you're welcome  
 to me.
- 24 'If ye make me welcome, as welcome's ye  
 say,  
 Ye'll show me the chamber where Jeannie  
 does lay.'
- 25 Then one o her maidens took him by the hand,  
 To show him the chamber where Jeannie lay  
 in.

26 Before that she saw him, she was pale and wan ;

But when she did see him, she grew ruddy again.

27 'O turn, bonny Jeannie, turn you to your side ;  
For I'll be the bridegroom, and ye'll be the bride.'

28 When Jeannie was married, her tocher down tauld,

Bonny Jean o Bethelnie was fifteen years auld.

## F

Communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, of Norham,  
August 17, 1768 ; dated April, 1768.

1 FOURSORE nobles ride in the king's court,  
And bonny Earl Ogie's the flower of the rout ;  
Fourscore lean oer the castle-wa,  
But Jean of Bethelnie's the flower of em a'.

2 She writ a broad letter, and pennd it fou lang,  
And sent it Earl Ogie as fast as 't can gang :  
'Bonny Earl Ogie, be courteous and kind ;  
I've laid my love on thee ; maun I die in my prime ?'

3 'O pox on thee, Jenny, for being sae slaw !  
Bonny Earl Ogie is promisd awa :'  
This letter was like to mak her heart break,  
For revealing her mind to a man so ingrate.

4 'Come here, all my handmaids, O do this with speed,  
Take my gowns and my passments, and lay me to bed ;  
Lay me to my bed, it is all that I crave ;  
Wi my sark in my coffin, lay me in my grave.'

5 Her father beheld her with heart full of grief,  
And spoke these words to her, to gi her relief :  
Hawd your tongue, Jenny, your mourning let be,  
You shall have Drumfinely, who's as good as he.

6 'Haud your tongue, father, your words make me sad ;  
If I get not Earl Ogie, I still shall be bad ;  
With his bonny streight body, and black rolling eee,  
If I get not Earl Ogie, for him I mun dee.'

7 Her father, king's chaplain, and one of great skill,

Did write a broad letter, and pennd it fou weel ;  
He as writ a broad letter, and pennd it fou lang,  
And sent it Earl Ogie as fast as 't can gang.

8 'Bonny Earl Ogie, be courteous and kind ;  
My daughter loves you ; must she die in her prime ?'  
When he read the first lines, a loud laugh gave he ;  
But or he redd the middle, the tear filld his ee.

9 'Come here, all my footmen, and also my groom,  
Go saddle my horses, and saddle them soon :'  
They were not weel saddled and set on the green  
Or bonny Earl Ogie was twa mile his lain.

10 When he came to Bethelnie, he nothing saw there  
But mourning and weeping, lamentation and care :  
'O you that's her handmaid, take me by the hand,  
Lead me to the chamber that Jenny lies in.'

11 When thither he came, she was pale and half dead ;  
As soon as she saw him, her cheeks they grew red :  
'Come, turn thee, my Jenny, come, turn on thy side,  
I'll be the bridegroom, you shall be the bride.'

12 Her spirit revived to hear him say sae,  
And thus ended luckily all her great wae ;  
Then streight were they married, with joy most profound,  
And Jean of Bethelnie was sav'd from the ground.

## G

Alexander Laing's MS., "Ancient Ballads and Songs, etc., etc., from the Recitation of Old People," p. 8, 1829.

- 1 THERE was mony a braw noble cum to our  
king's ha,  
But the bonnie Glenlogie was the flower o  
them a' ;  
An the young ladye Jeanye, sae gude an sae  
fair,  
She fancyd Glenlogie aboon a' that were there.
- 2 She speered at his footman that rode by his  
side  
His name an his surname an whare he did  
bide :  
'He bides a[t] Glenlogie whan he is at hame,  
He is of the gay Gordons, an John is his name.'
- 3 'Oh, Logie, Glenlogie, I 'll tell you my mind ;  
My luve is laid on you, O wad ye prove kind !'  
He turned him about, as the Gordons do a',  
'I thank [you], fair ladye, but I'm promised  
awa.'
- 4 She called on her maidens her hands for to  
take,  
An the rings on her fingers she did them a'  
break :  
'Oh, Logie, Glenlogie ! Oh, Logie !' said she,  
'Gin I get na Glenlogie, I 'm sure I will die.'
- 5 'O hold your tongue, daughter, an weep na sae  
sair,  
For ye 'll get Drumfindlay, his father's young  
heir.'

'O hold your tongue, father, an let me alane,  
Gin I get na Glenlogie, I winna hae ane.'

- 6 Her father wrote a broad letter wi speed,  
And ordered his footman to run and ride ;  
He wrote a broad letter, he wrote it wi skill,  
An sent it to Glenlogie, who had dune her the  
ill.
- 7 The first line that he read, a light laugh gae he ;  
The next line that he read, the tear filld his  
ee :  
'O what a man am I, an hae I a maik,  
That such a fine ladye shoud die for my sake ?
- 8 'Ye 'll saddle my horse, an ye 'll saddle him  
sune,  
An, when he is saddled, bring him to the  
green :'  
His horse was na saddled an brocht to the  
green,  
When Glenlogie was on the road three miles  
his lane.
- 9 When he came to her father's, he saw naething  
there  
But weeping an wailing an sobbing fu sair :  
O pale an wan was she when Logie gaed in,  
But red an ruddie grew she when Logie gaed  
ben.
- 10 'O turn, Ladye Jeany, turn ye to your side,  
For I 'll be the bridegroom, an ye 'll be the  
bride :'  
It was a blythe wedding as ever I've seen,  
An bonny Jeany Melville was scarce seven-  
teen.

## H

Kinloch MSS, V, 431 ; in Kinloch's hand.

- 1 SIX and six nobles gaed to Belhelvie fair,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was flowr o a' there ;  
Bonnie Jean o Behelvie gaed tripping down  
the stair,  
And fancied Glenlogie afore a' that was there.
- 2 She said to his serving-man, as he stood aside,  
O what is that man's name, and whare does  
he bide ?

'They call him Glenlogie whan he goes frae  
home,  
But he's come o the grand Gordons, and [h]is  
name is Lord John.'

- 3 'Glenlogie, Glenlogie, be constant and kind ;  
I've laid my love on you, I 'll tell you my  
mind :'  
'O wae's me heart, Jeanie, your tocher's oure  
sma ;  
Lay na your love on me, for I'm promised  
awa.'

- 4 She call'd for the servant to show her a room,  
Likewise for a handmaid to mak her bed  
down;  
Wi that Jeanie's father cam stepping on the  
floor,  
Says, What is the matter my dochter lies here?
- 5 'Forgie, honourd father, my folly,' said she,  
'But for the sake o Glenlogie your dochter will  
dee :'  
'O cheer up, my dochter, for I'll gie ye my  
hand  
That ye'se get young Glenforbar, w'an earl-  
dom of land.
- 6 'O cheer up, my dochter, turn ance frae the  
wa,  
And ye'll get Glenforbar, the flowr o them a' :'  
'I wad rather tak Glenlogie wi his staff in his  
hand  
Afore I wad tak Glenforbar wi an earldom of  
land.'
- 7 Jeanie's father was a scholar, and a man o  
grit wit,  
And he wrote him a letter, he thought it was  
fit.
- 8 When Glenlogie gat the letter, he was amang  
nobles a',  
. . . . . he lute his hat fa :  
'I wonder i the warld what women see at  
me,  
For bonnie Jean o Belhelvie is a dying for  
me :'
- 9 He call'd for his servant to saddle his steed,  
. . . . . wi speed ;  
The horse was na saddled, but out on the  
green,  
Till bonnie Glenlogie was some miles him  
leen.
- 10 Whan he cam to Belhelvie, he rade round  
about,  
And he saw Jeanie's father at a window look  
out.
- 11 Bonnie Jean o Belhelvie lay pale and wan,  
But red and ruddy grew she when Glenlogie  
cam in :  
'Lie yont, bonnie Jeanie, and let me lie down,  
For ye'se be bride, and I'se be bridegroom.'

I

a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border-Minstrelsy," No. 77. Written down from the recitation of Mrs Graham, of Inchbrakie, by Mrs Steuart, of Dalguise, and given, September, 1802, to Mr Robert Carlyle, by whom it was communicated to Sir Walter Scott. b. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, IV, 78 (of the second edition).

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municated to Sir Walter Scott. b. Smith's Scottish Min-  
rel, IV, 78 (of the second edition).
- 1 'THERE's fifty young nobles rides up the  
king's hall  
And bonny Glenlogie's the flower of them  
all;  
Wi his milk-white steed, and his black roll-  
ing ee,  
If I get na Glenlogie, it's certain I'll die.
- 2 'Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose  
and shoon,  
To go to Glenlogie and bid Logie come?'  
'Here am I a pretty boy, to win baith hose  
and shoon,  
To go to Glenlogie and bid Logie come.'
- 3 When he came to Glenlogie, it was 'wash and  
go dine :'  
'Come in, my pretty boy, wash and go dine :'  
'It was no my father's fashion, and I hope  
it'll no be mine,  
To run a lady's hasty errand, then to go dine.
- 4 'Here take this letter, Glenlogie,' said he.  
The first ane line that he read, a low smile  
gave he;  
The next ane line that he read, the tear blinded  
his ee;  
But the next line that he read he garrd the  
table flee.
- 5 'O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me  
the brown,  
Saddle to me the swiftest horse that eer rode  
frae the town :'  
But lang or the horses could be brought to the  
green  
Bonie Glenlogie was twa mile his lean.

6 When he came to Glenfeldy's gates, little mirth  
was there,  
Bonie Jean's mother was tearing her hair :  
'You're welcome, Glenlogie, you're welcome  
to me,  
You're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see.'

7 O pale and wan was she when Logie came in,  
But red and rosy grew she whenever he sat  
down :  
'O turn you, bonie Jeanie, O turn you to me,  
For, if you'll be the bride, the bridegroom I  
will be.'

A. *Not divided into stanzas.*

5<sup>1</sup>. your portion's. *Qy*, your fortune's?  
(*your luck is small*).

5<sup>2</sup>. I am promist awa, I'm promist awa, to  
lay your love on me that's promist awa.

6<sup>2</sup>. Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die,  
I surely will die.

7<sup>1</sup>. fathers.

9<sup>1</sup>. your still, *which may possibly be meant*.

10<sup>1</sup>. mothers steps.

19. Cheer up bonnie Jeannie  
I have laid my love on you  
Ye are flowr o them a'  
I have laid my love on you  
Altho I was promist awa.

C. *Written in stanzas of four short lines.*

D. *Written, as far as the imperfect text would  
allow, in stanzas of eight short lines.*

E. *In stanzas of four short lines.*

b. "Epitomized from Buchan's Ballads, with a  
few alterations from the way the Editor has  
heard it sung."

1<sup>1</sup>. Bonnie Jean : was flower.

2<sup>1</sup>. There were four-and-twenty nobles.

2<sup>2</sup>. And bonnie : was flower o them there.

3<sup>1</sup>. Bonnie Jean.

3<sup>2</sup>. And on young G. : her eye.

4<sup>1</sup>. and to him. 6<sup>2</sup>. for she. 7<sup>1</sup>. And says.

9<sup>1</sup>. Then he. 10<sup>1</sup>. heard his. 10<sup>2</sup>. she'd.

28<sup>1</sup>. and her tocher was tauld.

H. 7-11 *are in couplets in the MS.*

I. b. *Glenogie for Glenlogie.*

1<sup>1</sup>. Threescore o nobles rade. 1<sup>2</sup>. But.

1<sup>3</sup>. his bonny black.

1<sup>4</sup>. Glenogie, dear mithers, Glenogie for me !

*After 1 :*

'O had your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better  
than he.'

'O say nae sae, mithers, for that canna be ;  
Tho Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,  
Yet, if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.'

2<sup>24</sup>. Will gae : and cum shune again.

2<sup>2</sup>. O here : a bonny : win hose. 3<sup>1</sup>. he gaed.

3<sup>2</sup>. 'T was wash ye, my.

3<sup>3</sup>. O 't was neer : and it neer shall.

3<sup>4</sup>. To gar : wait till I dine.

4<sup>1</sup>. But there is, Glenogie, a letter to thee.

4<sup>2</sup>. first line. 4<sup>3</sup>. next line. 4<sup>4</sup>. the last.

5<sup>1</sup>. Gar saddle the : gae saddle the.

5<sup>2</sup>. Gar saddle the swiftest steed eer rade frae a.

5<sup>3</sup>. ere the horse was drawn and brought.

5<sup>4</sup>. O bonny. 6<sup>1</sup>. door *for* gates.

6<sup>2</sup>. (*end*) welcome, said she.

7<sup>1</sup>. O *wanting* : Glenogie gaed ben.

7<sup>24</sup>. *An editorial improvement :*

She turned awa her head, but the smile was in  
her ee :

'O binna feared, mithers, I'll may be no dee.'

## 239

## LORD SALTOUN AND AUCHANACHIE

A. 'Lord Salton and Auchanachie.' a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 133. b. Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 10; Buchan's Gleanings, p. 161.

B. a. 'Young Annochie,' Murison MS., p. 76. b. 'Lord Saltoun and Annachie,' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 10.

A. JEANIE GORDON loves Auchanachie, who is bonny and braw, but she is forced by her father to wed Saltoun, who is bowed in the back and thrawin in the knee; and all for Saltoun's lands. Jeanie refuses to be bedded; her maidens, at her father's order, loose off her gown (they cut her gown and stays); she falls in a swoon and dies. Auchanachie comes home from the sea the same day, learns what has happened, asks to be taken to the chamber where Jeanie lies, kisses her cold lips, and dies.

In B we have Gordon of Annachie in Buchan, instead of Gordon of Auchanachie in Strathbogie as in A. Christie, on very slight grounds, suggests that one Garden of Annachie was the proper hero: I, 287, 294.

There can hardly be a doubt that this ballad is Mrs Brown of Falkland's 'Lass o Philorth' (see note, p. 309). Philorth is the seat of the Frasers of Saltoun, near Fraserburgh, in the extreme northeast corner of Aberdeenshire.

As to A a 2<sup>1,2</sup>, b 1, B 2<sup>1,2</sup>, see note † to the preceding ballad, p. 339.

## A

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 133, 1828. b. Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 10, 1824; Buchan's Gleanings, p. 161, 1825.

1 'AUCHANACHIE GORDON is bonny and braw,  
He would tempt any woman that ever he saw;  
He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted  
me,  
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.'

2 In came her father, tripping on the floor,  
Says, Jeanie, ye're trying the tricks o a  
whore;  
Ye're caring for them that cares little for thee;  
Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

3 'Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man;  
Altho he be pretty, where lies his free land?

Salton's lands they lie broad, his towers they  
stand hie,

Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

4 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'Salton will gar you wear silk gowns fring'd to  
thy knee,  
But ye'll never wear that wi your love Auchanachie.'

5 'Wi Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my  
bread  
Before that wi Salton I'd wear gowd on my  
head,  
Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fring'd to  
the knee;  
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.

- 6 'O Salton's [a] valley lies low by the sea,  
He's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the  
knee;'  
. . . . .
- 7 'O Salton's a valley lies low by the sea;  
Though he's bowed on the back and thrawin  
on the knee,  
Though he's bowed on the back and thrawin  
on the knee,  
The bonny rigs of Salton they're nae thrawin  
tee.'
- 8 'O you that are my parents to church may me  
bring,  
But unto young Salton I'll never bear a son;  
For son or for daughter, I'll ne'er bow my  
knee,  
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.'
- 9 When Jeanie was married, from church was  
brought hame,  
When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae  
been,  
When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae  
been,  
She's called for a chamber, to weep there her  
lane.
- 10 'Come to your bed, Jeanie, my honey and my  
sweet,  
For to stile you mistress I do not think it  
meet: '  
'Mistress or Jeanie, it is a' ane to me,  
It's in your bed, Salton, I never will be.'
- 11 Then out spake her father, he spake wi re-  
nown;  
Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff  
her gown;
- Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff  
her gown,  
And I'll mend the marriage wi ten thousand  
crowns.
- 12 Then ane of her maidens they loosed aff her  
gown,  
But bonny Jeanie Gordon she fell in a swoon;  
She fell in a swoon low down by their knee;  
Says, Look on, I die for my love Auchana-  
chie!
- 13 That very same day Miss Jeanie did die,  
And hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the  
sea;  
Her father and mither welcomd him at the  
gate;  
He said, Where's Miss Jeanie, that she's nae  
here yet?
- 14 Then forth came her maidens, all wringing  
their hands,  
Saying, Alas for your staying sae lang frae the  
land!  
Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang on the  
flood!  
They've wedded your Jeanie, and now she is  
dead.
- 15 'Some of you, her maidens, take me by the  
hand,  
And show me the chamber Miss Jeanie died  
in; '  
He kissd her cold lips, which were colder than  
stane,  
And he died in the chamber that Jeanie died  
in.

## B

a. Murison MS., p. 76. b. Christie's Traditional Ballad  
Airs, I, 10.

- 1 'BUCHAN, it's bonnie, an there lies my love,  
My heart is fixt on him, it winna remove;  
It winna remove for a' at I can dee,  
An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

- 2 Her father cam trippin, cam trippin ben the  
floor,  
Says, Jeannie, ye hae but the tricks o a whore;  
Ye care little for the man that cares muckle  
for thee,  
But I'll cause you marry Saltoun, let Annochie  
be.

3 'Ye may marry me to Saltoun before that I  
go home,  
But it is to Lord Saltoun I'll never bear a  
son;  
A son nor a daughter I'll never bear to he,  
An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

4 'All you that is her maidens, ye'll tak her by  
the han,  
An I will inheft her o five thousan poun;  
She'll wear silk to her heel and gowd to her  
knee,  
An I'll cause her to forsake him Young Anno-  
chie.'

5 'All you that is my maidens winna tak me by  
the han,  
I winna be inhefted o five thousan poun;  
I'll nae wear silk to my heal nor wear gowd  
to my knee,  
An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

6 'All you that is her maidens, ye'll show her  
to her bed;  
The blankets they are ready, the sheets are  
comely spread;  
She shall lie in my airms till twelve o the day,  
An I'll cause her to forsake him Young Anno-  
chie.'

7 'All you that is my maidens winna show me  
to my bed,  
Tho the blankets they be ready, the sheets be  
comely spread;  
I'll nae lie in your airms till twelve o the day,  
An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

8 It's that day they wedded her, an that day  
she died,  
An that day Young Annochie cam in on the  
tide;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

9 Her maidens did meet him, a' wringin their  
hans,  
Sayin, It's a' for your stayin so long on the  
sans!  
They've wedded your Jeannie, an now she is  
dead,  
An it's a' for your stayin sae long on the  
flead.

10 'All you that is her maidens ye'll tak me by  
the han,  
Ye'll show me the bower that Jeannie lies in:  
He kissed her cold lips, they were both white  
an red,  
And for bonnie Jeannie Gordon Young Anno-  
chie died.

A, a. 4-6 are disarranged, and an attempt has  
been made at a better grouping. 4<sup>3A</sup>, 5<sup>1,2</sup>,  
are 4; 5<sup>3A</sup> are 5<sup>1,2</sup>; 6<sup>1,2</sup> are 5<sup>3A</sup>.

14<sup>2</sup>. The reading of b is better: on the sands.

14<sup>2</sup>. frae the fleed: b reads, rightly, on the  
flood (flead).

b. Printed by Maidment in stanzas of four  
short lines; by Buchan, in long lines, not  
properly grouped.

1 Ben came her father, skipping on the floor,  
Said, Jeanie, you're trying the tricks of a  
whore.

2 'You're caring for him that cares not for  
thee;  
And I pray you take Salton, let Auchana-  
chie be.'

3 'I will not have Salton, it lies low by the  
sea;

He is bowed in the back, he's thraven in  
the knee;

And I'll die if I get not my brave Auchan-  
achie.'

4 'I am bowed in the back, lassie, as ye see,  
But the bonny lands of Salton are no crooked  
tee.'

5 And when she was married she would not  
lie down,  
But they took out a knife, and cuttit her  
gown.

6 Likewise of her stays the lacing in three;  
And now she lies dead for her Auchanachie.

7 Out comes her bower-woman, wringing her hands,  
Says, Alas for the staying so long on the sands!

8 'Alas for the staying so long on the flood!  
For Jeanie was married, and now she is dead.'

B. a. 8, 9 are written together.

9<sup>a</sup>, on the sans: cf. A a 14<sup>1</sup>, b 8<sup>1</sup>, B b.

b. Some trivial variations are not noticed.

*Printed in six stanzas of eight long lines.*

1<sup>1</sup>. lives.

1<sup>4</sup>. Oh, never will I forget my love Annachie.

*After 1:*

'For Annachie Gordon is bonnie and braw,  
He'd entice any woman that ever him saw;  
He'd entice any woman, and sae he has done me,  
And I'll die if I getna my love Annachie.'

2<sup>1,2</sup>. *As in A a.* 2<sup>3</sup>. care meikle: cares little.

2<sup>4</sup>. Saltoun and leave Annachie.

*After 2:*

'For Annachie Gordon is nothing but a man;  
Although he be brave, he has little free lan;  
His towns a' lie waste, and his lands a' lie lea,  
And I'll cause you marry Saltoun, let Annachie be.'

3<sup>1</sup>. wed me: before he goes home.

3<sup>2</sup>. neer hae.

3<sup>4,4</sup>. 'A son or a daughter, it's a' ane to me,  
For I'll cause you marry Saltoun and leave Annachie.'

*After 3:*

He wed her to Saltoun before he gaed home,  
But unto Lord Saltoun she neer had a son;

For, instead of being merry her maidens among,  
She gaed to her bower and wept there alone.

4<sup>1</sup>. Some of you her.

4<sup>2</sup>. infest her in houses and land.

4<sup>3</sup>. shall wear silk and satin, wi red goud.

4<sup>4</sup>. to forget him the.

5<sup>1,2</sup>. Oh you, my maidens, you shall not take my hand,

Nor will I be infested in houses and land.

5<sup>3</sup>. Nor will I wear silk nor red goud.

5<sup>4</sup>. For never will I forget my love A.

*After 5:*

'Wi Annachie Gordon I would beg my bread  
Before wi Lord Saltoun I would wear goud red;  
For he's bowd on the back and he's thrawn in the knee:  
'But the bonnie rigs o Saltoun are nae thrawn tee.'

6, 7. *Wanting.*

8. The day she was married, that same day she died,  
While Annachie Gordon was waiting for the tide;  
He waited for the tide to tak him oer the fleed,  
But he little thought his Jeanie Gordon was deed.

9<sup>1</sup>. Then out cam her maidens.

9<sup>2</sup>. Wae for: frae the. 9<sup>3</sup>. hae married.

9<sup>4</sup>. Oh, wae for: on the fleed.

10<sup>1</sup>. Some of you her maidens: me ben.

10<sup>2</sup>. the chamber where.

10<sup>3</sup>. were colder than clay.

10<sup>4</sup>. And he died in the chamber where his Jeanie lay.

## 240

## THE RANTIN LADDIE

A. a. 'The Rantin Laddie,' Johnson's Museum, No 462, p. 474. b. 'Lord Aboyne,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 66.

C. 'The Rantin Laddie,' Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 7.

B. 'The Rantin Laddie,' Skene MS., p. 55.

D. 'Bonnie Rantin Laddie,' Murison MS., p. 74.

'LORD ABOYNE,' in Smith's Scottish Minstrel, IV, 6, is mostly A a; a few verses are from A b.

A young woman (Maggie in B) has played cards and dice with a rantin laddie till she has won a bastard baby. Slighted now by all her friends, she sends a letter to the rantin laddie, who is the Earl of Aboyne, to inform

him of her uncomfortable circumstances. The Earl of Aboyne, struck with pity and indignation, sets out at once with five hundred men, A, C, or a select company of gentlemen and ladies, B, D, and brings her home as his wife.

C 24 is perhaps derived from 'Geordie,' but may be regarded as a commonplace.

## A

a. Johnson's Musical Museum, No 462, p. 474, communicated by Robert Burns; 1797. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 66, 1828.

1 'AFTEN hae I playd at the cards and the dice,  
For the love of a bonie rantin laddie,  
But now I maun sit in my father's kitchen-  
neuk  
And balow a bastard babie.

2 'For my father he will not me own,  
And my mother she neglects me,  
And a' my friends hae lightlyed me,  
And their servants they do slight me.

3 'But had I a servant at my command,  
As aft times I've had many,  
That wad rin wi a letter to bonie Glenswood,  
Wi a letter to my rantin laddie!'

4 'O is he either a laird or a lord,  
Or is he but a cadie,  
That ye do him ca sae aften by name  
Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie?'

5 'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,  
And he never was a cadie,  
But he is the Earl o bonie Aboyne,  
And he is my rantin laddie.'

6 'O ye'se get a servant at your command,  
As aft times ye've had many,  
That sall rin wi a letter to bonie Glenswood,  
A letter to your rantin laddie.'

7 When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,  
O but he blinket bonie!  
But or he had read three lines of it  
I think his heart was sorry.

8 'O wha is [this] daur be sae bauld  
Sae cruelly to use my lassie?  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

9 'For her father he will not her know,  
And her mother she does slight her,  
And a' her friends hae lightlied her,  
And their servants they neglect her.

- 10 'Go raise to me my five hundred men,  
Make haste and make them ready,  
With a milk-white steed under every ane,  
For to bring hame my lady.'

- 11 As they cam in thro Buchanshire,  
They were a company bonie,  
With a gude claymor in every hand,  
And O but they shin'd bonie!

## B

Skene MS., p. 55; taken down in the North of Scotland,  
1802-3.

- 1 'Oft have I playd at the cards an the dyce,  
The war so very enticin;  
But this is a sad an a sorrowfu seat,  
To see my apron risin.
- 2 'Oft hae I playd at the cards an the dice  
For love of my [rantin] laddie;  
But now I man sit in my father's kitchie-nouk,  
A rokkin o my baby.
- 3 'But gin I had ane o my father's servans,  
For he has so mony,  
That wad gae to the wood o Glentanner,  
Wi a letter to the rantin laddie!'
- 4 'Here am I, ane o your father's servans,  
For he has sae mony,  
That will gae to the wood o Glentanner,  
Wi a letter to the rantin laddie.'
- 5 'Fan ye gae to Aboyne,  
To the woods o Glentanner sae bonny,  
Wi your hat in your hand gie a bow to the  
ground,  
In the presence o the rantin laddie.'

- 6 Fan he gaed to Aboyne,  
To the woods o Glentanner sae bonny,  
Wi his hat in his hand he gied a bow to the  
ground,  
In the presence of the rantin laddie.

- 7 Fan he looked the letter on  
Sae loud as he was laughin!  
But or he read it to an end  
The tears they cam down rappin.

- 8 'O fa is this or fa is that  
Has been so ill to my Maggie?

. . . . .

- 9 'But ye gett four-and-twenty milk white steeds,  
Wi an car . . . . .  
An as mony gay ladies to ride them on,  
To gae an bring hame my Maggie.

- 10 'Ye get four-an-twenty bonny brown steeds,  
Wi an car o an ome,  
An as mony knights to ride them on,  
To gae an bring hame my Maggie.'

- 11 Ye lasses a', far ever ye be,  
An ye match wi ony o our Deeside laddies,  
Ye 'll happy be, ye 'l happy be,  
For they are frank an kind.

## C

Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 7, 1823.

- 1 'Aft hae I playd at cards and dice  
For the love o a bonny rantin laddie,  
But now I maun sit i my father's kitchen-nook,  
And sing, Hush, balow, my baby.
- 2 'If I had been wise, and had taen advice,  
And dane as my bonny love bade me,

I would hae been married at Martinmass,  
And been wi my rantin laddie.

- 3 'But I was na wise, I took nae advice,  
Did not as my bonny love bade me,  
And now I maun sit by mysel i the nook,  
And rock my bastard baby.

- 4 'If I had horse at my command,  
As often I had many,

- I would ride on to the Castle o Aboyne,  
Wi a letter to my rantin laddie.'
- 5 Down the stair her father came,  
And lookèd proud and saucy:  
'Who is the man, and what is his name,  
That ye ca your rantin laddie?
- 6 'Is he a lord, or is he a laird?  
Or is he but a caddie?  
Or is it the young Earl o Aboyne  
That ye ca your rantin laddie?'
- 7 'He is a young and noble lord,  
He never was a caddie;  
It is the noble Earl o Aboyne  
That I ca my rantin laddie.'
- 8 'Ye shall hae a horse at your command,  
As ye had often many,  
To go to the Castle o Aboyne,  
Wi a letter to your rantin laddie.
- 9 'Where will I get a little page,  
Where will I get a caddie,  
That will run quick to bonny Aboyne,  
Wi this letter to my rantin laddie?'
- 10 Then out spoke the young scullion-boy,  
Said, Here am I, a caddie;  
I will run on to bonny Aboyne,  
Wi the letter to your rantin laddie.
- 11 'Now when ye come to bonny Deeside,  
Where woods are green and bonny,  
There will ye see the Earl o Aboyne,  
Among the bushes mony.
- 12 'And when ye come to the lands o Aboyne,  
Where all around is bonny,  
Ye'll take your hat into your hand,  
Gie this letter to my rantin laddie.'
- 13 When he came near the banks of Dee,  
The birks were blooming bonny,  
And there he saw the Earl o Aboyne,  
Among the bushes mony.
- 14 'Where are ye going, my bonny boy?  
Where are ye going, my caddie?'  
'I am going to the Castle o Aboyne,  
Wi a letter to the rantin laddie.'
- 15 'See yonder is the castle then,  
My young and handsome caddie,  
And I myself am the Earl o Aboyne,  
Tho they ca me the rantin laddie.'
- 16 'O pardon, my lord, if I've done wrong;  
Forgive a simple caddie;  
O pardon, pardon, Earl o Aboyne,  
I said but what she bade me.'
- 17 'Ye have done no wrong, my bonny boy,  
Ye've done no wrong, my caddie;'  
Wi hat in hand he bowed low,  
Gave the letter to the rantin laddie.
- 18 When young Aboyne looked the letter on,  
O but he blinkit bonny!  
But ere he read four lines on end  
The tears came trickling mony.
- 19 'My father will no pity shew,  
My mother still does slight me,  
And a' my friends have turn'd from me,  
And servants disrespect me.'
- 20 'Who are they dare be so bold  
To cruelly use my lassie?  
But I'll take her to bonny Aboyne,  
Where oft she did caress me.
- 21 'Go raise to me five hundred men,  
Be quick and make them ready;  
Each on a steed, to haste their speed,  
To carry home my lady.'
- 22 As they rode on thro Buchanshire,  
The company were many,  
Wi a good claymore in every hand,  
That glancèd wondrous bonny.
- 23 When he came to her father's gate,  
He called for his lady:  
'Come down, come down, my bonny maid,  
And speak wi your rantin laddie.'
- 24 When she was set on high horseback,  
Rowd in the Highland plaidie,  
The bird i the bush sang not so sweet  
As sung this bonny lady.
- 25 As they rode on thro Buchanshire,  
He cried, Each Lowland lassie,

Lay your love on some lowland lown,  
And soon will he prove fause t' ye.

- 26 'But take my advice, and make your choice  
Of some young Highland laddie,  
Wi bonnet and plaid, whose heart is staid,  
And he will not beguile ye.'

- 27 As they rode on thro Garioch land,  
He rode up in a fury,  
And cried, Fall back, each saucy dame,  
Let the Countess of Aboyne before ye.

## D

Murison MS., p. 74; Aberdeenshire.

- 1 'Aft hae I played at the cards and the dice,  
It was a' for the sake o my laddie,  
But noo I sit i my father's kitchie-neuk,  
Singing ba to a bonnie bastard babbie.
- 2 'Whar will I get a bonnie boy sae kin  
As will carry a letter cannie,  
That will rin on to the gates o the Boyne,  
Gie the letter to my rantin laddie?'
- 3 'Here am I, a bonnie boy sae kin,  
As will carry a letter cannie,  
That will rin on to the gates o the Boyne,  
Gie the letter to your rantin laddie.'
- 4 'When ye come to the gates o the Boyne,  
An low doon on yon cassie,  
Ye'll tak aff your hat an ye'll mak a low bow,  
Gie the letter to my rantin laddie.'

- 5 'When ye come to the gates o the Boyne,  
Ye'll see lords an nobles monie;  
But ye'll ken him among them a',  
He's my bonnie, bonnie rantin laddie.'

- 6 'Is your bonnie love a laird or a lord,  
Or is he a cadie,  
That ye call him so very often by name  
Your bonnie rantin laddie?'

- 7 'My love's neither a laird nor a lord,  
Nor is he a cadie,  
But he is yerl o a' the Boyne,  
An he is my bonnie rantin laddie.'

- 8 When he read a line or two,  
He smiled eer sae bonnie;  
But lang ere he cam to the end  
The tears cam trinklin monie.

- 9 'Whar will I find fifty noble lords,  
An as monie gay ladies,

\* \* \* \* \*

A. a. 1<sup>4</sup>. below. 4<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

8<sup>3,4</sup>. *The gap should be filled, says Stenhouse, Musical Museum, IV, 405, with these lines:*

As to gar her sit in [her] father's kitchen-neuk  
And balow a bastard babie.

b. 1, 2.

'Aft hae I played at the ring and the ba,  
And lang was a rantin lassie,  
But now my father does me forsake,  
And my friends they all do neglect me.'

3<sup>1</sup>. But gin I had servants.

3<sup>2</sup>. As I hae had right mony.

3<sup>3</sup>. For to send awa to Glentanner's yetts.

4<sup>1</sup>. O is your true-love a laird or lord.

4<sup>2</sup>. he a Highland caddie.

4<sup>3</sup>. That ye sae aften call him by name.

5<sup>1</sup>. My true-love he's baith laird and lord.

5<sup>2</sup>. Do ye think I hae married a caddie?

5<sup>3</sup>. O he is the noble earl o Aboyne.

5<sup>4</sup>. he's my bonnie rantin.

6<sup>1</sup>. ye'se hae servants.

6<sup>2</sup>. As ye hae had right mony.

6<sup>3</sup>. For to send awa to Glentanner's yetts.

6<sup>4</sup>. Wi a. 7<sup>1</sup>. Aboyne the letter got.

7<sup>2</sup>. Wow but.

7<sup>3</sup>. But ere three lines o it he read.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. O but his.  
 8<sup>1,2</sup>. His face it reddened like a flame, He  
     grasped his sword sae massy.  
 8<sup>3</sup>=8<sup>1</sup>. O wha is this, *etc.*  
 8<sup>4</sup>=8<sup>2</sup>. Sae cruel to, *etc.*  
 9. *Wanting.*  
 10<sup>1</sup>. Gae saddle to me five.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. Gae saddle and.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. For I'm gaing to.

11. And when they came to auld Fedderate  
     He found her waiting ready,

And he brought her to Castle Aboyne,  
 And now she's his ain dear lady.

B. 9<sup>1</sup>. he gett. 10<sup>1</sup>. He gat.  
 D. *There is an initial stanza which, it seems to me, cannot have belonged originally to this ballad:*

'My father he feet me far, far away,  
 He feet me in Kirkcaldy;  
 He feet me till an auld widow-wife,  
 But she had a bonnie rantin laddie.'

## 241

## THE BARON O LEYS

A. Skene MS., p. 20.

C. 'The Baron o Leys,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 144.

B. 'Laird o Leys,' Kinloch's Ballad Book, p. 74.

'The Baron o Leys,' in The New Deeside Guide by James Brown [=Joseph Robertson], Aberdeen [1832], p. 15, and The Deeside Guide, Aberdeen, 1889, p. 23, is C. C 4-11 seems to be an interpolation by a later hand.

"Part of this ballad," says Buchan, II, 322, "by ballad-mongers has been confused with the ballad of 'The Earl of Aboyne' [No 240, A b], called in some instances 'The Ranting Laddie.'" Laing, Thistle of Scotland, p. 11, appears to have confounded it with 'The Earl of Aboyne' proper. He gives this stanza:

'Some ca me that and some ca me this,  
 And The Baron o Leys they ca me,  
 But when I am on bonny Deeside  
 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

Herd's MSS, I, 233, II, fol. 71, give the two following stanzas under the title 'The Linkin Ladie:'

'Wae's me that eer I made your bed!  
 Wae's me that eer I saw ye!  
 For now I've lost my maidenhead,  
 And I ken na how they ca ye.'

'My name is well kent in my ain country,  
 They ca me The Linkin Ladie;  
 If ye had not been as willing as I,  
 Shame fa them wad eer hae bade ye!'

'The Linkin Ladie,' judging from this fragment (as it may be supposed to be), was much of a fashion with the ballad which we are engaged with, and may have been an earlier form of it. Sir Walter Scott, who cites these verses from memory (Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 162), says that the hero of them was a brother of the celebrated [Thomas] Boston, author of 'The Fourfold State.'

'The Baron o Leys' relates, or purports to relate, to an escapade of one of the Burnetts

of Leys, Kincardineshire, Alexander, A, B, George, C. A woman who is with child by him gives him his choice of marriage, death, or the payment of ten thousand crowns. He is a married man; his wife is ready to sell everything, to her silk gowns, to release her husband from his awkward position.

## A

Skene MS., p. 20; taken down in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 THE Laird of Leys is on to Edinbrugh,  
To shaw a fit o his follie;  
He drest himsel in the crimson-brown,  
An he provd a rantin laddie.
- 2 Ben came a weel-faird lass,  
Says, Laddie, how do they ca ye?  
'They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
Ye wudna ken fat they ca me;  
But whan I'm at home on bonnie Deeside  
They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'
- 3 They sought her up, they sought her down,  
They sought her in the parlour;  
She coudna be got but whar she was,  
In the bed wi The Rantin Laddie.
- 4 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
Ye tell me how they ca ye!  
Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
An I dinna ken how they ca ye.'
- 5 'They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
Ye couldna ken how they ca me;  
But whan I'm at home on bonnie Deeside  
They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'
- 6 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
Ye tell me how they ca ye!

Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

- 7 'Baron of Leys, it is my stile,  
Alexander Burnett they ca me;  
Whan I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside  
My name is The Rantin Laddie.'
- 8 'Gin your name be Alexander Burnett,  
Alas that ever I saw ye!  
For ye hae a wife and bairns at hame,  
An alas for lyin sae near ye!
- 9 'But I'se gar ye be headit or hangt,  
Or marry me the morn,  
Or else pay down ten thousand crowns  
For giein o me the scorn.'
- 10 'For my head, I canna want;  
I love my lady dearly;  
But some o my lands I maun lose in the case,  
Alas for lyin sae near ye!'
- 11 Word has gane to the Lady of Leys  
That the laird he had a bairn;  
The warst word she said to that was,  
'I wish I had it in my arms.
- 12 'For I will sell my jointure-lands—  
I am broken an I'm sorry—  
An I'll sell a', to my silk gowns,  
An get hame my rantin laddie.'

## B

Kinloch's Ballad Book, p. 74, 1827.

- 1 THE Laird o Leys is to London gane;  
He was baith full and gawdie;  
For he shod his steed wi siller guid,  
And he's playd the ranting laddie.

- 2 He hadna been in fair London  
A twalmonth and a quarter,  
Till he met wi a weel-faurd may,  
Wha wishd to know how they ca'd him.
- 3 'They ca me this, and they ca me that,  
And they're easy how they've ca'd me;

But whan I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside  
They ca me The Ranting Laddie.'

4 'Awa wi your jesting, sir,' she said,  
'I trow you're a ranting laddie;  
But something swells atween my sides,  
And I maun ken how they ca thee.'

5 'They ca me this, and they ca me that,  
And they're easy how they ca me;  
The Baron o Leys my title is,  
And Sandy Burnet they ca me.'

6 'Tell down, tell down ten thousand crowns,  
Or ye maun marry me the morn;  
Or headit or hangit ye sall be,  
For ye sanna gie me the scorn.'

7 'My head's the thing I canna weel want;  
My lady she loves me dearlie;

Nor yet hae I means ye to maintain;  
Alas for the lying sae near thee!'

8 But word's gane down to the Lady o Leys  
That the Baron had got a babie:  
'The waurst o news!' my lady she said,  
'I wish I had hame my laddie.'

9 'But I'll sell aff my jointure-house,  
Tho na mair I sud be a ladie;  
I'll sell a' to my silken gown,  
And bring hame my rantin laddie.'

10 So she is on to London gane,  
And she paid the money on the morn;  
She paid it down and brought him hame,  
And gien them a' the scorn.

## C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 144.

1 THE Baron o Leys to France is gane,  
The fashion and tongue to learn,  
But hadna been there a month or twa  
Till he gat a lady wi bairn.

2 But it fell ance upon a day  
The lady mournd fu sairly;  
Says, Who's the man has me betrayed?  
It gars me wonder and fairlie.

3 Then to the fields to him she went,  
Saying, Tell me what they ca thee;  
Or else I'll mourn and rue the day,  
Crying, alas that ever I saw thee!

4 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
I carena fat befa me;  
For when I'm at the schools o France  
An awkward fellow they ca me.'

5 'Wae's me now, ye awkward fellow,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
Wi you I'm in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat they ca thee.'

6 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
What name does best befa me;  
For when I walk in Edinburgh streets  
The Curling Buckle they ca me.'

7 'O wae's me now, O Curling Buckle,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat they ca thee.'

8 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
Whatever name best befa's me;  
But when I'm in Scotland's king's high court  
Clatter the Speens they ca me.'

9 'O wae's me now, O Clatter the Speens,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'

10 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
I carena what they ca me;  
But when wi the Earl o Murray I ride  
It's Scour the Brass they ca me.'

11 'O wae's me now, O Scour the Brass,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!

- For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'
- 12 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
Whatever name best befa's me;  
But when I walk thro Saint Johnstone's town  
George Burnett they ca me.'
- 13 'O wae's me, O wae's me, George Burnett,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'
- 14 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
Whatever name best befa's me;  
But when I am on bonny Dee side  
The Baron o Leys they ca me.'
- 15 'O weal is me now, O Baron o Leys,  
This day that ever I saw thee!  
There's gentle blood within my sides,  
And now [I] ken fat they ca thee.'
- 16 'But ye'll pay down ten thousand crowns,  
Or marry me the morn;  
Else I'll cause you be headed or hangd  
For gieing me the scorn.'
- 17 'My head is a thing I cannot well want;  
My lady loves me sae dearly;  
But I'll deal the gold right liberally  
For lying ae night sae near thee.'
- 18 When word had gane to the Lady o Leys  
The baron had gotten a bairn,  
She clapped her hands, and this did say,  
'I wish he were in my arms!'
- 19 'O weal is me now, O Baron o Leys,  
For ye hae pleased me sairly;  
Frae our house is banishd the vile reproach  
That disturbed us late and early.'
- 20 When she looked ower her castle-wa,  
To view the woods sae rarely,  
There she spied the Baron o Leys  
Ride on his steed sae rarely.
- 21 Then forth she went her baron to meet,  
Says, Ye're welcome to me, fairly!  
Ye'se hae spice-cakes, and seed-cakes sweet,  
And claret to drink sae rarely.

C. 19<sup>4</sup>. Frae her house she banishd the vile reproach That disturbs us. *The Deeside Guide* has nearly the reading here substi-

tuted, and some correction is necessary. The reference seems to be to childlessness. In A 8 the baron is said to have bairns.

## 242

### THE COBLE O CARGILL

'The Coble o Cargill,' Motherwell's MS., p. 80; 'The Weary Coble o Cargill,' Motherwell's *Minstrely*, p. 230. Communicated to Motherwell by William

George, tenant in Cambus Michael, Perthshire, who took it from the recitation of an old woman.

STOBHALL is on the left bank of the Tay, eight miles above Perth, in Cargill parish, and Cargill is a little further up. Balathy is opposite Cargill, and Kercock is higher up the

river on the right bank. The local tradition, as given by Motherwell in his manuscript and his book, is that the butler of Stobhall had a leman both at Kercock and at Balathy. Upon

an occasion when the butler had gone to Kercock, the lass of Balathy scuttled the coble, which he had left below, "and waited his return, deeming that her suspicions of his infidelity would be well founded if he took the boat without visiting her in passing." The butler took the boat without stopping at Balathy, and in her sight the weary coble sank. Local tradition in such cases seldom means more than a theory which people have formed to explain a preëxisting ballad. The jealousy of the lass of Balathy has, in the ballad, passed the point at which confirmation would be waited for. She has many a time watched late for her chance to bore the coble, and she bores it 'wi gude will.'

St. 14 is a common-place which has been already several times noted.

The Rev. William Marshall's *Historic Scenes in Perthshire*, Edinburgh, 1879, p. 246, gives us a "modern" version of this ballad; that is, one written over in magazine style. This is repeated in Robert Ford's *Auld Scots Ballants*, 1889, p. 152. The *Perthshire Antiquarian Miscellany*, by Robert S. Fittis, Perth, 1875, p. 466, cites some stanzas from another ballad, composed by one James Beattie, journeyman-mason, but represented as having been taken down verbatim from the mouth of an old man. In these pieces the lass of Balathy has the name Jean, Jeanie Low (Low or Gow, according to Ford, p. 149).\*

1 DAVID DRUMMOND's destinie,  
Gude man o appearance o Cargill;  
I wat his blude rins in the flude,  
Sae sair against his parents' will.

2 She was the lass o Balathy toun,  
And he the butler o Stobhall,  
And mony a time she wauked late  
To bore the coble o Cargill.

3 His bed was made in Kercock ha,  
Of gude clean sheets and of [the] hay;  
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,  
But on the prude waters he wud gae.

4 His bed was made in Balathy toun,  
Of the clean sheets and of the strae;  
But I wat it was far better made  
Into the bottom o bonnie Tay.

5 She bored the coble in seven pairts,  
I wat her heart might hae been fu sair;  
For there she got the bonnie lad lost  
Wi the curly locks and the yellow hair.

6 He put his foot into the boat,  
He little thocht o ony ill;  
But before that he was mid-waters,  
The weary coble began to fill.

7 'Woe be to the lass o Balathy toun,  
I wat an ill death may she die!  
For she bored the coble in seven pairts,  
And let the waters perish me.

8 'Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,  
Nae help o man can to me come!'  
This was about his dying words,  
When he was choaked up to the chin.

9 'Gae tell my father and my mother  
It was naebody did me this ill;  
I was a-going my ain errands,  
Lost at the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

10 She bored the boat in seven pairts,  
I wat she bored it wi gude will;  
And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,  
In the kirk-shot o bonnie Cargill.

11 Oh a' the keys o bonnie Stobha  
I wat they at his belt did hing;  
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha  
They now ly low into the stream.

12 A braver page into his age  
Neer set a foot upon the plain;  
His father to his mother said,  
'Oh, sae soon as we've wanted him!

\* I owe the knowledge of Marshall's and Fittis's publications to Mr Macmath.

13 'I wat they had mair luvè than this  
When they were young and at the seule;  
But for his sake she wauked late,  
And bored the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

14 'There's neer a clean sark gae on my back,  
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;  
There's neither coal nor candle-light  
Shall shine in my bouir for evir mair.

15 'At kirk nor market I'se neer be at,  
Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;  
There's neer a ane shall say to anither,  
That's the lassie gard the young man die.

16 'Between the yates o bonnie Stobha  
And the kirk-style o bonnie Cargill,  
There is mony a man and mother's son  
That was at my love's burial.'

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14<sup>2</sup>. Not yet.

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## 243

### JAMES HARRIS (THE DÆMON LOVER)

A. A Warning for Married Women, being an example of Mrs Jane Reynolds (a West-country woman), born near Plymouth, who, having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit, the manner how shall presently be recited. To a West-country tune called 'The Fair Maid of Bristol,' 'Bateman,' or 'John True.' Pepys Ballads, IV, 101.

B. 'The Distressed Ship-Carpenter,' The Rambler's Garland, 1785 (?), British Museum, 11621, c. 4 (57).

C. 'James Herries,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 214.

D. 'The Carpenter's Wife,' Kinloch MSS, I, 297.

E. 'The Dæmon Lover,' Motherwell's MS., p. 97.

F. 'The Dæmon Lover,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 427, 1812.

G. 'The Dæmon Lover,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 93.

H. 'The Banks of Italy,' Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 138, two stanzas.

THE Pepys copy was printed for Thackeray and Passenger. Others are: Crawford, No 1114, Printed for A. M[ilbourne], W. O[nley], and T. Thackeray; Ewing, 377, for Coles, Vere, and Gilbertson; the same, 378, by and for W. O[nley]. No 71 in Thackeray's List, printed 1685. A later copy in the Douce ballads, II, fol. 249 b, Bodleian Library, printed by Thomas Norris at the Look-

ing-Glass on London Bridge. Another, without publisher's name, in the Roxburghe collection, I, 502; Ballad Society, III, 200.

'The Dæmon Lover' was first published in Scott's Minstrelsy, 5th edition, 1812 (F). William Laidlaw, who furnished the copy, inserted four stanzas of his own (6, 12, 17, 18, here omitted).\* Motherwell, in 1827, had not been able to get more than nine

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\* Carruthers, Abbotsford Notanda, appended to R. Chambers's Life of Scott, 1871, p. 122.

In the last edition of Sharpe's Ballad Book (1880), p.

158, we find this note by Scott: "I remember something of another ballad of diablerie. A man sells himself to the fause thief for a term of years, and the devil comes to claim

stanzas (G), but afterwards secured a version of twice as many (E). Kinloch says of D, "My reciter, and others to whom I applied, assured me that they had never heard any more of it than what is given here." Buchan, I, 313, referring to Motherwell's fragment (G), is "happy to say . . . there is still a perfect copy of this curious and scarce legend in existence, which is now for the first time given to the public" (C).

An Americanized version of this ballad was printed not very long ago at Philadelphia, under the title of 'The House-Carpenter.' I have been able to secure only two stanzas, which were cited in Graham's Illustrated Magazine, September, 1858:

'I might have married the king's daughter dear ;'  
'You might have married her,' cried she,  
'For I am married to a house-carpenter,  
And a fine young man is he.'  
  
'Oh dry up your tears, my own true love,  
And cease your weeping,' cried he,  
'For soon you'll see your own happy home,  
On the banks of old Tennessee.'

B-H have for their basis the broadside A; the substance of the story is repeated, with traditional modifications. Two or three stanzas of A are of the popular description, but it does not seem necessary to posit a tradition behind A. The correspondences of the several versions are as follows:

A 18<sup>1,2</sup>, C 2.  
A 18<sup>3,4</sup>, 19, B 1, D 1, E 1, 2<sup>1,2</sup>, F 1.  
A 20, C 3, D 2, E 2<sup>3,4</sup>, F 2.  
A 21, B 4<sup>1,2</sup>, 3<sup>3,4</sup>, C 6<sup>1</sup>, 12<sup>3,4</sup>, D 3.  
A 22, B 2, C 4<sup>3,4</sup>, 5<sup>1,2</sup>, E 3, F 4.  
A 23, C 7.  
A 24, B 5, C 8, E 5<sup>1,2</sup>, F 6.  
A 25, B 6, C 9, F 7, G 1.  
A 26, B 8, C 10, F 9<sup>3,4</sup>.  
A 28, B 11.  
A 30, B 12.

his forfeit. He implores for mercy, or at least reprieve, and, if granted, promises this:

'And I will show how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy.'

Satan, being no horticulturist, pays no attention to this

B 3<sup>1,2</sup>, E 4<sup>1,2</sup>, F 5<sup>1,2</sup>.  
B 7, C 13, E 6<sup>1</sup>, G 2, H 1.  
B 9, 10, C 14, 17, D 5, E 12, 13, G 5.  
B 12, C 23.  
B 13, C 24.

C 3, D 2, E 2, F 2.  
C 11, E 7, F 8, H 2.  
C 16, D 6, E 16, F 12, G 6.  
C 21, D 8.

D 1, E 1, F 1.  
D 7, E 10, F 10, G 8.

E 11, F 11, G 7.  
E 14, F 13.  
E 15, F 14.  
E 18, F 15.

F 9<sup>2</sup>, G 4<sup>3,4</sup>.

It will be observed that each of the versions B-F adds something which is taken up by a successor or successors. The arrangement of E and F, of E especially, is objectionable.

A. Jane Reynolds and James Harris, a seaman, had exchanged vows of marriage. The young man was pressed as a sailor, and after three years was reported as dead; the young woman married a ship-carpenter, and they lived together happily for four years, and had children. One night when the carpenter was absent from home, a spirit rapped at the window and announced himself as James Harris, come after an absence of seven years\* to claim the woman for his wife. She explained the state of things, but upon obtaining assurance that her long-lost lover had the means to support her — seven ships upon the sea — consented to go with him, for he was really *much* like unto a man. 'The woman-kind' was seen no more after that; the carpenter hanged himself.

The carpenter is preserved in B-E, and proffer." Scott's memory seems to have gone quite astray here.

\* Why the ghost should wait four years, and what is meant in st. 18 by his travelling seven years, it is not easy to understand. The author would probably take up the impregnable position that he was simply relating the facts as they occurred.

even his name in C. He swoons in B, and runs distracted in C, when he learns what has become of his wife; the other versions take no notice of him after the elopement. B-F all begin with the return of the long-absent lover. The ship (as it is to have in A 26) has silken sails and gold masts, or the like, C 10, F 9<sup>3,4</sup> (cf. B 8, G 1); but there are no visible mariners, F 9<sup>1,2</sup>, G 4<sup>3,4</sup>. The pair have been only a short time afloat when the woman begins to weep for son, husband, or both, B 9, 10, C 14, D 5, E 12, 13, G 5. The seaman (as it will be convenient to call him) tells her to hold her tongue, he will show her how the lilies grow on the banks of Italy, C 16, D 6 (cf. E 16, 17), F 12, and, in a different connection, G 6. The seaman's countenance grows grim, and the sea gurdy, D 7, E 10, F 10, G 8. He will let her see the fishes swim, where the lilies grow, in the bottom of the sea, C 21, D 8 (cf. E 16, 17). She discerns that the seaman has a cloven foot, E 11, F 11, G 7. She asks, What is yon bright hill? It is the hill of heaven, where she will never be. What is yon dark hill? It is the hill of hell, where they two shall be: E 14, 15, F 13, 14. The seaman reaches his hand to the topmast, strikes the sails, and the ship drowns, C 22; takes the woman up to the topmast and sinks the ship in a flash of fire, E 18; strikes the topmast with his hand, the foremast with his knee, and sinks the ship, F 15.

In E 9 he throws the woman into the main, and five-and-twenty hundred ships are wrecked; in G 9 the little ship runs round about and never is seen more.

In A the *revenant* is characterized as a spirit; in B, which is even tamer than A, he is called the mariner, and is drowned with the woman; in C he expressly says to the woman, I brought you away to punish you for breaking your vows to me. This explicitness may be prosaic, but it seems to me regrettable that the conception was not maintained. To explain the eery personality and proceedings of the ship-master, E-G, with a sort of vulgar rationalism, turn him into the devil, and as he is still represented in E, F (G being defective at the beginning) as returning to seek the fulfilment of old vows, he there figures as a "dæmon lover." D (probably by the fortunate accident of being a fragment) leaves us to put our own construction upon the weird seaman; and, though it retains the homely ship-carpenter, is on the whole the most satisfactory of all the versions.\*

Scott's ballad is translated by Talvj, *Versuch*, etc., p. 558; by Gerhard, p. 84; and by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, No 14, p. 61 (after Aytoun, who repeats Scott, omitting one of Laidlaw's stanzas). Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 192, translates Allingham's ballad.

### A

Pepys Ballads, IV, 101; from a copy in Percy's papers.

1 THERE dwelt a fair maid in the West,  
Of worthy birth and fame,  
Neer unto Plimouth, stately town,  
Jane Reynolds was her name.

2 This damsel dearly was beloved  
By many a proper youth,  
And what of her is to be said  
Is known for very truth.

3 Among the rest a seaman brave  
Unto her a wooing came;  
A comely proper youth he was,  
James Harris call'd by name.

4 The maid and young man was agreed,  
As time did them allow,  
And to each other secretly  
They made a solemn vow,

5 That they would ever faithfull be  
Whilst Heaven afforded life;  
He was to be her husband kind,  
And she his faithfull wife.

6 A day appointed was also  
When they was to be married;  
But before these things were brought to pass  
Matters were strangely carried.

\* We must not be critical about copies which have been patched by tradition, but F 3 is singularly out of place for a "dæmon lover."

- 7 All you that faithfull lovers be  
Give ear and hearken well,  
And what of them became at last  
I will directly tell.
- 8 The young man he was prest to sea,  
And forc'd was to go;  
His sweet-heart she must stay behind,  
Whether she would or no.
- 9 And after he was from her gone  
She three years for him staid,  
Expecting of his coming home,  
And kept herself a maid.
- 10 At last news came that he was dead  
Within a forraign land,  
And how that he was buried  
She well did understand,
- 11 For whose sweet sake the maiden she  
Lamented many a day,  
And never was she known at all  
The wanton for to play.
- 12 A carpenter that livd hard by,  
When he heard of the same,  
Like as the other had done before,  
To her a wooing came.
- 13 But when that he had gained her love  
They married were with speed,  
And four years space, being man and wife,  
They loveingly agreed.
- 14 Three pritty children in this time  
This loving couple had,  
Which made their father's heart rejoyce,  
And mother wondrous glad.
- 15 But as occasion servd, one time  
The good man took his way  
Some three days journey from his home,  
Intending not to stay.
- 16 But, whilst that he was gone away,  
A spirit in the night  
Came to the window of his wife,  
And did her sorely fright.
- 17 Which spirit spake like to a man,  
And unto her did say,  
'My dear and onely love,' quoth he,  
'Prepare and come away.
- 18 'James Harris is my name,' quoth he,  
'Whom thou didst love so dear,  
And I have traveld for thy sake  
At least this seven year.
- 19 'And now I am returnd again,  
To take thee to my wife,  
And thou with me shalt go to sea,  
To end all further strife.'
- 20 'O tempt me not, sweet James,' quoth she,  
'With thee away to go;  
If I should leave my children small,  
Alas! what would they do ?
- 21 'My husband is a carpenter,  
A carpenter of great fame;  
I would not for five hundred pounds  
That he should know the same.'
- 22 'I might have had a king's daughter,  
And she would have married me;  
But I forsook her golden crown,  
And for the love of thee.
- 23 'Therefore, if thou 'lt thy husband forsake,  
And thy children three also,  
I will forgive the[e] what is past,  
If thou wilt with me go.'
- 24 'If I forsake my husband and  
My little children three,  
What means hast thou to bring me to,  
If I should go with thee ?'
- 25 'I have seven ships upon the sea;  
When they are come to land,  
Both marriners and marchandize  
Shall be at thy command.
- 26 'The ship wherein my love shall sail  
Is glorious to behold;  
The sails shall be of finest silk,  
And the mast of shining gold.'
- 27 When he had told her these fair tales,  
To love him she began,  
Because he was in human shape,  
Much like unto a man.
- 28 And so together away they went  
From off the English shore,  
And since that time the woman-kind  
Was never seen no more.
- 29 But when her husband he come home  
And found his wife was gone,  
And left her three sweet pretty babes  
Within the house alone,
- 30 He beat his breast, he tore his hair,  
The tears fell from his eyes,  
And in the open streets he run  
With heavy doleful cries.

31 And in this sad distracted case  
He hangd himself for woe  
Upon a tree near to the place;  
The truth of all is so.

32 The children now are fatherless,  
And left without a guide,  
But yet no doubt the heavenly powers  
Will for them well provide.

## B

The Rambler's Garland, British Museum, 11621, c. 4  
(57). 1785 (?)

1 'WELL met, well met, my own true love,  
Long time I have been seeking thee;  
I am lately come from the salt sea,  
And all for the sake, love, of thee.

2 'I might have had a king's daughter,  
And fain she would have married me;  
But I've forsaken all her crowns of gold,  
And all for the sake, love, of thee.'

3 'If you might have had a king's daughter,  
I think you much to blame;  
I would not for five hundred pounds  
That my husband should hear the same.

4 'For my husband is a carpenter,  
And a young ship-carpenter is he,  
And by him I have a little son,  
Or else, love, I'd go along with thee.

5 'But if I should leave my husband dear,  
Likewise my little son also,  
What have you to maintain me withal,  
If I along with you should go?'

6 'I have seven ships upon the seas,  
And one of them brought me to land,  
And seventeen mariners to wait on thee,  
For to be, love, at your command.

7 'A pair of slippers thou shalt have,  
They shall be made of beaten gold,  
Nay and be lin'd with velvet soft,  
For to keep thy feet from cold.

8 'A gilded boat thou then shall have,  
The oars shall gilded be also,  
And mariners to row the[e] along,  
For to keep thee from thy overthrow.'

9 They had not been long upon the sea  
Before that she began to weep:  
'What, weep you for my gold?' he said,  
'Or do you weep for my fee?'

10 'Or do you weep for some other young man  
That you love much better than me?'  
'No, I do weep for my little son,  
That should have come along with me.'

11 She had not been upon the seas  
Passing days three or four  
But the mariner and she were drowned,  
And never were heard of more.

12 When tidings to old England came  
The ship-carpenter's wife was drown'd,  
He wrung his hands and tore his hair,  
And grievously fell in a swoon.

13 'Oh cursed be those mariners!  
For they do lead a wicked life;  
They ruind me, a ship-carpenter,  
By deluding away my wife.'

## C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 214.

1 'O ARE ye my father? Or are ye my mother?  
Or are ye my brother John?  
Or are ye James Herries, my first true-love,  
Come back to Scotland again?'

2 'I am not your father, I am not your mother,  
Nor am I your brother John;  
But I'm James Herries, your first true-love,  
Come back to Scotland again.'

3 'Awa, awa, ye former lovers,  
Had far awa frae me!

- For now I am another man's wife  
Ye'll neer see joy o me.'
- 4 'Had I kent that ere I came here,  
I neer had come to thee;  
For I might hae married the king's daughter,  
Sae fain she woud had me.'
- 5 'I despised the crown o gold,  
The yellow silk also,  
And I am come to my true-love,  
But with me she'll not go.'
- 6 'My husband he is a carpenter,  
Makes his bread on dry land,  
And I hae born him a young son;  
Wi you I will not gang.'
- 7 'You must forsake your dear husband,  
Your little young son also,  
Wi me to sail the raging seas,  
Where the stormy winds do blow.'
- 8 'O what hae you to keep me wi,  
If I should with you go,  
If I'd forsake my dear husband,  
My little young son also?'
- 9 'See ye not yon seven pretty ships?  
The eighth brought me to land,  
With merchandize and mariners,  
And wealth in every hand.'
- 10 She turnd her round upon the shore  
Her love's ships to behold;  
Their topmasts and their mainyards  
Were coverd oer wi gold.
- 11 Then she's gane to her little young son,  
And kissd him cheek and chin;  
Sae has she to her sleeping husband,  
And dune the same to him.
- 12 'O sleep ye, wake ye, my husband?  
I wish ye wake in time!  
I woudna for ten thousand pounds  
This night ye knew my mind.'
- 13 She's drawn the slippers on her feet,  
Were coverd oer wi gold,  
Well lined within wi velvet fine,  
To had her frae the cold.
- 14 She hadna sailed upon the sea  
A league but barely three  
Till she minded on her dear husband,  
Her little young son tee.
- 15 'O gin I were at land again,  
At land where I woud be,  
The woman neer shoud bear the son  
Shoud gar me sail the sea.'
- 16 'O hold your tongue, my sprightly flower,  
Let a' your mourning be;  
I'll show you how the lilies grow  
On the banks o Italy.'
- 17 She hadna sailed on the sea  
A day but barely ane  
Till the thoughts o grief came in her mind,  
And she langd for to be hame.
- 18 'O gentle death, come cut my breath,  
I may be dead ere morn!  
I may be buried in Scottish ground,  
Where I was bred and born!'
- 19 'O hold your tongue, my lily leesome thing,  
Let a' your mourning be;  
But for a while we'll stay at Rose Isle,  
Then see a far countrie.
- 20 'Ye'se neer be buried in Scottish ground,  
Nor land ye's nae mair see;  
I brought you away to punish you  
For the breaking your vows to me.
- 21 'I said ye shoud see the lilies grow  
On the banks o Italy;  
But I'll let you see the fishes swim,  
In the bottom o the sea.'
- 22 He reached his hand to the topmast,  
Made a' the sails gae down,  
And in the twinkling o an ee  
Baith ship and crew did drown.
- 23 The fatal flight o this wretched maid  
Did reach her ain countrie;  
Her husband then distracted ran,  
And this lament made he:
- 24 'O wae be to the ship, the ship,  
And wae be to the sea,

And wae be to the mariners  
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!

- 25 'O bonny, bonny was my love,  
A pleasure to behold;  
The very hair o my love's head  
Was like the threads o gold.

- 26 'O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,  
And bonny was her chin,  
And bonny was the bride she was,  
The day she was made mine!'

## D

Kinloch MSS, I, 297; from the recitation of T. Kinnear,  
Stonehaven.

- 1 'O WHARE hae ye been, my dearest dear,  
These seven lang years and more?'  
'O I am come to seek my former vows,  
That ye promised me before.'

- 2 'Awa wi your former vows,' she says,  
'Or else ye will breed strife;  
Awa wi your former' vows,' she says,  
'For I'm become a wife.'

- 3 'I am married to a ship-carpenter,  
A ship-carpenter he's bound;  
I wadna he kend my mind this nicht  
For twice five hundred pound.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 4 She has put her foot on gude ship-board,  
And on ship-board she's gane,  
And the veil that hung oore her face  
Was a' wi gowd begane.

- 5 She had na sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely twa,  
Till she did mind on the husband she left,  
And her wee young son alsua.

- 6 'O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,  
On the banks of Italie.'

- 7 She had na sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,  
And gurlly grew the sea.

- 8 'O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,  
In the bottom of the sea.'

- 9 He's tane her by the milk-white hand,  
And he's thrown her in the main;  
And full five-and-twenty hundred ships  
Perishd all on the coast of Spain.

## E

Motherwell's MS., p. 97.

- 1 'WHERE have you been, my long lost lover,  
This seven long years and more?'  
'I've been seeking gold for thee, my love,  
And riches of great store.'

- 2 'Now I'm come for the vows you promised me,  
You promised me long ago;  
'My former vows you must forgive,  
For I'm a wedded wife.'

- 3 'I might have been married to a king's daughter,  
Far, far ayont the sea;

But I refused the crown of gold,  
And it's all for the love of thee.'

- 4 'If you might have married a king's daughter,  
Yourself you have to blame;  
For I'm married to a ship's-carpenter,  
And to him I have a son.'

- 5 'Have you any place to put me in,  
If I with you should gang?'  
'I've seven brave ships upon the sea,  
All laden to the brim.'

- 6 'I'll build my love a bridge of steel,  
All for to help her oer;

- Likewise webs of silk down by her side,  
To keep my love from the cold.'
- 7 She took her eldest son into her arms,  
And sweetly did him kiss:  
'My blessing go with you, and your father too,  
For little does he know of this.'
- 8 As they were walking up the street,  
Most beautiful for to behold,  
He cast a glamour oer her face,  
And it shone like the brightest gold.
- 9 As they were walking along the sea-side,  
Where his gallant ship lay in,  
So ready was the chair of gold  
To welcome this lady in.
- 10 They had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but scarcely three,  
Till altered grew his countenance,  
And raging grew the sea.
- 11 When they came to yon sea-side,  
She set her down to rest;  
It's then she spied his cloven foot,  
Most bitterly she wept.
- 12 'O is it for gold that you do weep?  
Or is it for fear?  
Or is it for the man you left behind  
When that you did come here?'
- 13 'It is not for gold that I do weep,  
O no, nor yet for fear;  
But it is for the man I left behind  
When that I did come here.
- 14 'O what a bright, bright hill is yon,  
That shines so clear to see?'  
'O it is the hill of heaven,' he said,  
'Where you shall never be.'
- 15 'O what a black, dark hill is yon,  
That looks so dark to me?'  
'O it is the hill of hell,' he said,  
'Where you and I shall be.
- 16 'Would you wish to see the fishes swim  
In the bottom of the sea,  
Or wish to see the leaves grow green  
On the banks of Italy?'
- 17 'I hope I'll never see the fishes swim  
On the bottom of the sea,  
But I hope to see the leaves grow green  
On the banks of Italy.'
- 18 He took her up to the topmast high,  
To see what she could see;  
He sunk the ship in a flash of fire,  
To the bottom of the sea.

## F

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, fifth edition, 1812, II,  
427; taken down from the recitation of Walter Grieve by  
William Laidlaw.

- 1 'O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,  
This long seven years and mair?'  
'O I'm come to seek my former vows  
Ye granted me before.'
- 2 'O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For they will breed sad strife;  
O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For I am become a wife.'
- 3 He turned him right and round about,  
And the tear blinded his ee:

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'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,  
If it had not been for thee.

- 4 'I might hae had a king's daughter,  
Far, far beyond the sea;  
I might have had a king's daughter,  
Had it not been for love o thee.'
- 5 'If ye might have had a king's daughter,  
Yer sel ye had to blame;  
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,  
For ye kend that I was nane.
- 6 'If I was to leave my husband dear,  
And my two babes also,  
O what have you to take me to,  
If with you I should go?'

- 7 'I hae seven ships upon the sea —  
The eighth brought me to land —  
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,  
And music on every hand.'
- 8 She has taken up her two little babes,  
Kissd them baith cheek and chin:  
'O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,  
For I'll never see you again.'
- 9 She set her foot upon the ship,  
No mariners could she behold;  
But the sails were o the taffetie,  
And the masts o the beaten gold.
- 10 She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And drumlie grew his ee.
- 11 They had not saild a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
And she wept right bitterlie.
- 12 'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,  
'Of your weeping now let me be;  
I will shew you how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy.'
- 13 'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on?'  
'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,  
'Where you will never win.'
- 14 'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,  
'All so dreary wi frost and snow?'  
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,  
'Where you and I will go.'
- 15 He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,  
The fore-mast wi his knee,  
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,  
And sank her in the sea.

## G

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 93.

- 1 'I HAVE seven ships upon the sea,  
Laden with the finest gold,  
And mariners to wait us upon;  
All these you may behold.
- 2 'And I have shoes for my love's feet,  
Beaten of the purest gold,  
And lined wi the velvet soft,  
To keep my love's feet from the cold.
- 3 'O how do you love the ship?' he said,  
'Or how do you love the sea?  
And how do you love the bold mariners  
That wait upon thee and me?'
- 4 'O I do love the ship,' she said,  
'And I do love the sea;  
But woe be to the dim mariners,  
That nowhere I can see!'
- 5 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but one,  
When she began to weep and mourn,  
And to think on her little wee son.
- 6 'O hold your tongue, my dear,' he said,  
'And let all your weeping abee,  
For I'll soon show to you how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy.'
- 7 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but two,  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
From his gay robes sticking thro.
- 8 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but three,  
When dark, dark, grew his eerie looks,  
And raging grew the sea.
- 9 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but four,  
When the little wee ship ran round about,  
And never was seen more.

## H

Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 138; taken down by the editor's father from the singing of an aged relative.

- 1 He's given her a pair of shoes,  
To hold her frae the cold;  
The one side of them was velvaret,  
And the other beaten gold.

- 2 Up she has taen her little wee son,  
And given him kisses three;  
Says, Fare ye weel, my little wee son,  
I'm gaun to sail the sea.

B. The Rambler's Garland, composed of some Delightful New Songs. *There are four: the third is The distressed Ship Carpenter. "1785?"*

1<sup>1</sup>. my my own.

E. 3<sup>d</sup>. *Originally*, Had it not been for love of thee.

10<sup>th</sup>. *In the margin*, Till grim, grim grew.

11<sup>th</sup>. Och hone *under the line*.

14<sup>th</sup>. *Altered to*, O whatena.

15<sup>th</sup>. *Altered to*, O whatena dark. (*The original readings are likely to have been the traditional ones.*)

17<sup>th</sup>. sea.

F. *In a letter to Scott, January 3, 1803, Laidlaw gives some account of the ballad sung by Walter Grieve, and cites some verses from recollection, which, not unnaturally, differ from what he afterwards took down in writing.*

"He likewise sung part of a very beautiful ballad which I think you will not have seen. As a punishment for her inconstancy, the Devil is supposed to come and entice a young woman from her husband, in the form of her former lover. The tune is very solemn and melancholy, and the effect is mixed with a considerable proportion of horror. I remember but very few verses. He prevails upon her to go abroad [aboard?] to hear his musicians, after upbraiding her

'I might hae marrit a king's daughter, but  
I mindit my love for thee.'

"The description of her setting her child on the nurse's knee and bidding him farewell is waesome, but I have forgot it."

She set her foot into the ship, to hear the music play;  
The masts war o the beaten goud, and the sails o the silk sae gay.

They hadna saild a league thrae land, a league but barely three,  
Till drearie grew his countenance, and drum-lie grew his ee.

They hadna saild another league, another league but three,  
Till she beheld his cloven fit, and she wept most bitterlie.

'O had yer tongue, my love,' he said, 'why weep ye sae mournfulie?  
We're gaun to see how the lillies do grow on the banks o fair Italie.'

'What hills are yon, yon pleasant hills, where the sun shines [*a wafer here*]  
'O yon's the hills of heaven,' he said, 'where you will never win!'

*Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Vol. I, No 78, Abbotsford.*

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## JAMES HATLEY

A. a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 35, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 6, Abbotsford. b. 'James Hatley,' Campbell MSS, II, 289. c. 'James Hatelie,' R. Chambers, *The Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship*, p. 37.

B. 'James Hately,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 39, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 18. The same, transcribed by Thomas Wilkie, "Scotch Ballads," etc., No 79, Abbotsford.

C. 'Jamie O'Lee,' Motherwell's MS., p. 654.

A. 'SIR FENWICK' steals the king's jewels and lays the blame on James Hatley, who is condemned to death. The king's daughter steals the prison-keys from under her father's head and pays a visit to Hatley, who assures her of his innocence, and tells her that Fenwick is the man. [b, the king is angry, and says that for stealing his jewels Hatley shall die 'over the barriers:' so B.] The princess goes to her father and begs the life of Hatley, and her boon is granted without demur. She asks one thing more, that Fenwick and Hatley may try their verity at the sword, and this is unhesitatingly conceded. Hatley is but fifteen years old (he is seventeen b, eighteen c, fifteen again C), and Fenwick is thirty-three; nevertheless, Fenwick gets three wounds. An English lord intermits: he would have given all his estates rather than Hatley should escape; a Scots lord replies that he would have fought to the knees in blood before Hatley should have been hanged. (The Scots lord is wanting in b; the passage is likely to be borrowed from 'Geordie,' No 209.) The king's eldest son asks Hatley to dine, and makes him his captain by land and sea; \* the king's daughter invites him to dine, and announces that she has made a vow to marry no other man.

B. Hatley, accused of stealing the king's jewels, goes to the little prince and asks what he will do for his page; the prince goes to his father and asks what he will do for the page.

\* Justifying Thackeray's 'Little Billee.'

The king says that Hatley has stolen his jewels, so a Norland lord has informed him, and Hatley must die 'over the barriers.' The prince offers to fight any man who lays the blame on Hatley. Fenwick maintains that Hatley is the thief. The prince gives Fenwick two or three mortal wounds; Fenwick hands him the key of his coffer, and in the coffer the jewels will be found. The king invests Hatley with Fenwick's lands.

C. A false knight, Phenix, steals the queen's jewels, and leaves the blame on Jamie O'Lee. The king sends for his son and tells him that Jamie has been accused of the theft by an English lord, and shall be banished from Scotland. The prince demands a man to fight with Jamie on this charge, and false Phenix offers himself. The prince at first objects, for Jamie is but fifteen years old, whereas Phenix is of course thirty-three; however, he tells Jamie that he must fight or be banished from *England* (8, compare 14). Jamie protests his innocence. He fights with Phenix and receives the first wound, then runs Phenix through the body; Phenix owns his guilt. The king tells Jamie to come home with him; every knight in the court shall be at his command. The queen bids Jamie come home with her; he shall have a new livery every month. The prince invites Jamie to come home with him; all his lands in Scotland shall be at Jamie's command. Jamie thanks king, queen, and nobility; he has been a prince's page all his life, and a prince's page he still will be.

Lines representing B 12<sup>34</sup>, C 17<sup>34</sup>, have been interpolated into the fragment of 'The Slaughter of the Laird of Mellerstain,' No 230:

They wad take the lands frae fause Fenwick,  
And give them to James Hatley.

There is no a month in a' the year  
But chang'd should his claithing be.

## A

a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 35, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 6, Abbotsford; "from Betty Hoyl, who learned it from her mother," Gattonside. b. Campbell MSS, II, 289. c. R. Chambers, *The Romantic Scottish Ballads*, etc., 1859, p. 37; "taken down many years ago from the singing of an old man in the south of Scotland."

1 It happened once upon a time,  
When the king he was from home,  
Sir Fenwick he has stolen his jewels,  
And laid the blame on James Hatley.

2 James Hatley was in prison strong,  
A wait he was condemned to die;  
There was not one in all the court  
To speak one word for James Hatley.

3 No one but the king's daughter,  
A wait she loved him tenderlie;  
She's stolen the keys from her father's head,  
And gaed and conversed wi James Hatley.

4 'Come, tell to me now, James,' she said,  
'Come, tell to me if thou hast them stolen,  
And I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
Ye shall never be the worse of me.'

5 'I have not stolen them, lady,' he said,  
'Nor as little it was intended by me;  
Sir Fenwick he has stolen them himself;  
A wait he has laid the blame on me.'

6 'One asking, one asking, father dear,  
One asking, one asking grant to me,  
For I never asked one in my life;  
I am sure you cannot but grant it to me.'

7 'Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
Ask it, and it granted shall be;  
If it should be my hole estate,  
Naesaid, naesaid, it shall not be.'

8 'I want none of your gold, father,  
And I want none of your fee;  
All that I ask, father dear,  
It is the life of James Hatley.'

9 'Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
Weel ask it, and it answer'd shall be;  
For I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
James Hatley shall never hang'd be.'

10 'Another asking, father dear,  
Another asking grant to me;  
Let Fenwick and Hatley go [to] the sword,  
And let them try their verity.'

11 'T is weel ask'd, daughter dear,  
'T is weel asked, and it granted shall be;  
For eer the morn or twelve o'clock  
They both at the point of the sword shall be.'

12 James Hatley was fifteen years old,  
Sir Fenwick he was thirty three;  
But James lap about, and he struck about,  
Till he's gaen Sir Fenwick wounds three.

13 'Hold up, hold up, James Hatley,' he cry'd,  
'And let my breath go out and in;  
For I have stolen them myself,  
More shame and disgrace it is to me.'

14 Up and spake an English lord,  
And O but he spake haughtily!  
'I would reather given my whole estates  
Before ye had not hanged James Hatley.'

15 But up and spake a Scottish lord,  
And O but he spake boldly!  
'I would reather hae foughten among blood to  
the knees  
Before ye had hanged James Hatley.'

16 Up and spake the king's eldest son,  
 'Come hame, James Hatley, and dine wi  
 me;  
 For I've made a vow, I'll keep it true,  
 Ye's be my captain by land and by sea.'

17 Up and spake the king's daughter,  
 'Come home, James Hatley, and dine wi  
 me;  
 For I've made a vow, I'll keep it true,  
 I'll never marry a man but thee.'

## B

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 39, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 18, "as sung by Chirsty Robertson, Dunse." The same, transcribed by Thomas Wilkie, "Scotch Ballads," etc., No 79. Abbotsford.

1 It happened once upon a time,  
 When the king he was from home,  
 False Fennick he has stolen his jewels,  
 And laid the blame on James Hately.

2 The day was sett . . . . .  
 And the wind blew shill oer the lea;  
 There was not one in all the court  
 To speak a word for James Hately.

3 James is to the prince's chamber gone,  
 And he's bowd low down on his knee:  
 'What will ye do for me, my little pretty  
 prince?  
 O what will ye do for your page, James  
 Hately?'

4 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 'And I will away to my father, the king,  
 And see if your life can sav'd be.'

5 The prince he's to his father gone,  
 And he's bowed low down on his knee:  
 'What will ye do for me, my father?  
 O what will ye do for my page, James  
 Hately?'

6 'James Hately has my jewels stolen,  
 A Norland lord hath told it to me;

James Hately has my jewels stolen,  
 And oer the barras he maun die.'

7 The prince he drew his little brown sword —  
 It was made of the metal so free —  
 And he swore he would fight them man by  
 man  
 That would lay the blame on James Hately.

8 Up then spoke the false Fennick,  
 And an ill-spoken man was he;  
 'James Hately has the king's jewels stolen,  
 . . . . .'

9 The prince he drew his little brown sword —  
 It was made of the metal so free —  
 And he's thrust it in false Fennick's side,  
 And given him death-wounds two or three.

10 'O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
 And let my breath go out and in,  
 For spilling of my noble blood  
 And shaming of my noble kin.

11 'O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
 And let my breath go out and in,  
 And there's the key of my coffer,  
 And you'll find the king's jewels lying  
 therein.'

12 'If this be true,' the king he said,  
 'If this be true ye tell to me,  
 I will take your lands, false Fennick,' he said,  
 'And give them all to James Hately.'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 654; "from the recitation of the wife of Charles Drain, sow-gelder, etc., Kilmarnock."

- 1 THERE was a fause knight in the court,  
And he was fu o treacherie,  
And he staw the queen's jewels in the nicht,  
And left the wyte on Jamie O'Lee.
- 2 The king he wrate a braid letter,  
And sealed it richt tenderlie,  
And he sent it to his only son,  
To come and speak to him speedilie.
- 3 When he cam afore the king,  
He kneeled low down on his knee :  
'What is your will, my sovereign leige ?  
What is your will ? eum tell to me.'
- 4 'Jamie O'Lee has my jewels stown,  
As the English lord tells unto me,  
And out o Scotland he shall be sent,  
And sent awa to Germanie.'
- 5 'O no, O no,' then said the prince,  
'Sic things as that can never be ;  
But get me a man that will take on hand  
The morn to fecht young Jamie O'Lee.'
- 6 Syne out and spak the fause Phenix,  
And oh, he spak richt spitefullie ;  
'I am the man will tak on han  
To fecht and conquer Jamie O'Lee.'
- 7 'Oh no, oh no,' syne said the prince,  
'Sic things as that can never bee,  
For Jamie O'Lee's no fifteen years auld,  
And ye, fause Phenix, are thretty three.'
- 8 The prince he mounted then wi speed,  
He's aff wi tidings to Jamie O'Lee,  
Saying, The morn's morning ye maun fecht,  
Or out o England banisht bee.
- 9 When Jamie O'Lee the tidings heard,  
Fast the sant tear blindit his ee ;  
'I'm saikless o thae jewels,' he said,  
'As the bairn that sits on the nourice knee.'
- 10 Then Phenix munted a scaffold hie,  
A' for to shaw his veritie ;
- Whilk gart the nobles a' to cry  
'A dead man are ye, Jamie O'Lee !'
- 11 The first straik the fause Phenix gied,  
He gart the blude rin speedilie ;  
It gart the prince's heart to ache,  
And cry, Oh, alace for my Jamie O'Lee !
- 12 Jamie O'Lee he stepped back,  
Waiting for opportunitie,  
And wi his sword baith lang and sharp  
He ran it thro Phenix fause bodie.
- 13 'O hand your hand, Jamie O'Lee,' he said,  
'And let the breath remain in me,  
And skail nae mair o my noble blude,  
'T is a great disgrace to my loyaltie.'
- 14 'Confess, confess, ye fause Phenix,  
Confess your faults this day to me ;  
Were there nae mair men in a' England,  
My ain twa hands your death suld be.'
- 15 'Ye were sae great wi king and queen,  
I thocht I wuld hae banisht thee,  
And I staw the queen's jewels in the nicht,  
And left the wyte on Jamie O'Lee.'
- 16 Syne out and spak the king himsell,  
Saying, Jamie O'Lee, come hame wi me,  
And there's no a knight in a' my court  
But what at your command sall be.
- 17 Syne out and spak the queen hersell,  
Saying, Jamie O'Lee, come hame wi me,  
And there's no a month in a' the year  
But changed and brothered ye sall be.
- 18 Syne out and spak the prince himsell,  
Saying, Jamie O'Lee, come hame wi me ;  
I hae free lands in a' Scotland,  
And at your command they a' sall be.
- 19 'I thank ye, king, and I thank ye, queen,  
I thank ye a', nobilitie,  
But a prince's page I was a' my life,  
And a prince's page I yet will be.'
- 20 The king gied him a silk waistcoat,  
And it was lined wi the taffetie,  
Wi a band o gowd around his neck,  
And a prince's page he seems to be.

A. a. 1<sup>1</sup>. day written over time.

1<sup>2</sup>. from home was he?

2<sup>3</sup>, 3<sup>2</sup>, 5<sup>4</sup>. Await.

4<sup>2</sup>. *The -ee rhyme may be restored by transposing* Come tell to me, as in c (or adding said she). 7<sup>4</sup>. Nae said, nae said.

13<sup>2</sup>-13<sup>3</sup>. *Two half-stanzas are wanting here: see b, c. 16 follows 17, but see b, c.*

b. 1<sup>2</sup>. king was from home but lately.

1<sup>3</sup>. That Sir. 2<sup>1</sup>. was laid. 2<sup>2</sup>, 3<sup>2</sup>, 5<sup>4</sup>. I wat.

2<sup>3</sup>. And there's not a man in.

2<sup>4</sup>. Wad speak. 3<sup>1</sup>. king's fair.

3<sup>4</sup>. And went in and. 4<sup>2</sup>. if you have.

4<sup>3</sup>. vow, I'll. 5<sup>2</sup>. was it. 5<sup>4</sup>. And I wat he's.

After 5:

\* \* \* \* \*

Up then spak the king himsel,

And an angry man I wot was he:

'For stealin o my jewels rare,'

Hatlie shall oer the barriers die.'

6<sup>1,2</sup>. A boon, a boon, O.

6<sup>3</sup>. askit a boon before.

6<sup>4</sup>. And I'm sure that you will grant it me.

7<sup>1</sup>. O ask it, ask it.

7<sup>3</sup>. And gin it be the half o my estate.

7<sup>4</sup>. Granted sal it be to thee.

8. 'O grant me this favour, father dear,

O grant this favour unto me,

For I never ask'd favour before;

O spare the life of James Hatlie!'

9. *Wanting.*

10<sup>3</sup>. Let Hatley and Fenwick go to.

11<sup>1</sup>. Well ask'd, well ask'd. 11<sup>2</sup>. Well asked.

11<sup>3</sup>. Before the morn at.

12<sup>1</sup>. he was seventeen.

12<sup>3</sup>. But *wanting*: strak. 12<sup>4</sup>. gien.

13<sup>1</sup>. he said. *Between 13<sup>2</sup> and 13<sup>3</sup>:*

'For this is spillin of noble blude,  
And shamein of my noble kin.

'Hold up, hold up,' Sir Fenwick he said,  
'Hold up, and ye sal justified be;'

13<sup>3</sup>. stolen the jewels myself.

14<sup>1</sup>. Up then spake a southern.

14<sup>3</sup>. rather have given the half o my land.

14<sup>4</sup>. Before James Hatlie should not hanged  
be. 15. *Wanting.*

16, 17. *The son speaks before the daughter.*

16<sup>1</sup>, 17<sup>1</sup>. Up then.

16<sup>3</sup>. For from this hour receive this dower.

16<sup>4</sup>. Ye sal be.

17<sup>3,4</sup>. For ere the sun gae down this night, O  
there's my hand, I'll marry thee.

c. 1<sup>1</sup>. It fell upon a certain day.

1<sup>2</sup>. from home he chanced to be.

1<sup>3</sup>. The king's jewels they were stolen all.

1<sup>4</sup>. And they.

2<sup>1</sup>. And he is into prison cast.

2<sup>2</sup>. And I wat he is.

2<sup>3</sup>. For there was not a man. 2<sup>4</sup>. speak a.

3. But the king's eldest daughter she loved  
him well,

But known her love it might not be;

And she has stolen the prison-keys,

And gane in and discoursed wi James

Hatlie.

4<sup>1</sup>. Oh, did you steal them, James.

4<sup>2</sup>. Oh, did not you steal them? come tell to  
me.

4<sup>3</sup>. For I'll. 4<sup>4</sup>. You's.

5<sup>1</sup>. I did not steal them, James.

5<sup>2</sup>. And neither was it.

5<sup>3</sup>. For the English they stole them themselves.

5<sup>4</sup>. And I wat they've.

6<sup>1,2</sup>. Now she has hame to her father gane,

And bowed her low down on her knee;

'I ask, I ask, I ask, father,' she said,

'I ask, I ask a boon of thee.'

6<sup>3</sup>. For *wanting*.

6<sup>4</sup>. And one of them you must grant to me.

7<sup>1,2</sup>. Ask on, ask on, daughter, he said, And  
aye weel answered ye shall be.

7<sup>3</sup>. For if it were my whole.

7<sup>4</sup>. you shall.

8<sup>1</sup>. I ask. 8<sup>2</sup>. As little of your white monie.

8<sup>3</sup>. But all the asken that I do ask.

9<sup>1</sup>. Ask on, ask on, daughter, he said.

9<sup>2</sup>. And aye weel answered ye.

9<sup>3</sup>. and keep.

9<sup>4</sup>. shall not.

10<sup>1</sup>. asken I ask, father: dear *wanting*.

10<sup>2</sup>. asken I ask of thee. 10<sup>3</sup>. go to.

11<sup>1,2</sup>. Ask on, ask on, daughter, he said, And  
aye weel answered you shall be.

11<sup>3</sup>. For before the morn at.

12<sup>1</sup>. eighteen years of age.

12<sup>2</sup>. False F. was thirty years and three.

12<sup>3</sup>. He lap: strack.

12<sup>4</sup>. And he gave false F.

13<sup>1</sup>. Oh, hold your hand, J. H., he said.

Between 13<sup>2</sup> and 13<sup>3</sup>:

‘Were it not for the spilling of my noble  
blood,  
And the shaming of my noble kin.

‘Oh, hold your hand, James Hatelie,’ he  
said,

‘Oh, hold your hand, and let me be.’

13<sup>3</sup>. For I’m the man that stole the jewels.

13<sup>4</sup>. And a: it was. 14<sup>1</sup>. Then up bespoke.

14<sup>2</sup>. I wat but he.

14<sup>3</sup>. rather have lost all my lands.

14<sup>4</sup>. they had.

15<sup>1</sup>. Then up bespoke a good Scotch.

15<sup>2</sup>. I wat a good Scotch lord was he.

15<sup>3</sup>. to the knees in blood. 15<sup>4</sup>. Than they.

16, 17. *The son speaks before the daughter.*

16<sup>1</sup>, 17<sup>1</sup>. Then up bespoke. 16<sup>2</sup>, 17<sup>2</sup>. Come in.

16<sup>3</sup>, 17<sup>3</sup>. I’ll make: and I’ll.

16<sup>4</sup>. You’s: and sea. 17<sup>1</sup>. king’s eldest.

B. *The copy transcribed by Wilkie has been edited a little. 2<sup>1,2</sup>, originally written in one line, are rightly divided as here; 2<sup>3,4</sup> are made the concluding half of another stanza.*

2<sup>4</sup>. Would speak one. 3<sup>1</sup>. James he.

3<sup>4</sup>. O omitted. 4<sup>3</sup>. And omitted.

5<sup>1</sup>. prince is: father’s chamber. 6<sup>2</sup>. to omitted.

9<sup>2</sup>. That hung low down by his knee.

9<sup>3</sup>. it wanting. 9<sup>4</sup>. Then gave him.

11 is put before 10, and 10<sup>1,2</sup> omitted.

11<sup>4</sup>. king’s laying (careless copying).

12<sup>3</sup>. false omitted.

*Wilkie notes (No 39) that he had “heard this sung also by a shepherd on Soltra hill,” but it is not likely that these variations were derived from the shepherd.*

C. 9<sup>1</sup>. When Johnie. 14<sup>3</sup>. War for Were originally. 17<sup>4</sup>. brothered in the MS.

## 245

### YOUNG ALLAN

A. Skene MS., p. 33.

B. ‘Young Allan,’ Buchan’s MSS, II, 182.

C. ‘Young Allan,’ Buchan’s Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 11.

D. ‘Young Allan,’ Murison MS., p. 117.

E. ‘Earl Patrick,’ Kinloch MSS, V, 395.

THE copy in Christie’s Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 252, is abridged from C, with half a dozen arbitrary and insignificant changes.

Skippers (lords) of Lothain, A, of Scarsburgh, C, of Aberdeen, D, are bragging over their drink: some, absurdly enough, of their hawks and hounds, A–C, some of their ladies, young Allan of his ship, which will outsail all

\* Five are named in C 3, 4, but that is too many to allow. Probably two versions may have been combined here. B has only the three mentioned in C 4; the three of A 3 are repeated in A 9; and there are three only in E 7–9. The

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others but three.\* A boy in A, C, says that his master has a boat (it is a coal-carrier in C) which will take the wind from him. A wager is laid, A, B, C. All the rest go to drinking, ‘to the tows,’ but Allan to his prayers, C 8. They sail; there is a terrible storm, in the course of which the three competitors are ‘rent in nine,’ A 9, or two of them Black Burgess of C 3 occurs in A 3, and ‘the smack calld (caud) Twine’ of C 3 looks like a corruption of ‘the small (sma’) Cordvine.’

sink, and the topmast of the third 'gaes in nine,' E 7-9.

In A they have sailed only a few leagues, when Allan's ship is so racked by the storm that they see water through her sides. At this point, especially in A, Allan's seamanship appears to very little advantage; he is more of a fair-weather yachtsman than of a skeely skipper. If he could get a bonny boy to take the helm and bring the ship in safe, the boy should have a liberal share of his gold and land, and a daughter Ann besides, whom one is surprised that Young Allan should have to offer. In A and D the bonny boy evidently takes command of the ship, although in A 18 the sailors ascribe their safety, under God, to their good master. The ballad indeed suffers almost as grievously as the comely cog.

In B-E Allan calls for a bonny boy to take the helm while he goes to the masthead to look for land. In D he makes the same promises as in A, but the bonny boy cares only for Ann. In B, C the bonny boy suggests that Allan should waken his drunken men, for whom good thick shoes had been bought, though none had been given him. But in all the boy takes the helm, and in fact keeps it till the ship is in. Allan, at the masthead, can see neither day nor landmark; many feather-beds are floating on the water, B, C. The boy calls his master down; the sea can be seen through the ship's sides, B-E.

Orders are given, by the boy or by Allan (by the boy certainly in D, and by Allan in E), to take feather-beds and canvas and lay, busk, or wrap the ship round; pitch and tar are also recommended in B, C. This done, Allan addresses the ship: Spring up, and gold shall be your hire, A; Haste to dry land, and every nail that is in you shall be a gold pin, B; For every iron nail in you, of gold there shall be ten, C; in D, indirectly, Where she wants an iron nail drive in a silver pin, and where

she wants an oaken bolt beat in the gold, and the like in E. When the ship hears this, she springs from the water like sparks from the fire, A-C.

The first shore they come to is Troup, B, Howdoloote, C, Linn, D, E. The ship is kept off with cannon, B, C, with spears and bayonets, D; is towed in (wrongly), E. The next shore they come to is Lee, B, E, Howdilee, C, wanting in D; 'they bare her to the sea,' C, 'they turned their ship about,' D, the ship is towed in (wrongly), B, E. The third shore they come to is Lin, B, Howdilin, C, Aberdeen, D; the ship is towed in (welcomed), with drums beating and pipes playing, B, C, D.

Allan calls for the bonny boy that brought the ship safe in, that took the helm in hand, and offers him gold, land, and his daughter; the boy rejects gold and land, and takes the daughter, A, D; Allan makes over to the boy his comely cog and gives him his daughter, B; gives him his daughter, C.

Five-and-forty ships, A, three-and-fifty, C, one-and-twenty, E, went to sea, and only one came back.\*

This ballad is mixed with that of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' No 58, II, 21 ff. E 1-6 belong entirely to No 58, and K 6-10, M 1, 3, of No 58 belong to 'Young Allan.' The bonny boy is found in 58, B, C, E, G, I, J; the floating feather-beds occur in E-H, J, O, R; the sea is seen through the ship in 58, C 15, I 21; cloth is wapped into the ship's side to keep out water, H 19, 20; feather-beds and canvas (and pitch) are used as here in I 22, 23.

By far the most interesting feature in this ballad is Allan's addressing his ship and the ship's intelligent behavior, A 16, 17, B 12-15, C 21-22. Friðþjóf's ship Elliða understood and obeyed the speech of its master: Fornaldar Sögur, II, 79, 443 (cited by Bugge). Ranild's ship came to him when he blew his

\* In a note at the end of E (which he regarded as a variety of 'Sir Patrick Spens'), Burton says: "There appears to be still lurking in some part of Aberdeenshire a totally different version of this ballad, connected with the localities of the North [that is, not with Dunfermline, with which 'Young Allan' has no concern, or with Linn or Lee, which are in Outopia]. A person who remembered having heard

it said that it ends happily, with the mariners drinking the bluid-red wine at Aberdeen. It mentions Bennachie, or the Hill of Mist, a celebrated hill in Aberdeenshire, which is seen far out at sea, and seems to have guided the gallant mariner to the shore." All the copies "end happily" so far as Young Allan is concerned, and this is all that we are supposed to care for.

horn: 'Svend Ranild,' Grundtvig, No 28, I, 367 (translated by Prior, I, 286). In another Danish ballad, and one of the best, the Ox when sailed by St Olav, responds to his commands as if fully endowed with consciousness; he thwacks it in the side and over the eye, and it goes faster and faster; but it is animate

only for the nonce: 'Hellig-Olavs Væddefart,' Grundtvig, No 50, II, 134, Prior, I, 356.

The Phæacian ships have neither helmsman nor helm, and know men's minds and the way to all cities: *Odyssey*, viii, 557 ff. There is a magical self-moving ship in Marie de France's *Guigemar*, and elsewhere.

## A

Skene MS., p. 33; taken down in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 A' THE skippers of bonny Lothain,  
As they sat at the wine,  
There fell a reesin them amang,  
An it was in unhappy time.
- 2 Some o them reesd their hawks,  
An some o them their hounds,  
An some o them their ladies gay,  
Troed neatly on the ground;  
Young Allan he reesd his comely cog,  
That lay upon the strand.
- 3 'I hae as good a ship this day  
As ever sailed our seas,  
Except it be the Burges Black,  
But an the Small Cordvine,  
The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;  
We's lay that three bye in time.'
- 4 Out spak there a little boy,  
Just at Young Allan's knee:  
'Ye lie, ye lie, Young Allan,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lie.
- 5 'For my master has a little boat  
Will sail thrice as well as thine;  
For she'll gang in at your foremast,  
An gae out your fore-lee,  
An nine times in a winter night  
She'll tak the wind frae thee.'
- 6 'O what will ye wad, ye Young Allan?  
Or what will ye wad wi me?'  
'I'll wad my head against your land  
Till I get more monnie.'
- 7 They had na saild a league,  
A league but barely three,  
But through an thro the bonny ship  
They saw the green wall sea.
- 8 They had na saild a league,  
A league but barely five,  
But through an thro their bonny ship  
They saw the green well wave.
- 9 He gaed up to the topmast,  
To see what he coud see,  
And there he saw the Burgess Black,  
But an the Small Cordvine,  
The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;  
The three was rent in nine.
- 10 Young Allan grat an wrang his hands,  
An he kent na what to dee:  
'The win is loud, and the waves are proud,  
An we'll a' sink in the sea.
- 11 'But gin I coud get a bonny boy  
Wad tak my helm in han,  
That would steer my bonny ship,  
An bring her safe to land,
- 12 'He shoud get the twa part o my goud,  
The third part o my land,  
An gin we win safe to shore  
He shoud get my dochter Ann.'
- 13 'O here am I, a bonny boy  
That will tak your helm in han,  
An will steer your bonny ship  
An bring her safe to lan.
- 14 'Ye tak four-an-twenty feather-beds  
An lay the bonny ship round,  
An as much of the good canvas  
As mak her hale an soun.'
- 15 They took four-an-twenty feather-beds  
An laid the bonny ship roun,

- An as much o the good canvas  
As made her hale an soun.
- 16 'Spring up, spring up, my bonny ship,  
An goud sall be your hire!'  
Whan the bonny ship heard o that,  
That goud shoud be her hire,  
She sprang as fast frae the sat water  
As sparks do frae the fire.
- 17 'Spring up, spring up, my bonny ship,  
And goud sall be your fee!'  
Whan the bonny ship heard o that,  
That goud shoud be her fee,  
She sprang as fast frae the sat water  
As the leaf does frae the tree.
- 18 The sailors stan on the shore-side,  
Wi their auld baucheld sheen:  
'Thanks to God an our guid master  
That ever we came safe to land!'
- 19 'Whar is the bonny boy  
That took my helm in han,

That steerd my bonny ship,  
An brought her safe to lan?

- 20 'He's get the twa part o my goud,  
The third part o my lan,  
An, since we're come safe to shore,  
He's get my dochter Ann.'
- 21 'O here am I, the bonny boy  
That took your helm in han,  
That steered your bonny ship,  
An brought her safe to lan.
- 22 'I winna hae the twa part o your goud,  
Nor the third part o your lan,  
But, since we hae win safe to shore,  
I'll wed your dochter Ann.'
- 23 Forty ships went to the sea,  
Forty ships and five,  
An there never came ane o a' back,  
But Young Allan, alive.

## B

Buchan's MSS, II, 182.

- 1 THERE were four-an-twenty sailors bold  
Sat drinking at the wine;  
There fell a rousing them among,  
In an unseally time.
- 2 Some there read their hawk, their hawk,  
And some there read their hound,  
But Young Allan read his comely cog,  
As she floats on the feam.
- 3 'There's not a ship amang you a'  
Will sail alang wi me,  
But the comely cog o Heckland Hawk,  
And Flower o Germanie,  
And the Black Snake o Leve London;  
They are all gane frae me.'
- 4 The wager was a gude wager,  
Of fifty tuns of wine,  
And as much o the gude black silk  
As cleathd their lemans fine.

- 5 At midnight dark the wind up stark,  
The seas began to rout;  
Young Allan and his bonny new ship  
Gaed three times witherlins about.
- 6 'O faer will I get a bonny boy  
Will take my helm in hand  
Ere I gang up to the tapmast-head  
To look for some dry land?'
- 7 'O waken, waken your drunken men,  
As they lie drunk wi wine;  
For when ye came thro Edinburgh town  
Ye bought them shoes o ben.
- 8 'There was no shoe made for my feet,  
Nor gluve made for my hand;  
But nevertheless, my dear master,  
I'll take your helm in hand  
Till ye gae to the topmast head  
And look for some dry land.'
- 9 'I cannot see no day, no day,  
Nor no meathe can I ken;

- But mony a bonny feather-bed  
Lies floating on the faem.'
- 10 'Come down, comé down, my dear master,  
You see not what I see;  
Through an through your bonny new ship  
Comes in the green haw sea.'
- 11 'Take fifty ells o the canvas broad  
And wrap it in a' roun,  
And as much o good pich an tar  
Make her go hale an soun.
- 12 'Sail on, sail on, my bonny ship,  
And haste ye to dry lan,  
And every nail that is in you  
Shall be a gay gold pin.
- 13 'Sail on, sail on, my bonny ship,  
And hae me to some lan,  
And a firloft full o guineas red  
Will be dealt at the lan's end.'
- 14 The ship she hearkend to their voice  
And listend to their leed,  
And she gaed thro the green haw sea  
Like fire out o a gleed.
- 15 When the ship got word o that,  
Goud was to be her beat,
- She's flowen thro the stormy seas  
Like sparks out o a weet.
- 16 The first an shore that they came till,  
It was the shore o Troup;  
Wi cannons an great shooting there,  
They held Young Allan out.
- 17 The next an shore that they came till,  
It was the shore o Lee;  
Wi piping an sweet singing there,  
They towed Young Allan tee.
- 18 The next an shore that they came till,  
It was the shore o Lin;  
Wi drums beating and pipers playing,  
They towed Young Allan in,  
And Allan's lady she was there,  
To welcome Allan hame.
- 19 'O faer is my little boy,' he said,  
'That I brought oer the sea?'  
'I'm coming, master, running, master,  
At your command shall be.'
- 20 'O take to you my comely cog,  
And wed my daughter free,  
And a' for this ae night's wark  
That ye did wake wi me.'

## C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 11.

- 1 ALL the skippers o Scarsburgh  
Sat drinking at the wine;  
There fell a rousing them amang,  
On an unseally time.
- 2 Some there rousd their hawk, their hawk,  
And some there rousd their hound,  
But Young Allan rousd his comely cog,  
As she stood on dry ground.
- 3 'There's nae a ship in Scarsburgh  
Will sail the seas wi mine,  
Except it be the Burgess Black,  
Or than the smack calld Twine.
- 4 'There's nae a ship amang you a'  
Will sail alang wi me,  
But the comely cog o Hecklandhawk,  
And Flower o Yermanie,  
And the Black Snake o Leve London;  
They are a' gane frae me.'
- 5 Out it speaks a little wee boy  
Stood by Young Allan's knee;  
'My master has a coal-carrier  
Will take the wind frae thee.
- 6 'She will gae out under the leaf,  
Come in under the lee,  
And nine times in a winter night  
She'll turn the wind wi thee.'

- 7 When they had wagherd them amang  
Full fifty tuns o wine,  
Besides as mickle gude black silk  
As clathe their lemans fine,
- 8 When all the rest went to the tows,  
All the whole night to stay,  
Young Allan he went to his bower,  
There with his God to pray.
- 9 'There shall nae man gang to my ship  
Till I say mass and dine,  
And take my leave o my lady;  
Gae to my bonny ship syne.'
- 10 Then they saild east on Saturday,  
On Sunday saild west;  
Likewise they sailed on Mononday  
Till twelve, when they did rest.
- 11 At midnight dark the wind up stark,  
And seas began to rout,  
Till Allan and his bonny new ship  
Gaed three times witherlands about.
- 12 'O,' sighing says the Young Allan,  
'I fear a deadly storm;  
For mony a heaving sinking sea  
Strikes sair on my ship's stern.
- 13 'Where will I get a little wee boy  
Will take my helm in hand  
Till I gang up to my tapmast  
And see for some dry land?'
- 14 'O waken, waken your drunken men,  
As they lye drunk wi wine;  
For when ye came thro Edinbro town  
Ye bought them sheen o ben.
- 15 'There was nae shoe made for my foot,  
Nor gluve made for my hand;  
But nevertheless, my dear master,  
I'll take your helm in hand  
Till ye gang to the tall tapmast  
And look for some dry land.
- 16 'And here am I, a little wee boy  
Will take your helm in han  
Till ye gang up to your tapmast,  
But, master, stay not lang.'
- 17 'I cannot see nae day, nae day,  
Nor nae meathe can I ken;  
But mony a bonny feather-bed  
Lyes floating on the faem,  
And the comely cog o Normanshore,  
She never will gang hame.'
- 18 The comely cog o Nicklingame  
Came sailing by his hand;  
Says, Gae down, gae down, ye gude skipper,  
Your ship sails on the sand.
- 19 'Come down, come down, my gude master,  
Ye see not what I see;  
For thro and thro our comely cog  
I see the green haw sea.'
- 20 'Take fifty ells o gude canvas  
And wrap the ship a' round;  
And pick her weell, and spare her not,  
And make her hale and sound.
- 21 'If ye will sail, my bonny ship,  
Till we come to dry land,  
For ilka iron nail in you,  
Of gowd there shall be ten.'
- 22 The ship she listend all the while,  
And, hearing of her hire,  
She flew as swift threw the saut sea  
As sparks do frae the fire.
- 23 The first an shore that they came till,  
They ca'd it Howdoloot;  
Wi drums beating and cannons shouting,  
They held our gude ship out.
- 24 The next an shore that they came till,  
They ca'd it Howdilee;  
Wi drums beating and fifes playing,  
They bare her to the sea.
- 25 The third an shore that they came till,  
They ca'd it Howdilin;  
Wi drums beating and pipes playing,  
They towd our gude ship in.
- 26 The sailors walkd upon the shore,  
Wi their auld baucheld sheen,  
And thanked God and their Lady,  
That brought them safe again.

27 'For we went out o Scarsburgh  
Wi fifty ships and three;  
But nane o them came back again  
But Young Allan, ye see.'

28 'Come down, come down, my little wee boy,  
Till I pay you your fee;  
I hae but only ae daughter,  
And wedded to her ye 'se be.'

## D

Murison MS., p. 117; learned by Mrs Murison from her mother, Old Deer, Aberdeenshire.

1 THERE was three lords sat drinkin wine  
In bonnie Aberdeen, [O]  
. . . . .

2 Some o them talked o their merchandise,  
An some o their ladies fine, [O]  
But Young Allan he talked o his bonnie ship,  
That cost him mony a poun.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'Whar will I get a bonnie wee boy  
That'll tak my helm in han, O  
Till I gang up to my high topmast  
An look oot for some dry lan?

4 'He'll get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,  
An the third pairt o my lan,  
An gin he row me safe on shore  
He shall hae my daughter Ann.'

5 'O here am I, a bonny wee boy  
That'll tak your helm in han  
Till ye gang up to your high topmast  
An look oot for some dry lan.

6 'I'll nae seek your gowd, nor I'll nae seek  
your gear,  
Nor the third pairt o your lan,  
But gin I row you safe to shore  
I shall hae your daughter Ann.

7 'Come doon, come doon, Young Allan,' he  
cries,  
'Ye see nae what I see;  
For through an through your bonnie ship-side  
An I see the open sea.

8 'Ye'll tak twenty-four o your feather-beds,  
Ye'll busk your bonnie ship roon,

An as much o the guid canvas-claith  
As gar her gang hale an soun.

9 'An whar ye want an iron bolt  
Ye'll ca a siller pin,  
An whar ye want an oaken bolt  
Ye'll beat the yellow gold in.'

10 He's taen twenty-four o his feather-beds  
An buskit's bonnie ship roon,  
An as much o the guid canvas-claith  
As gar her gang hale an soun.

11 An whar he's wantit an iron bolt  
He's ca'd a siller pin,  
An whar he's wantit an oaken bolt  
He's beat the yellow gold in.

12 The firstan shore that they cam till,  
It was the shore o Linn;  
They held their spears an beenits oot,  
An they wouldna lat Allan in.

13 The neistan shore that they cam till  
It was the shore o . . . ;  
. . . . .  
An they turned their ship aboot.

14 But the neistan shore that they cam till,  
'T was bonnie Aberdeen;  
The fifes an drums they a' did play,  
To welcome Allan in.

15 'O where is he, the bonnie wee boy  
That took my helm in han  
Till I gied up to my high topmast  
An lookd oot for some dry lan?

16 'He's get half o my gowd, an half o my  
gear,  
An the third pairt o my lan,  
An since he's rowt me safe to shore  
He sall hae my daughter Ann.'

17 'O here am I, the bonnie wee boy  
That took your helm in han  
Till ye gied up to your high topmast  
An lookd oot for some dry lan.

18 'I'll nae seek half o your good, nor half o your  
gear,  
Nor the third pairt o your lan,  
But since I've rowt you safe to shore  
I sall hae your daughter Ann.'

## E

Kinloch MSS, V, 395; in the handwriting of John Hill  
Burton, when a youth.

1 THE king he sits in Dumfermline,  
Birlin at the wine,  
And callin for the best skipper  
That ever sailed the faem.

2 Then out it spak a bonny boy,  
Sat at the king's right knee;  
'Earl Patrick is the best skipper  
That ever sailed the sea.'

3 The king he wrote a braed letter,  
And sealed it wi his ring,  
And sent it to Earl Patrick,  
. . . . .

4 'Oh wha is this, or wha is that,  
Has tald the king o me?  
For I was niver a gude mariner,  
And niver sailed the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

5 'Ye'll eat and drink, my merry young men,  
The red wine you amang,  
For blaw it wind, or blaw it sleet,  
Our ship maun sail the morn.

6 'Late yestreen I saw the new meen  
Wi the auld meen in hir arm,'  
And sichand said him Earl Patrick,  
'I fear a deadly storm.'

7 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
Thro mony a stormy stream,  
Till they saw the Dam o Micklengaem,  
When she sank amang the faem.

8 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
Thro many a stormy stream,  
Till they saw the Duke o Normandy,  
And she sank among the faem.

9 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
Thro many a stormy stream,  
Till they saw the Black Shater o Leve London,  
And her topmast gaed in nine.

10 'Where will I get a bonny boy  
That will tack my helm in hand  
Till I gang up to my topmast,  
And spy for some dry land?'

11 'Now here am I, a bonny boy  
Will tack yer helm in hand  
Till ye go up to your topmast  
But I fear ye'll never see land.'

12 'Cum down, cum down, my gude master,  
Ye see not what I see,  
For through and through yer bonny ship  
I see the raging sea.'

13 'Ye'll tak four-and-twenty fether-beds  
And lay my bonny ship roun,  
And as muckle o the fine canvas  
As make her hail and soun.

14 'And where she wants an iron nail  
O silver she's hae three,  
And where she wants a timmer-pin  
We'll rap the red goud in.'

\* \* \* \* \*

15 The firsten shore that they cam till,  
'They cad it shore the Linn;  
Wi heart and hand and good command,  
They towed their bonny ship in.

16 The nexten shore that they came till,  
They caad it shore the Lee;  
With heart and hand and good command,  
They towed the bonny ship tee.

17 There was twenty ships gaed to the sea,  
Twenty ships and ane,  
And there was na ane came back again  
But Earl Patrick alane.

A. 18<sup>2</sup>. ill buckled *corruptly for the auld baucheld*  
of C 26 (baucheld = down at the heels).

B. 2<sup>2</sup>. hind.

3<sup>5</sup>. snakes o Leveland den; and snakes o Levelanden, C 4<sup>5</sup>. *I have not found snake, for ship, in late English, but the A. S. snacc = Icelandic snekkja, a fast ship, may well have come down. For Leve London see E 9<sup>3</sup>.*

11<sup>4</sup>. *We should perhaps read As make; cf. A 14<sup>4</sup>, D 8<sup>4</sup>.*

C. 4<sup>5</sup>. black snakes o Levelanden.

D. *After 2.* "A long, long gap, that I have got

nobody to fill up. I learned it from my mother, but she has quite forgotten it."

9<sup>1</sup>. whar he.

13<sup>3</sup>. *Remark:* "Not let land here either."

17<sup>3</sup>. to yon, or you.

*O is added at the end of every second line.*

E. 6<sup>3</sup>. sich and.

9<sup>3</sup>. shater. Cf. B 3<sup>5</sup>, C 4<sup>5</sup>, where the texts have snakes (corrected here to snake). The writer of E had begun the word with something different from sh, but with what I cannot make out.

11<sup>4</sup>. fear. 14<sup>1</sup>. when or wher.

## 246

## REDESDALE AND WISE WILLIAM

A. 'Reedisdale and Wise William,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 70; Motherwell's MS., p. 452; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 298.

B. 'Rouesdales,' Harris MS., fol. 14 b.

C. Kinloch MSS, V, 423, two stanzas.

REDESDALE boasts to William that he can win any woman with a blink of his eye. William has a sister who, he maintains, is not to be had so easily. A wager is laid, William's head against Redesdale's lands. William is shut up to prevent his warning his sister, but sends her a letter by a carrier-bird. Redesdale rides to the maiden's bower, and, seeing her at the window, tries to induce her to come down by a series of offers of silk-gowns, jewels, etc. His offers proving bootless, he threat-

ens to fire the house, and does so. The maid and her women don wet mantles and pass the reek and flame unhurt. She sends word to her brother, who claims Redesdale's lands.

A 1, 2, 5 are substantially a repetition of No 245, A 1, 2<sup>14</sup>, 6, etc. The sharp shower in B 16-18, which puts out, and does not put out, the fire, is an inept interpolation.

This ballad may be an offshoot from a widely spread story which is tediously told further on in 'Twa Knights.'

## A

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 70; written down from memory by Mr Nicol, Strichen, as learned in his earlier years from old people.

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## 1 WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William

Were drinking at the wine,  
There fell a roosing them amang,  
On an unruly time.

- 2 For some o them hae roosd their hawks,  
And other some their hounds,  
And other some their ladies fair,  
And their bowers whare they walkd in.
- 3 When out it spake him Reedisdale,  
And a rash word spake he ;  
Says, There is not a lady fair,  
In bower wherever she be,  
But I could aye her favour win  
Wi ae blink o my ee.
- 4 Then out it spake him Wise William,  
And a rash word spake he ;  
Says, I have a sister of my own,  
In bower where ever she be,  
And ye will not her favour win  
With three blinks of your ee.
- 5 'What will ye wager, Wise William ?  
My lands I 'll wad with thee ;'  
'I 'll wad my head against your land,  
Till I get more monie.'
- 6 Then Reedisdale took Wise William,  
Laid him in prison strang,  
That he might neither gang nor ride,  
Nor ae word to her send.
- 7 But he has written a braid letter,  
Between the night and day,  
And sent it to his own sister  
By dun feather and gray.
- 8 When she had read Wise William's letter,  
She smil'd and she leugh ;  
Said, Very well, my dear brother,  
Of this I have eneuch.
- 9 She looked out at her west window  
To see what she could see,  
And there she spied him Reedisdale  
Come riding ower the lea.
- 10 Says, Come to me, my maidens all,  
Come hitherward to me ;  
For here it comes him Reedisdale,  
Who comes a-courting me.
- 11 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you give me ;'  
'Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you will not see.'
- 12 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you give me ;  
And bonny are the gowns of silk  
That I will give to thee.'
- 13 'If you have bonny gowns of silk,  
O mine is bonny tee ;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'
- 14 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I 'll see ;  
And bonny jewels, brooches and rings  
I will give unto thee.'
- 15 'If you have bonny brooches and rings,  
O mine are bonny tee ;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'
- 16 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
One sight of you I 'll see ;  
And bonny are the ha's and bowers  
That I will give to thee.'
- 17 'If you have bonny ha's and bowers,  
O mine are bonny tee ;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'
- 18 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I 'll see ;  
And bonny are my lands so broad  
That I will give to thee.'
- 19 'If you have bonny lands so broad,  
O mine are bonny tee ;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me ye will not see.'
- 20 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I 'll see ;  
And bonny are the bags of gold  
That I will give to thee.'
- 21 'If you have bonny bags of gold,  
I have bags of the same ;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For down I will not come.'
- 22 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
One sight of you I 'll see ;

- Or else I'll set your house on fire,  
If better cannot be.'
- 23 Then he has set the house on fire,  
And all the rest it tuke;  
He turned his wight horse head about,  
Said, Alas, they 'll ne'er get out!
- 24 'Look out, look out, my maidens fair,  
And see what I do see,  
How Reedisdale has fired our house,  
And now rides oer the lea.
- 25 'Come hitherwards, my maidens fair,  
Come hither unto me;  
For thro this reek, and thro this smeek,  
O thro it we must be!'
- 26 They took wet mantles them about,  
Their coffers by the band,  
And thro the reek, and thro the flame,  
Alive they all have wan.
- 27 When they had got out thro the fire,  
And able all to stand,  
She sent a maid to Wise William,  
To bruik Reedisdale's land.
- 28 'Your lands is mine now, Reedisdale,  
For I have won them free;  
'If there is a gude woman in the world,  
Your one sister is she.'

## B

Harris MS., fol. 14 b; from Mrs Harris.

- 1 ROUESDALES an Clerk William  
Sat birlin at the wine,  
An a' the talk was them atween  
Was aboot the ladies fine, fine,  
Was aboot the ladies fine.
- 2 Says Roudesdales to Clerk William,  
I'll wad my lands wi thee,  
I'll wad my lands against thy head,  
An that is what I'll dee,
- 3 'That there's no a leddy in a' the land,  
That's fair, baith ee an bree,  
That I winna wed withoot courtin,  
Wi ae blink o my ee.'
- 4 Says William, I've an ae sister,  
She's fair, baith ee an bree;  
An you'll no wed her withoot courtin,  
Wi ae blink o your ee.'
- 5 He has wrote a broad letter,  
Between the nicht an the day,  
An sent it to his ae sister  
Wi the white feather an the gray.
- 6 The firsten line she luekit on,  
A licht lauchter gae she;
- But eer she read it to the end  
The tear blindit her ee.
- 7 'Oh wae betide my ae brither,  
Wald wad his head for me,  
. . . . .'
- 8 Roudesdales to her bour has gane,  
An rade it round aboot,  
An there he saw that fair ladie,  
At a window lookin oot.
- 9 'Come doon, come doon, you fair ladie,  
Ae sicht o you to see;  
For the rings are o the goud sae ried  
That I will gie to thee.'
- 10 'If yours are o the goud sae ried,  
Mine's o the silver clear;  
So get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
For you sall no be here.'
- 11 'Come doon, come doon, you lady fair,  
Ae sight o you to see;  
For the gouns are o the silk sae fine  
That I will gie to thee.'
- 12 'If yours are o the silk sae fine,  
Mine's o the bonnie broun;

- Sa get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
For I will no come doon.'
- 13 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,  
Ae sicht o you to see ;  
For the steeds are o the milk sae white  
That I will gie to thee.'
- 14 'If yours are o the milk sae white,  
Mine's o the bonnie broun ;  
Sae get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
For I will no come doon.'
- 15 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,  
Ae sight o you to see ;  
Or I will set your bour on fire  
Atween your nurse an thee.'
- 16 'You may set my bowr on fire,  
As I doubt na you will dee,
- But there 'I come a sharp shour frae the  
wast  
Will slocken 't speedilie.'
- 17 He has set her bour on fire,  
An quickly it did flame ;  
But there cam a sharp shour frae the wast  
That put it oot again.
- 18 Oot amang the fire an smoke  
That bonnie lady cam,  
Wi as muckle goud aboon her bree  
As wald bocht an earldom.
- 19 'Oh wae betide you, ill woman,  
An ill, ill died may you dee !  
For ye hae won your brither's head,  
An I go landless free.'

## O

Kinloch MSS, V, 423.

- 1 REDESDALE and Clerk William  
Sat drinking at the wine ;  
They hae fawn a waging them atween  
At a wanhappy time.

- 2 'What will ye wad,' says Redesdale,  
'O what will ye wad wi me  
That there's na a lady in a' the land  
But I wad win wi ae blink o my ee ?'

A. *There are some very trivial variations from  
Buchan's text in Motherwell's copies ;  
mostly is, with a plural subject, Scottice,  
for are. Motherwell received the ballad*

*from Buchan, and was much in the way  
of making small betterments.*  
B. *Air, 'Johnnie Brod.' 4<sup>1</sup>. o her.  
5<sup>2</sup>. Perhaps necht. 6<sup>2</sup>. Perhaps leih.*

## 247

## LADY ELSPAT

'Lady Elspat.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 19.  
Printed in Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 191. b.

"Scottish Songs," MS., fol. 30, Abbotsford Library,  
N. 3, in the handwriting of Walter Scott, about 1795.

THIS ballad was No 10 of the fifteen of Mrs Brown's which were obtained by William Tytler from Professor Thomas Gordon in 1783: Anderson to Percy, December 29, 1800, in Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 177, where the first stanza (of twelve) is cited. These transcripts were accompanied with the airs. In b, which is now ascertained to be in the handwriting of Walter Scott,\* there is a mawkish stanza after 4, and another after 9, which do not occur in a, and many verbal variations. These two stanzas are not likely to have been inserted by Scott, for, so far as we know, the ballad has been preserved only by Mrs Brown. As for the other variations, we are not in a condition to say which are Mrs Brown's, which Scott's.

An appointment for an elopement made by Lady Elspat with Sweet William is revealed

to her mother by an eavesdropping page. William is bound with his own bow-string and brought before the Lord Justice. The mother accuses him of stealing her jewels; Lady Elspat denies this, and says that his only crime is too small an estate. The judge sees no fault in the young man (whom he discovers to be his sister's son!), hands him over to Lady Elspat, and promises the pair as much land as a valuable horse of his can ride about in a summer's day.

Truly not impressive in story or style, and very fit to have been forgotten by Mrs Brown.

Translated from Jamieson by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 196, No 30; by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, p. 118, No 26; by Loève-Weimars, p. 337.

1 'How brent's your brow, my Lady Elspat!  
How golden yellow is your hair!  
Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair.'

2 'Perform your vows, Sweet William,' she says,  
'The vows which ye ha made to me,  
An at the back o my mother's castle  
This night I'll surely meet wi thee.'

3 But wae be to her brother's page,  
Who heard the words this twa did say!  
He's told them to her lady mother,  
Who wrought Sweet William mieckle wae.

4 For she has taen him Sweet William,  
An she's gard bind him wi his bow-string  
Till the red bluide o his fair body  
Frae ilka nail o his hand did spring.

\* Mr Macmath informs me that all the traditional pieces in "Scottish Songs" are in the hand of Scott, of about 1795. At folio 11 (the top part of which has been torn away), Scott says: "These ballads are all in the Northern dialect, but I recollect several of them as recited in the south of Scotland divested of their Norlandisms, and also varying

considerably in other respects. In a few instances where my memory served me, I have adopted either additional verses or better readings than those in Mr Tytler's collection. Such variations can excite no reasonable surprise in any species of composition which owes preservation to oral tradition only."

- 5 O it fell once upon a time  
That the Lord Justice came to town;  
Out has she taen him Sweet William,  
Brought him before Lord Justice boun.
- 6 'An what is the crime, now, madame,' he says,  
'Has been committed by this young man?'  
'O he has broken my bonny castel,  
That was well biggit wi lime an stane.
- 7 'An he has broken my bonny coffers,  
That was well banded wi aiken ban,  
An he has stoln my rich jewels;  
I wot he has them every one.'
- 8 Then out it spake her Lady Elspat,  
As she sat by Lord Justice knee;  
'Now ye hae taul your tale, mother,  
I pray, Lord Justice, you 'l now hear me.
- 9 'He has na broken her bonny castel,  
That was well biggit wi lime an stane,
- Nor has he stoln her rich jewels,  
For I wot she has them every one.
- 10 'But tho he was my first true love,  
An tho I had sworn to be his bride,  
Cause he had not a great estate,  
She would this way our loves divide.'
- 11 An out it spake the Lord Justice,  
I wot the tear was in his ee;  
'I see nae fault in this young man,  
Sae loose his bans, an set him free.
- 12 'Take back your love, now, Lady Elspat,  
An my best blessing you baith upon!  
For gin he be your first true love,  
He is my eldest sister's son.
- 13 'There is a steed in my stable  
Cost me baith gold and white money;  
Ye 's get as mieckle o my free lan  
As he 'll ride about in a summer's day.'

- a. 3<sup>1</sup>. to our. 5<sup>2</sup>. has he.  
b. 1<sup>2</sup>. maids in. 2<sup>1</sup>. said.  
3<sup>1,2</sup>. And this beheard her mother's foot-page,  
Who listed the words thae twa.  
3<sup>2</sup>. He tauld them ower to.  
4<sup>2</sup>. Gart bind: his ain. 4<sup>4</sup>. hands.  
After 4:

They threw him into dungeon-keep;  
Full little he reckd the pain;  
But sair he mournd each springing hope  
That was blasted a' sae sune.

- 5<sup>1</sup>. fell out. 5<sup>2</sup>. That *wanting*.  
5<sup>2</sup>. And they hae.  
5<sup>4</sup>. him to thole a deadly doom.  
6<sup>2,4</sup>. For gin I judge frae his gentle look I  
think he is where he should na stand.  
7. 'Yet has he broken my highest towr,  
Was bigged strong wi stane and lime,  
And stolen forth my rich jewels  
Frae my coffer bound wi aiken beam.'

- 8<sup>1</sup>. out and spak sweet.  
8<sup>2</sup>. sat near hir mother's.  
8<sup>2</sup>. hae ye tauld.  
8<sup>4</sup>. Justice, hear you.  
9<sup>1,2</sup>. has not broken her highest towr, Was  
bigged strong wi stane and lime.  
9<sup>4</sup>. ane. After 9:

'Yet has he stolen a dearer pledge,  
Not frae my mother, but frae me;  
For he has stolen a virgin's heart  
Should have waited for ane o high degree.'

- 10<sup>1</sup>. first fair.  
11<sup>1</sup>. Then out and spake the good.  
11<sup>2</sup>. nae harm.  
11<sup>4</sup>. his hands.  
12<sup>1</sup>. love, sweet Lady.  
12<sup>2</sup>. first fair.  
13. *Wanting, and probably also in W. Tyt-  
ler's copy.*

## 248

## THE GREY COCK, OR, SAW YOU MY FATHER?

a. 'The Grey Cock,' Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 324; Herd's *MSS*, I, 4; Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, 208. b.

'Saw you my father?' Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 731.

STANZAS 1, 4, 6, 7, are printed in Herd, 1769; the three others are among the "Additions to songs in the former volume" [of 1769], at the beginning of the first volume of the *MS.*; the whole is given in Herd, 1776.

Repeated from Herd, 1776 (with a change or two) in Pinkerton's *Select Scottish Ballads* II, 155, 1783, and in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 77, No 76, 1787, 'O saw ye my father?' Stenhouse had not found the verses in any collection prior to that of Herd, but asserts that the song had been "a great favorite in Scotland for a long time past" (1820, *Museum*, ed. 1853, IV, 81).

"This song," says Chappell, "is printed on broadsides, with the tune, and in *Vocal Music*, or the *Songster's Companion*, II, 36, second edition, 1772. This collection was printed by Robert Horsfield, in Ludgate Street, and probably the words and music will also be found in the first edition, which I have not seen." The words, he adds, are in several "Songsters."

Three stanzas from recitation, wrongly attached to 'The Broomfield Hill,' No 43, E, have been given at p. 399 of the first volume of this collection. Much of the ballad has been adopted into 'Willie's Fatal Visit,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 259, the two concluding stanzas with little change. These two stanzas are given by a correspondent\* of *Notes and Queries*, First Series, XII, 227, as heard by him in the nursery about 1787. They have been made the kernel

of a song by Allan Cunningham, impudently put forward as "the precious relique of the original," Cromeek, *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, p. 72.

The injunction to the cock is found in 'The Swain's Resolve,' Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 1827, p. 142:

She cries to the cock, saying, Thou must not crow  
Until that the day be worn,  
And thy wings shall be made of the silvery gray,  
And thy voice of the silver horn.

It is also cited in Graves's *Irish Songs and Ballads*, London, 1882, p. 249, No 50, as occurring "in a ballad descriptive of the visit of a lover's ghost to his betrothed," in which the woman, to protract the interview, says:

'O my pretty cock, O my handsome cock,  
I pray you do not crow before day,  
And your comb shall be made of the very beaten  
gold,  
And your wings of the silver so gray.'

The cock is remiss or unfaithful, again, in a little ballad picked up by Burns in Nithsdale, 'A Waukrife Minnie,' Cromeek, *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, II, 116 (of which another version is furnished by Lyle, p. 155, 'The Wakerife Mammy'):

O weary fa the waukrife cock,  
And the fowmart lay his crawin!  
He waukend the auld wife frae her sleep  
A wee blink or the dawin.

\* 'C,' safely to be identified with John Wilson Croker, says Colonel W. F. Prideaux, who, in *Notes and Queries*, VI, xii, 223, has brought together most of the matter pertaining

to this ballad. If Colonel Prideaux's supposition is well founded, 'The Grey Cock' was known in Ireland in the last century.

The first stanza of 'The Grey Cock' seems to have been suggested by 'Sweet William's Ghost' (of which the Irish ballad noted by Graves may have been a variety), as again is the case in Buchan's 'James Herries.' The fantastic reward promised the cock in stanza 6 is an imitation, or a corruption, of the bribe to the parrot in No 4, D 23, E 15, F 10, or in No 68, A 10, B 13, C 14, etc.

Of the same general description is 'Le Chant de l'Alouette,' Victor Smith, Chansons de Velay, etc., Romania, VII, 56 (see further note 6 of Smith); 'Le Rendez-vous,' Mélusine, I, 285 ff., Rolland, Recueil, etc., IV, 43,

No 196. Again, 'La Rondinella,' Kopisch, Agrumi, p. 80, 1837; 'La Visita,' Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venetien, p. 8; 'La Rondine importuna,' Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, p. 75, No 54; 'Il Furto amoroso' Gianandrea, C. p. marchigiani, p. 274; 'La Rondinella,' Archivio, VII, 401, No 6. The treacherous or troublesome bird is in French the lark, in one case the cock; in Italian the swallow.

This piece is a variety of the *aube* (concerning which species see Jeanroy, Les Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France, the third chapter), but is none the less quite modern.

1 'O SAW ye my father? or saw ye my mother?  
Or saw ye my true-love John?'  
'I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
But I saw your true-love John.

2 'It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae  
light,  
And the bells they ring ding, dang;  
He's met wi some delay that causeth him to  
stay,  
But he will be here ere lang.'

3 The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,  
And Johny's face it grew red;  
Yet, tho he often sighd, he neer a word re-  
plied  
Till all were asleep in bed.

4 Up Johny rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tirl'd the pin;

The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,  
And she opend and let him in.

5 'And are ye come at last? and do I hold ye  
fast?  
And is my Johny true?'  
'I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like  
mysell  
Sae lang will I love you.'

6 'Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,  
And craw whan it is day;  
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,  
And your wings of the silver grey.'

7 The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour oer soon;  
The lassie thought it day when she sent her  
love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon

a. 4<sup>1</sup>. MS. Then up. 5<sup>4</sup>. Ed. 1776, sall I.

b. 1<sup>1</sup>. Saw you my father? Saw you my mother.

1<sup>2</sup>. Saw you.

1<sup>3,4</sup>. He told his only dear that he soon would  
be here, But he to another is gone.

2<sup>1,2</sup> = 1<sup>3,4</sup>.

2<sup>3</sup>. has met with . . . which has caused.

2<sup>4</sup>. here anon. 3. Wanting.

4<sup>1</sup>. Then John he up arose.

4<sup>2</sup>. And he twirl'd, he twirl'd at.

4<sup>3</sup>. lassie took the hint and to the.

4<sup>4</sup>. she let her true love in. 5. Wanting.

6<sup>1</sup>. Fly up, fly up.

6<sup>2</sup>. Your breast shall be of the beaming gold.

7<sup>1</sup>. cock he. 7<sup>2</sup>. crowd an hour too soon.

7<sup>3</sup>. day, so she. 7<sup>4</sup>. it prov'd but the.

Notes and Queries, I, xii, 227: 6<sup>3</sup>. But crow  
not until it be day.

6<sup>3</sup>. And your breast shall be made of the bur-  
nish'd gold.

## 249

## AULD MATRONS

'Auld Matrons,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 238 ; Motherwell's MS., p. 585, with the title 'Love Annie.'

WILLIE tirls at Annie's bower-door and is admitted. After the exchange of familiar formulas, Willie expresses apprehension of "Matrons," an old woman who is sitting by the kitchen-fire. Annie says there is no occasion to mind the old woman ; she has not walked for seven years. But while the lovers are occupied with endearments the old woman makes speed to the sheriff, and informs him that Willie is with his daughter. The sheriff, guided by Matrons, goes to the bower, with men in mail. Annie hears the bridles ring, and wakens Willie. There is shooting of arrows and fire is set to the bower (*cf.* st. 17 and st. 33 of No 116). Willie maintains himself with spirit, but is so hard pressed that he is fain to blow his horn for his brother John, who is lying in Ringlewood. John wounds fifty and fifteen with his first shot, and with the next strikes out the sheriff's eyes. The sheriff or-

ders a retreat, and threatens, very illogically, to burn the old woman.

This piece was made by some one who had acquaintance with the first fit of 'Adam Bell.' The anonymous 'old wife' becomes 'auld Matrons;' Inglewood, Ringlewood. The conclusion is in imitation of the rescues in Robin Hood ballads. Stanzas 2-5 are hacknied commonplaces.

It is not considerate of Willie to take a foot-groom with him when he goes to pass a night at the bower of an unprovided seamstress, though the seamstress be a gentlewoman and the daughter of a sheriff. William of Cloudesly did not so. That the sheriff's unmarried daughter should be living apart from her father is unusual, but a separate establishment was probably a necessity in Kelso for a gentlewoman who had 'her living by the seam.'

1 My love she is a gentlewoman,  
Has her living by the seam ;  
I kenna how she is provided  
This night for me and my foot-groom.

2 He is gane to Annie's bower-door,  
And gently tirl'd at the pin :  
'Ye sleep, ye wake, my love Annie,  
Ye'll rise and lat your true-love in.'

3 Wi her white fingers lang and sma  
She gently lifted up the pin ;  
Wi her arms lang and bent  
She kindly caught sweet Willie in.

4 'O will ye go to cards or dice ?  
Or will ye go to play ?  
Or will ye go to a well made bed,  
And sleep a while till day ?'

5 'I winna gang to cards nor dice,  
Nor yet will I to play ;  
But I will gang to a we'll made bed,  
And sleep a while till day.

6 'My love Annie, my dear Annie,  
I would be at your desire ;  
But wae mat fa the auld Matrons,  
As she sits by the kitchen fire !'

- 7 'Keep up your heart, Willie,' she said,  
'Keep up your heart, dinna fear;  
It's seven years, and some guid mair,  
Sin her foot did file the fear.'
- 8 They hadna kissd nor love clapped,  
As lovers when they meet,  
Till up it raise the auld Matrons,  
Sae well's she spread her feet.
- 9 O wae mat fa the auld Matrons,  
Sae clever's she took the gate!  
And she's gaen ower yon lang, lang hill,  
Knockd at the sheriff's yate.
- 10 'Ye sleep, ye wake, my lord?' she said;  
'Are ye not your bower within?  
There's a knight in bed wi your daughter,  
I fear she's gotten wrang.'
- 11 'Ye'll do ye down thro Kelso town,  
Waken my wall-wight men;  
And gin ye hae your wark well dune  
I'll be there at command.'
- 12 She's done her down thro Kelso town,  
Wakend his wall-wight men;  
But gin she had her wark well done  
He was there at command.
- 13 He had his horse wi corn fodderd,  
His men armd in mail;  
He gae the Matrons half a merk  
To show them ower the hill.
- 14 Willie sleepd, but Annie waked  
Till she heard their bridles ring;  
Then tapped on her love's shoulder,  
And said, Ye've sleepit lang.
- 15 'O save me, save me, my blessed lady,  
Till I've on my shooting-gear;  
I dinna fear the king himsell,  
Tho he an's men were here.'
- 16 Then they shot in, and Willie out,  
The arrows graz'd his brow;  
The maid she wept and tore her hair,  
Says, This can never do.
- 17 Then they shot in, and he shot out,  
The bow brunt Willie's hand;  
But aye he kissd her ruby lips,  
Said, My dear, thinkna lang.
- 18 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And has blawn loud and shrill,  
And he's calld on his brother John,  
In Ringlewood he lay still.
- 19 The first an shot that Lord John shot,  
He wound fifty and fifteen;  
The next an shot that Lord John shot,  
He ca'd out the sheriff's een.
- 20 'O some o you lend me an arm,  
Some o you lend me twa;  
And they that came for strife this day,  
Take horse, ride fast awa.
- 21 'But wae mat fa yon, auld Matrons,  
An ill death mat ye die!  
I'll burn you on yon high hill-head,  
Blaw your ashes in the sea.'

2<sup>s</sup>. Ye sleep ye, wake ye: cf. 10<sup>1</sup>.  
21<sup>s</sup>. All ill.

21<sup>s</sup>. And burn. *Motherwell*, I'll.

## 250

## HENRY MARTYN

A. a, b. 'Henry Martyn;' taken down from recitation, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

B. a. A broadside, Catnach, Seven Dials. b. 'Henry Martin,' Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 31. c. The same, p. 30.

C. 'Robin Hood,' Motherwell's MS., p. 660.

D. ['Andrew Bodee'], from New Hampshire, U. S. A., communicated by Mr George M. Richardson; two stanzas.

A COPY edited from A, B a, with the addition of one stanza for a "snapper," is printed in Baring-Gould and Sheppard's *Songs and Ballads of the West*, No 53. Four traditional versions were obtained by Mr Baring-Gould.

Three brothers in Scotland cast lots to determine which of them shall rob on the sea to maintain them. The lot falls on the youngest, Henry Martyn, A, B; Robin Hood, C; Andrew Bodee, D. The pirate meets and stops an English ship the very first day (third, A b; fifth, B, C). There is a brisk fight, and the English ship is sunk by shot, A, B. She is plundered and then scuttled, C. In A a, Henry Martyn gets a deep wound and falls by the mast.

The ballad must have sprung from the ashes

of 'Andrew Barton,' of which name Henry Martyn would be no extraordinary corruption. Only one copy, A a, preserves the trait of Barton's death, an incident not quite in keeping with the rest of the story of the new ballad.

Robin Hood, C, is always at the service of any ballad-monger who wants a name for his hero. But it will be remembered that he is credited with taking a French ship in 'The Noble Fisherman,' No 148, and that is enough to explain his appearance here. 'Andrew Bodee' may just conceivably be a corruption of Andrew Wood, who displaces Patrick Spens in two versions of No 58 (A b, D). Motherwell knew of a copy in which the hero was called Roberton: MS., p. 660.

## A

Taken down by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. a. From Matthew Baker, an old cripple, Lew Down, Devon. b. From Roger Luxton, an old man at Halwell, North Devon.

1 In merry Scotland, in merry Scotland  
There lived brothers three;  
They all did cast lots which of them should go  
A robbing upon the salt sea,

2 The lot it fell on Henry Martyn,  
The youngest of the three;  
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,  
To maintain his brothers and he.

3 He had not a sailed a long winter's night,  
Nor yet a short winter's day,  
Before that he met with a lofty old ship,  
Come sailing along that way.

4 O when she came by Henry Martyn,  
'I prithee now, let us go!'  
'O no! God wot, that, that will I not,  
O that will I never do.

5 'Stand off! stand off!' said Henry Martyn,  
'For you shall not pass by me;  
For I am a robber all on the salt seas,  
To maintain us brothers three.

6 'How far, how far,' cries Henry Martyn,  
 'How far do you make it?' said he;  
 'For I am a robber all on the salt seas,  
 To maintain us brothers three.'

7 For three long hours they merrily fought,  
 For hours they fought full three;  
 At last a deep wound got Henry Martyn,  
 And down by the mast fell he.

8 'T was broadside to a broadside then,  
 And a rain and hail of blows,

But the salt sea ran in, ran in, ran in,  
 To the bottom then she goes.

9 Bad news, bad news for old England,  
 Bad news has come to the town,  
 For a rich merchant's vessel is cast away,  
 And all her brave seamen drown.

10 Bad news, bad news through London street,  
 Bad news has come to the king,  
 For all the brave lives of the mariners lost,  
 That are sunk in the watery main.

## B

a. A broadside, Catnach, Seven Dials. b. Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 31, 1891; from fishermen at Flamborough, Yorkshire. c. Kidson, etc., p. 30; "sung by a very old woman . . . about ninety years ago."

1 THERE was three brothers in merry Scotland,  
 In merry Scotland there were three,  
 And each of these brothers they did cast lots,  
 To see which should rob the salt sea.

2 Then this lot did fall on young Henry Martyn,  
 The youngest of these brothers three,  
 So now he's turn'd robber all on the salt seas,  
 To maintain his two brothers and he.

3 He had not sail'd one long winter's night,  
 One cold winter's night before day,  
 Before he espied a rich merchant-ship,  
 Come bearing straight down that way.

4 'Who are you? Who are you?' said Henry Martyn,  
 'Or how durst thou come so nigh?'

'I'm a rich merchant-ship for old England bound,  
 If you please, will you let me pass by.'

5 'O no! O no!' cried Henry Martyn,  
 'O no! that never can be,  
 Since I have turn'd robber all on the salt seas,  
 To maintain my two brothers and me.'

6 'Now lower your topsails, you alderman bold,  
 Come lower them under my lee;  
 Saying, 'I am resolved to pirate you here,  
 To maintain my two brothers and me.'

7 Then broadside to broadside to battle they went  
 For two or three hours or more;  
 At last Henry Martyn gave her a death-wound,  
 And down to the bottom went she.

8 Bad news, bad news to England has come,  
 Bad news I will tell to you all,  
 'T was a rich merchant-ship to England was bound,  
 And most of her merry men drown'd.

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 660; from the recitation of Alexander Macdonald, coal-heaver, Barkip, parish of Dalry, Ayr; a song of his mother's, a native of Ireland.

1 THERE were three brothers in bonnie Scotland,  
 In bonnie Scotland lived they,

And they cuist kevels themselfs amang,  
 Wha sould gae rob upon the salt sea.

2 The lot it fell upon bold Robin Hood,  
 The youngest brither of the hale three:  
 'O, I sall gae rob upon the salt sea,  
 And it's all to mauntain my two brothers and me.'

3 They hadna sailed a lang winter night,  
A lang winter night scarselie,  
Till they were aware of a tall, tall ship,  
Coming sailin down under the lee.

4 'O where are you bound for, my bonnie ship?'  
Bold Robin Hood he did cry;  
'O I'm a bold merchantman, for London  
bound,  
And I pray you, good sir, let us by.'

5 'O no! O no!' said bold Robin Hood,  
'O no such thing may be;

For I will gae in and plunder your ship,  
And your fair bodies I'll drown in the sea.'

6 O he has gone in and plundered their ship,  
And holes in her bottom bored three;  
The water came in so thick and so fast  
That down, down to the bottom gade she.

7 Bad news, bad news to old England is gone,  
Bad news to our king, old Henrie,  
That his merchant-goods were taken on board,  
And thirty-five seamen drownd in the sea.

### D

Communicated by Mr George M. Richardson, as learned  
by a lady in northern New Hampshire more than fifty years  
ago from an aged aunt.

1 THREE loving brothers in Scotland dwelt,  
Three loving brothers were they,  
And they cast lots to see which of the three

Should go robbing all oer the salt sea, salt  
sea,  
Should go robbing all oer the salt sea.

2 The lot it fell to Andrew Bodee,  
The youngest of the three,  
That he should leave the other two,  
And go robbing all oer the salt sea.

A. b. 3<sup>1</sup>. a sailed three winter's nights.

3<sup>2</sup>. When a little before the day.

3<sup>3</sup>. He spied the king his gay gallant ship.

4. *Wanting*.

5. 'Stand off! Stand off!' the captain he  
cried,

'The life-guards they are aboard;

My cannons are loaden with powder and  
shot,

And every man hath a sword.'

7. They merrily fought for three long hours,  
They fought for hours full three,  
And many a blow dealt many a wound,  
As they fought on the salt, salt sea.

8. 'Twas a broadside to a broadside then,  
And at it the which should win;  
A shot in the gallant ship bored a hole,  
And then did the water rush in.

9. *Wanting*. 10<sup>3</sup>. of the life-guards.

10<sup>4</sup>. O the tidings be sad that I bring.

B. b.

1 In Scotland there lived three brothers of  
late,

In Scotland there lived brothers three;

Now the youngest cast lots with the other  
two,

Which should go rob on the salt sea.

2 The lot it did fall to bold Henry Martin,

The youngest of all the three,

And he had to turn robber all on the salt  
seas,

To maintain his two brothers and he.

3 He had not been sailing past a long winter's  
night,

Past a long winter's night before day,

Before he espied a lofty fine ship

Come sailing all on the salt sea.

4 'O where are you bound for?' cried Henry  
Martin,

'O where are you bound for?' cried he;

- 'I'm a rich-loaded ship bound for fair England,  
I pray you to let me pass free.'
- 5 'O no! O no!' cried Henry Martin,  
'O no! that can never be,  
Since I have turned robber all on the salt sea,  
To maintain my two brothers and me.
- 6 'Heave down your main tack, likewise your main tie,  
And lig yourself under my lee;  
For your rich glowing gold I will take it away,  
And your fair bodies drown in the salt sea.'
- 7 Then broadside to broadside they merrily fought,  
For fully two hours or three,  
When by chance Henry Martin gave her a broadside,  
And right down to the bottom went she.
- 8 Bad news, bad news unto old England,  
Bad news I tell unto thee;  
For your rich glowing gold is all wasted away,  
And your mariners are drown'd in the salt sea.
- c. 1 There lived three brothers in merry Scotland,  
In merry Scotland lived brothers three,  
And they did cast lots which should rob on the sea,  
To maintain his two brothers and he.
- 2 And the lot it did light on Henry Martin,  
The youngest of all the brothers three,  
And he went a roaming on the salt sea,  
To maintain his two brothers and he.
- 3 And when they had sail'd five days and more  
On a rich merchant-ship coming down they then bore,  
As he went a roaming on the salt sea,  
To maintain his two brothers and he.
- 4 The rich merchant-ship got wounded by he,  
And right down to the bottom of the salt sea went she,  
As he went a roaming on the salt sea,  
To maintain his two brothers and he.
- B. c. 1<sup>2</sup>. three brothers.  
C. 1<sup>4</sup>. sould *may possibly be* wuld.  
2<sup>8</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

## 251

## LANG JOHNNY MORE

'Lang Johnny Moir,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 248.

'LANG JOHNNY MORE,' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 44, is epitomized from Buchan, "with a few alterations from the way the editor has heard it sung." The variations are absolutely of no account, as in other cases in which Christie has used this phrase.

Johnny More, a youth fourteen feet tall and three yards round the waist, goes to Lon-

don to bear the king's banner. He falls in love with the king's daughter, and she with him, and the king locks the lady up in her chamber and swears that he will hang the Scot. Johnny laughs at the hanging; but the English give him laudanum, and when he wakes he finds his jaws and hands in iron bands and his feet in fetters. He sends a boy

with a letter asking his uncle to come to his aid, and to bring with him Jock o Noth. These champions, 'twa grizly ghosts to see,' have three feet between their brows and three yards between their shoulders. Coming to London they find the gates locked, because, as they learn from a keeper, a Scot is to be hanged that morn. The keeper declining to open the gates, Jock o Noth drives in three yards of the wall with his foot. Johnny More is standing with the rope round his neck, ready to be turned off. Though the portentous pair have a giant's strength, they are quite too superior to use it like a giant; they tell Johnny that there is no help for him if he has been guilty of a heinous crime. Learning that his only crime is loving a gay lady, they require that his sword shall be given back to him, then go before the king and demand the lady; they have come to her wedding. Take her, says the king. I never thought to see such men. Jock o Noth could have brought a man thrice three times bigger, if he had supposed that his own size would cause such astonishment. Any way, says the craven king, the boy that took the message shall be hanged. In that case, replies Jock, we shall attend the burial and see that you get your reward. The king yields everything. Johnny More calls for a priest to join him and his love; the king for a clerk to seal the tocher. Johnny is rich, and spurns tocher. Auld Johnny More, Young Johnny More, Jock o Noth and the boy go off with the lady.

This ballad has been referred to under No 99, II, 378, as perhaps an imitation, and in fact almost a parody, of 'Johnnie Scot.' In No 99

John is the little Scot; here he is the muckle Scot, stanza 6 (Gaelic *mor* = big), and his helpmates, as well as he, are of gigantic size. Excepting in this and one other particular, the stories are materially the same. In both Johnnie goes to England to bear the king's banner; a love-affair ensues between him and the king's daughter; the king puts his daughter into confinement, and threatens to hang Johnnie, but in the end is constrained to give him his daughter; Johnnie calls for a priest to marry him and the princess, the king calls for a clerk to arrange the tocher; Johnnie refuses tocher, and goes off with his love or bride.

In No 99 Johnnie, who has escaped, comes to the rescue of the princess with a redoubtable force; in this ballad Johnnie is made prisoner, and sends for his uncle and another giant to come to his help. Their monstrous dimensions make them, for ballad-purposes, fairly equivalent to the five hundred men who accompany Johnnie in No 99.

Some versions of No 99, as already remarked, have borrowed features from this ballad. Auld Johnnie and Jock o Noth are presented here, stanza 21, as twa grizly ghosts to see, and their brows are three feet apart, their shoulders three yards; and so with the champion in A, H, L, of No 99.

Quite curiously, the hero of the Breton ballad which resembles 'Johnnie Scot' is described as a giant (we must suppose on traditionary authority) in the title of two copies.

Auchindoir and Rhynie (parishes) are in the west of Aberdeenshire, north of the Don. Noth is a considerable hill in the latter.

- 
- 1 THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,  
Anither in Auchindore,  
The bravest lad amo them a'  
Was lang Johnny Moir.
  - 2 Young Johnny was an airy blade,  
Fu sturdy, stout, and strang;  
The sword that hang by Johnny's side  
Was just full ten feet lang.

- 3 Young Johnny was a clever youth,  
Fu sturdy, stout, and wight,  
Just full three yards around the waist,  
And fourteen feet in hight.
- 4 But if a' be true they tell me now,  
And a' be true I hear,  
Young Johnny's on to Lundan gane,  
The king's banner to bear.

- 5 He hadna been in fair Lundan  
But twalmonths twa or three  
Till the fairest lady in a' Lundan  
Fell in love wi young Johnny.
- 6 This news did sound thro Lundan town,  
Till it came to the king  
That the muckle Scot had fa'in in love  
Wi his daughter, Lady Jean.
- 7 Whan the king got word o that,  
A solemn oath sware he,  
This weighty Scot sall strait a rope,  
And hanged he shall be.
- 8 When Johnny heard the sentence past,  
A light laugh then gae he :  
'While I hae strength to wield my blade,  
Ye darena a' hang me.'
- 9 The English dogs were cunning rogues ;  
About him they did creep,  
And gae him draps o lodomy  
That laid him fast asleep.
- 10 Whan Johnny wakend frae his sleep  
A sorry heart had he ;  
His jaws and hands in iron bands,  
His feet in fetters three.
- 11 'O whar will I get a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
That will rin on to my uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie?'
- 12 'Here am I, a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
That will rin on to your uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie.'
- 13 'Whan ye come whar grass grows green,  
Slack your shoes and rin ;  
And whan ye come whar water 's strong,  
Ye 'll bend your bow and swim.
- 14 'And whan ye come to Benachie  
Ye 'll neither chap nor ca ;  
Sae well 's ye 'll ken auld Johnny there,  
Three feet abeen them a'.
- 15 'Ye 'll gie to him this braid letter,  
Seald wi my faith and troth,  
And ye 'll bid him bring along wi him  
The body Jock o Noth.'
- 16 Whan he came whar grass grew green,  
He slackt his shoes and ran ;  
And whan he came whar water 's strong  
He bent his bow and swam.
- 17 And whan he came to Benachie  
Did neither chap nor ca ;  
Sae well 's he kent auld Johnny there,  
Three feet abeen them a'.
- 18 'What news, what news, my little wee boy ?  
Ye never were here before ;'  
'Nae news, nae news, but a letter from  
Your nephew, Johnny Moir.
- 19 'Ye 'll take here this braid letter,  
Seald wi his faith and troth,  
And ye 're bidden bring along wi you  
The body Jock o Noth.'
- 20 Benachie lyes very low,  
The tap o Noth lyes high ;  
For a' the distance that 's between,  
He heard auld Johnny cry.
- 21 Whan on the plain these champions met,  
Twa grizly ghosts to see,  
There were three feet between their brows,  
And shoulders were yards three.
- 22 These men they ran ower hills and dales,  
And ower mountains high,  
Till they came on to Lundan town,  
At the dawn o the third day.
- 23 And whan they came to Lundan town  
The yetts were lockit wi bands,  
And wha were there but a trumpeter,  
Wi trumpet in his hands?
- 24 'What is the matter, ye keepers all ?  
Or what 's the matter within  
That the drums do beat and bells do ring,  
And make sic dolefu din?'
- 25 'There 's naething the matter,' the keeper said,  
'There 's naething the matter to thee,  
But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,  
And the morn he maun die.'
- 26 'O open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
Ye 'll open without delay ;'  
The trembling keeper, smiling, said,  
'O I hae not the key.'

- 27 'Ye'll open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
Ye'll open without delay,  
Or here is a body at my back  
Frae Scotland has brought the key.'
- 28 'Ye'll open the yetts,' says Jock o Noth,  
'Ye'll open them at my call;'  
Then wi his foot he has drove in  
Three yards braid o the wall.
- 29 As they gaed in by Drury Lane,  
And down by the town's hall,  
And there they saw young Johnny Moir  
Stand on their English wall.
- 30 'Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear,  
Ye're welcome unto me;  
Ye'll loose the knot, and slack the rope,  
And set me frae the tree.'
- 31 'Is it for murder, or for theft?  
Or is it for robberie?  
If it is for ony heinous crime,  
There's nae remeid for thee.'
- 32 'It's nae for murder, nor for theft,  
Nor yet for robberie;  
A' is for the loving a gay lady  
They're gaun to gar me die.'
- 33 'O whar's thy sword,' says Jock o Noth,  
'Ye brought frae Scotland wi thee?  
I never saw a Scotsman yet  
But coud wield a sword or tree.'
- 34 'A pox upo their lodomy,  
On me had sic a sway  
Four o their men, the bravest four,  
They bore my blade away.'
- 35 'Bring back his blade,' says Jock o Noth,  
'And freely to him it gie,  
Or I hae sworn a black Scot's oath  
I'll gar five million die.'
- 36 'Now whar's the lady?' says Jock o Noth,  
'Sae fain I woud her see;'  
'She's lockd up in her ain chamber,  
The king he keeps the key.'
- 37 So they hae gane before the king,  
With courage bauld and free;
- Their armour bright cast sic a light  
That almost dim'd his ee.
- 38 'O whar's the lady?' says Jock o Noth,  
'Sae fain as I woud her see;  
For we are come to her wedding,  
Frae the foot o Benachie.'
- 39 'O take the lady,' said the king,  
'Ye welcome are for me;  
I never thought to see sic men,  
Frae the foot o Benachie.'
- 40 'If I had kend,' said Jock o Noth,  
'Ye'd wonderd sae muckle at me,  
I woud hae brought ane larger far  
By sizes three times three.'
- 41 'Likewise if I had thought I'd been  
Sic a great fright to thee,  
I'd brought Sir John o Erskine Park;  
He's thretty feet and three.'
- 42 'Wae to the little boy,' said the king,  
'Brought tidings unto thee!  
Let all England say what they will,  
High hang'd shall he be.'
- 43 'O if ye hang the little wee boy  
Brought tidings unto me,  
We shall attend his burial,  
And rewarded ye shall be.'
- 44 'O take the lady,' said the king,  
'And the boy shall be free;'  
'A priest, a priest,' then Johnny cried,  
'To join my love and me.'
- 45 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king replied,  
'To seal her tocher wi thee;'  
Out it speaks auld Johnny then,  
These words pronounced he:
- 46 'I want nae lands and rents at hame,  
I'll ask nae gowd frae thee;  
I am possessd o riches great,  
Hae fifty ploughs and three;  
Likewise fa's heir to ane estate  
At the foot o Benachie.'
- 47 'Hae ye ony masons in this place,  
Or ony at your call,

That ye may now send some o them  
To build your broken wall?'

48 'Yes, there are masons in this place,  
And plenty at my call;  
But ye may gang frae whence ye came,  
Never mind my broken wall.'

49 They've taen the lady by the hand  
And set her prison-free;

Wi drums beating, and fifes playing,  
They spent the night wi glee.

50 Now auld Johnny Moir, and young Johnny  
Moir,  
And Jock o Noth, a' three,  
The English lady, and little wee boy,  
Went a' to Benachie.

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27<sup>4</sup>. hae.

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### THE KITCHIE-BOY

A. Skene MS., p. 89.

D. 'The Kitchie-Boy,' Harris MS., fol. 21.

B. 'Earl Richard's Daughter,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 145.

E. 'Willie, the Kitchie-Boy,' Joseph Robertson's *Note-Book*, 'Adversaria,' p. 88.

C. 'Bonny Foot-Boy,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's *Brown MS.*, No 7.

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A LADY of birth falls in love with her father's kitchen-boy (foot-boy, C). She makes her passion known to him. He begs for secrecy, for her father would hang him; this is quite too likely, and she would be sent to a nunnery. The danger quickens her wits: she will send him off in a fine ship, and he can come back 'like some earl or baron's son' and marry her (C). Being well provided with gold, her mother's legacy, she has no difficulty in carrying out her plan; a very noble ship is provided, and she gives Willie (B, C, E) a ring to mind him of her. She warns him, C 8, E 18, that there are pressing reasons why he should not stay away very long. After a voyage of from three weeks to twelve months, Willie lands at London, A, E; in Spain, B, C, D. A lady, looking over her castle-wall, sees the ship coming in, and goes down to the shore with her maids to invite

the master to dine. The master excuses himself; she asks him if he can fancy her; the woman he loves is far over the sea; the fairest woman in Scotland would break her heart if he should not return to her. The Spanish (or English) lady offers him a rich ring, to wear for her sake; he has a ring on his finger which is far dearer than any she could give him. He sails homeward; the lady's father sees the ship coming in, and is as much impressed as his daughter could desire; he thinks some man of mark must be aboard, and tells his daughter to busk herself, for he means to ask the squire or lord to dine; he would give all his rents to have this same marry his daughter. Willie blackens or paints or masks or veils his face, and goes with the father to the castle. He asks the lady if she can fancy him; her father asks her if she will marry this lord, C. The man is far over sea

that shall have her love, she replies. Willie hands her the ring which she had given him. Gat ye that by sea? or gat ye that by land? or gat ye it on the Spanish coast upon a dead man's hand? He gat it on a drowned man's hand. Alas! she cries, my true-love Willie! Upon this, Willie reveals himself. The father calls for a priest, little knowing that this lord was his own kitchen-boy.

The ballad is a modern "adaptation" of 'King Horn,' No 17, from which A 33, 34, B 47, D 7, 8, are taken outright. In the particular of the hero's having his choice of two women it is more like the *gest* of 'King Horn,' or 'Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild;' but an independent invention of the Spanish lady is not beyond the humble ability of the composer of 'The Kitchie-Boy.'

## A

Skeno MS., p. 89; taken down in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 THERE was a lady fair,  
An een a lady of birth an fame,  
She eyed her father's kitchen-boy,  
The greater was her shame.
- 2 She could never her love reveal,  
Nor to him talk,  
But in the forest wide an brade,  
Where they were wont to walk.
- 3 It fell ance upon a day  
Her father gaed frae home,  
And she sent for the kitchen-boy  
To her own room.
- 4 'Canna ye fancy me, Willie?  
Canna ye fancy me?  
By a' the lords I ever saw  
There is nane I loo but ye.'
- 5 'O latna this be kent, lady,  
O latna this be . . . ,  
For gin yer father got word of this  
I vou he 'd gar me die.'
- 6 'Yer life shall no be taen, Willie,  
Yer life sal na be taen;  
I wad er loss my ain heart's blood  
Or thy body gat wrang.'
- 7 Wi her monny fair speeches  
She made the boy bold,  
Till he began to kiss an clap,  
An on her sine lay hold.

- 8 They hadna kissed an love claped,  
As lovers whan they meet,

. . . . .

- 9 'The master-cook he will on me call,  
An answered he man be;  
An it wer kent I war in bower wi thee,  
I fear they wad gar me die.'

- 10 'The master-cook may on ye call,  
But answerd he will never be,

. . . . .

- 11 'For I hae three coffers fu o goud,  
Yer eyen did never see,  
An I will build a bonny ship for my love,  
An set her to the sea,  
And sail she east or sail she wast  
The ship sal be fair to see.'

- 12 She has built a bonny ship,  
And set her to the sea;  
The topmasts war o the red goud,  
The sails of tafetie.

- 13 She gae him a gay goud ring,  
. . . . .  
To mind him on a gay lady  
That ance bear love to him.

- 14 The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
Whan that swain set to sea;  
Whan that day twal-moth came and gaed,  
At London landed he.

- 15 A lady looked our the castle-wa,  
Beheld the day gae down,  
And she beheld that bonny ship  
Come hailing to the town.
- 16 'Come here, come here, my maries a',  
Ye see na what I see ;  
The bonniest ship is come to land  
Yer eyes did ever see.
- 17 'Gae busk ye, busk ye, my maries a',  
Busk ye unco fine,  
Till I gae down to yon shore-side,  
To invite yon squar to dine.
- 18 'O ye come up, gay young squar,  
An take wi me a dine ;  
Ye sal eat o the guid white loaf,  
An drink the claret wine.'
- 19 'I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,  
I thank ye for yer courticie,  
But indeed I hanna time.'
- 20 'Canna ye fancy me ?' she says,  
'Canna ye fancy me ?  
O a' the lords an lairds I see  
There 's nane I fancy but ye.'
- 21 'The 'r far awa fra me,' he says,  
'The 'r clean ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand,  
An my love ae sal be.'
- 22 'Here is a guid goud ring,  
.  
It will mind ye on a gay lady  
That ance bare love to ye.'
- 23 'I ha a ring on my finger  
I loe thrice as well as thine,  
Tho yours were o the guid red goud  
An mine but simple tin.'
- 24 The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
Whan that squar set to sea ;  
Whan that day twal-month came an gaed,  
At hame again landed he.
- 25 The lady's father looked our castle-wa,  
To see the day gae down,
- An he beheld that bonny ship  
Come hailing to the town.
- 26 'Come here, my daughter,  
Ye see na what I see ;  
The bonniest ship is come to land  
My eyes did ever see.
- 27 'Gae busk ye, my dochter,  
G[a]e busk ye unco fine,  
An I'll gae down to yon shore-side,  
To invite the squar to dine ;  
I wad gie a' my rents  
To hae ye married to him.'
- 28 'The 'r far awa frae me,' she says,  
'Far ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand  
An my love ai sal be.'
- 29 'O will ye come, ye gay hine squar,  
An take wi me a dine ?  
Ye sal eat o the guid white bread,  
And drink the claret wine.'
- 30 'I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,  
I thank ye for yer courticie,  
For indeed I hanna grait time.
- 31 'O canna ye fancy me ?' he says,  
'O canna ye fancy me ?  
O a' the ladys I eer did see  
There 's nane I loo by ye.'
- 32 'They are far awa fra me,' she says,  
'The 'r far ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand,  
An my love ay sall be.'
- 33 'Here it is, a gay goud ring,  
.  
It will mind ye on a gay hin chil  
That ance bare love to ye.'
- 34 'O gat ye that ring on the sea sailing?  
Or gat ye it on the land ?  
O gat ye it on the shore laying,  
On a drowned man's hand ?'
- 35 'I got na it on the sea sailing,  
I got na it on the land,

But I got it on the shore lying,  
On a drowned man's hand.

- 36 'O bonny was his cheek,  
An lovely was his face!'  
'Allas!' says she, 'it is my true-love Willie,'  
. . . . .

37 He turned him round about,  
An sweetly could he smile;  
She turned her round, says, My love Willie,  
How could ye me beguile?

38 'A priest! a priest!' the old man cries,  
'An lat this twa married be:'  
Little did the old man kin  
It was his ain kitchen-boy.

### B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 145.

1 EARL RICHARD had but ae daughter,  
A maid o birth and fame;  
She loved her father's kitchen-boy,  
The greater was her shame.

2 But she could neer her true-love see,  
Nor with him could she talk,  
In towns where she had wont to go,  
Nor fields where she could walk.

3 But it fell aince upon a day  
Her father went from home;  
She's call'd upon the kitchen boy  
To come and clean her room.

4 'Come sit ye down by me, Willie,  
Come sit ye down by me;  
There's nae a lord in a' the north  
That I can love but thee.'

5 'Let never the like be heard, lady,  
Nor let it ever be;  
For if your father get word o this  
He will gar hang me hie.'

6 'O ye shall neer be hangd, Willie,  
Your blude shall neer be drawn;  
I'll lay my life in pledge o thine  
Your body's neer get wrang.'

7 'Excuse me now, my comely dame,  
No langer here I'll stay;  
You know my time is near expir'd,  
And now I must away.

8 'The master-cook will on me call,  
And answered he must be;  
If I am found in bower with thee,  
Great anger will there be.'

9 'The master-cook will on you call,  
But shall not answerd be;

I'll put you in a higher place  
Than any cook's degree.

10 'I have a coffer full of gold,  
Another of white monie,  
And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set my love to sea.

11 'Silk shall be your sailing-clothes,  
Gold yellow is your hair,  
As white like milk are your twa hands,  
Your body neat and fair.'

12 This lady, with her fair speeches,  
She made the boy grow bold,  
And he began to kiss and clap,  
And on his love lay hold.

13 And she has built a bonny ship,  
Set her love to the sea,  
Seven score o brisk young men  
To bear him companie.

14 Then she's taen out a gay gold ring,  
To him she did it gie:  
'This will mind you on the ladie, Willie,  
That's laid her love on thee.'

15 Then he's taen out a piece of gold,  
And he brake it in two:  
'All I have in the world, my dame,  
For love I give to you.'

16 Now he is to his bonny ship,  
And merrily taen the sea;  
The lady lay oer castle-wa,  
The tear blinded her ee.

17 They had not saild upon the sea  
A week but barely three  
When came a prosperous gale of wind,  
On Spain's coast landed he.

18 A lady lay oer castle-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,

- And she beheld the bonny ship  
Come sailing to the town.
- 19 'Come here, come here, my maries a',  
Ye see not what I see ;  
For here I see the bonniest ship  
That ever saild the sea.
- 20 'In her there is the bravest squire  
That eer my eyes did see ;  
All clad in silk and rich attire,  
And comely, comely 's he.
- 21 'O busk, O busk, my maries all,  
O busk and make ye fine ;  
And we will on to yon shore-side,  
Invite yon squire to dine.
- 22 'Will ye come up to my castle  
Wi me and take your dine ?  
And ye shall eat the gude white bread,  
And drink the claret wine.'
- 23 'I thank you for your bread, lady,  
I thank you for your wine ;  
I thank you for your kind offer,  
But now I have not time.'
- 24 'I would gie all my land,' she says,  
'Your gay bride were I she ;  
And then to live on a small portion  
Contented I would be.'
- 25 'She 's far awa frae me, lady,  
She 's far awa frae me  
That has my heart a-keeping fast,  
And my love still she 'll be.'
- 26 'But ladies they are unconstant,  
When their loves go to sea,  
And she 'll be wed ere ye gae back ;  
My love, pray stay wi me.'
- 27 'If she be wed ere I go back,  
And prove sae false to me,  
I shall live single all my life ;  
I 'll neer wed one but she.'
- 28 Then she 's taen out a gay gold ring,  
And gae him presentlie :  
'T will mind you on the lady, young man,  
That laid her love on thee.'
- 29 'The ring that 's on my mid-finger  
Is far dearer to me,  
Tho yours were o the gude red gold,  
And mine the metal free.'
- 30 He viewd them all, baith neat and small,  
As they stood on the shore,
- Then hoist the mainsail to the wind,  
Adieu, for evermore !
- 31 He had not saild upon the sea  
A week but barely three  
Until there came a prosperous gale,  
In Scotland landed he.
- 32 But he put paint upon his face,  
And oil upon his hair,  
Likewise a mask above his brow,  
Which did disguise him sair.
- 33 Earl Richard lay oer castle-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,  
And he beheld the bonny ship  
Come sailing to the town.
- 34 'Come here, come here, my daughter dear,  
Ye see not what I see ;  
For here I see the bonniest ship  
That ever saild the sea.
- 35 'In her there is the bravest squire  
That eer my eyes did see ;  
O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,  
Come here, come here, to me.
- 36 'O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,  
O busk, and make ye fine,  
And we will on to the shore-side,  
Invite yon squire to dine.'
- 37 'He 's far awa frae me, father,  
He 's far awa frae me  
Who has the keeping o my heart,  
And I 'll wed nane but he.'
- 38 'Whoever has your heart in hand,  
Yon lad 's the match for thee,  
And he shall come to my castle  
This day and dine wi me.
- 39 'Will ye come up to my castle  
With me and take your dine ?  
And ye shall eat the gude white bread,  
And drink the claret wine.'
- 40 'Yes, I 'll come up to your castle  
With you and take my dine,  
For I would give my bonny ship  
Were your fair daughter mine.'
- 41 'I would give all my lands,' he said,  
'That your bride she would be ;  
Then to live on a small portion  
Contented would I be.'
- 42 As they gaed up from yon sea-strand  
And down the bowling-green,

- He drew the mask out-oer his face,  
For fear he should be seen.
- 43 He 's done him down from bower to bower,  
Likewise from bower to ha,  
And there he saw that lady gay,  
The flower out-oer them a'.
- 44 He 's taen her in his arms twa,  
And haild her courteouslie :  
' Excuse me, sir, there 's no strange man  
Such freedom use with me.'
- 45 Her father turnd him round about,  
A light laugh then gave he :  
' Stay, I 'll retire a little while,  
Perhaps you may agree.'
- 46 Now Willie 's taen a gay gold ring,  
And gave her presentlie ;  
Says, Take ye that, ye lady fair,  
A love-token from me.
- 47 ' O got ye 't on the sea sailing?  
Or got ye 't on the sand?  
Or got ye 't on the coast of Spain,  
Upon a dead man's hand?'
- 48 ' Fine silk it was his sailing-clothes,  
Gold yellow was his hair ;  
It would hae made a hale heart bleed  
To see him lying there.
- 49 ' He was not dead as I passd by,  
But no remeid could be ;
- He gave me this token to bear  
Unto a fair ladie.
- 50 ' And by the marks he has descryvd  
I 'm sure that you are she ;  
So take this token of free will,  
For him you 'll never see.'
- 51 In sorrow she tore her mantle,  
With care she tore her hair :  
' Now since I 've lost my own true-love,  
I 'll neer love young men mair.'
- 52 He drew the mask from off his face,  
The lady sweetly smiled :  
' Awa, awa, ye fause Willie !  
How have you me beguiled?'
- 53 Earl Richard he went thro the ha,  
The wine-glass in his hand,  
But little thought his kitchen-boy  
Was heir oer a' his land.
- 54 But this she kept within her heart,  
And never told to one  
Until nine months they were expir'd,  
That her young son came home.
- 55 She told it to her father dear ;  
He said, Daughter, well won ;  
You 've married for love, not for gold,  
Your joys will neer be done.

## C

Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 7.

- 1 O THERE was a ladie, a noble ladie,  
She was a ladie of birth and fame,  
But she fell in love wi her father's foot-boy,  
I wis she was the mair to blame.
- 2 A word of him she neer could get  
Till her father was a hunting gone ;  
Then she calld on the bonny foot-boy  
To speak wi her in her bower alone.
- 3 Says, Ye ken you are my love, Willie,  
And that I am a ladie free,  
And there 's naething ye can ask, Willie,  
But at your bidding I maun be.
- 4 O the loving looks that ladie gave  
Soon made the bonny boy grow bold,
- And the loving words that ladie spake  
As soon on them he did lay hold.
- 5 She has taen a ring frae her white finger,  
And unto him she did it gie ;  
Says, Wear this token for my sake,  
And keep it till the day you die.
- 6 ' But shoud my father get word of this  
I fear we baith will have cause to rue,  
For to some nunnery I shoud be sent,  
And I fear, my love, he would ruin you.
- 7 ' But here is a coffer of the good red gowd,  
I wot my mother left it to me ;  
And wi it you 'll buy a bonny ship,  
And ye maun sail the raging sea ;  
Then like some earl or baron's son  
You can come back and marrie me.

- 8 'But stay not lang awa, Willie,  
O stay not lang across the fame,  
For fear your ladie shoud lighter be,  
Or your young son shoud want a name.'
- 9 He had not been o the sea sailling  
But till three months were come and gane,  
Till he has landed his bonny ship;  
It was upon the coast of Spain.
- 10 There was a ladie of high degree  
That saw him walking up and down;  
She fell in love wi sweet Willie,  
But she wist no how to make it known.
- 11 She has calld up her maries a',  
Says, Hearken well to what I say;  
There is a young man in yon ship  
That has been my love this many a day.
- 12 'Now bear a hand, my maries a',  
And busk me brave and make me fine,  
And go wi me to yon shore-side  
To invite that noble youth to dine.'
- 13 O they have buskit that ladie gay  
In velvet pall and jewels rare;  
A poor man might have been made rich  
Wi half the pearles they pat in her hair.
- 14 Her mantle was of gowd sae red,  
It glaned as far as ane could see;  
Sweet Willie thought she had been the queen,  
And bowd full low and bent his knee.
- 15 She's gard her maries step aside,  
And on sweet Willie sae did smile;  
She thought that man was not on earth  
But of his heart she could beguile.
- 16 Says, Ye maun leave your bonny ship  
And go this day wi me and dine,  
And you shall eat the baken meat,  
And you shall drink the Spanish wine.
- 17 'I canna leave my bonny ship,  
Nor go this day to dine wi thee,  
For a' my sails are ready bent  
To bear me back to my ain countrie.'
- 18 'O gin you'd forsake your bonny ship  
And wed a ladie of this countrie,  
I would make you lord of a' this town,  
And towns and castles twa or three.'
- 19 'Should I wed a ladie of this countrie,  
In sooth I woud be sair to blame,  
For the fairest ladie in fair Scotland  
Woud break her heart gin I gaed na hame.'
- 20 'That ladie may choose another lord,  
And you another love may choose;  
There is not a lord in this countrie  
That such a proffer could refuse.'
- 21 'O ladie, shoud I your proffer take,  
You'd soon yoursell have cause to rue,  
For the man that his first love forsakes  
Woud to a second neer prove true.'
- 22 She has taen a ring frae her white finger,  
It might have been a prince's fee;  
Says, Wear this token for my sake,  
And give me that which now I see.
- 23 'Take back your token, ye ladie fair;  
This ring you see on my right hand  
Was gien me by my ain true-love,  
Before I left my native land.
- 24 'And tho yours woud buy it nine times oer  
I far more dearly prize my ain;  
Nor woud I make the niffer,' he says,  
'For a' the gowd that is in Spain.'
- 25 The ladie turnd her head away  
To dry the sat tears frae her eyne;  
She naething more to him did say  
But, I wish your face I neer had seen!
- 26 He has set his foot on good ship-board,  
The ladie waved her milk-white hand,  
The wind sprang up and filld his sails,  
And he quickly left the Spanish land.
- 27 He soon came back to his native strand,  
He langd his ain true-love to see;  
Her father saw him come to land,  
And took him some great lord to be.
- 28 Says, Will ye leave your bonny ship  
And come wi me this day to dine?  
And you shall eat the baken meat,  
And you shall drink the claret wine.
- 29 'O I will leave my bonny ship,  
And gladly go wi you to dine,  
And I woud gie thrice three thousand pounds  
That your fair daughter were but mine.'
- 30 'O gin ye will part wi your bonny ship  
And wed a ladie of this countrie,  
I will gie you my ae daughter,  
Gin she'll consent your bride to be.'
- 31 O he has blaket his bonny face  
And closs tuckd up his yellow hair;  
His true-love met them at the yate,  
But she little thought her love was there.

32 'O will you marrie this lord, daughter,  
That I've brought hame to dine wi me?  
You shall be heir of a' my lands,  
Gin you 'll consent his bride to be.'

33 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
I wot the tears stood in her eye;  
Says, The man is on the sea sailling  
That fair wedding shall get of me.

34 Then Willie has washd his bonny face,  
And he 's kaimd down his yellow hair;  
He took his true-love in his arms,  
And kindly has he kissed her there.

35 She 's looked in his bonny face,  
And thro her tears did sweetly smile,  
Then sayd, Awa, awa, Willie!  
How could you thus your love beguile?

36 She kept the secret in her breast,  
Full seven years she 's kept the same,  
Till it fell out at a christning-feast,  
And then of it she made good game.

37 And her father laughd aboon the rest,  
And said, My daughter, you 'r nae to blame;  
For you 've married for love, and no for land,  
So a' my gowd is yours to claim.

## D

Harris MS., fol. 21; from the recitation of Mrs Harris  
and others.

1 THERE lived a lady in the north  
O muckle birth an fame;  
She 's faun in love wi her kitchie-boy,  
The greater was her shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

2 'Maister cook, he will cry oot,  
An answered he maun be;'

. . . . .

3 'I hae a coffer o ried gowd  
My mither left to me,  
An I will build a bonnie ship,  
And send her ower the sea,  
An you 'll come hame like lord or squire,  
An answered you maun be.'

4 She has biggit a bonnie ship,  
Sent her across the main,  
An in less than sax months an a day  
That ship cam back again.

5 'Go dress, go dress, my dochter Janet,  
Go dress, an mak you fine,

An we 'll go doun to yon shore-side  
An bid yon lords to dine.'

6 He 's pued the black mask ower his face,  
Kaimd down his yellow hair,  
A' no to lat her father ken  
That ere he had been there.

\* \* \* \* \*

7 'Oh, got you that by sea sailin?  
Or got you that by land?  
Or got you that on Spanish coast,  
Upon a died man's hand?'

8 'I got na that by sea sailin,  
I got na that by land;  
But I got that on Spanish coast,  
Upon a died man's hand.'

9 He 's pued the black mask aff his face,  
Threw back his yellow hair,

. . . . .

10 'A priest, a priest,' the lady she cried,  
'To marry my love an me;'  
'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
'To sign her tocher free.'

## E

Joseph Robertson's Note-Book "Adversaria," p. 88; from  
tradition.

\* \* \* \* \*  
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1 AND she has built a lofty ship,  
And set her to the main;  
The masts o her were o gude reed gowd,  
And the sails o silver clear.

- 2 'Ye winna bide three months awa  
When ye 'll return again,  
In case your lady licht be,  
And your baby want the name.'
- 3 But the wind blew high,  
The mariners they did land at Lundin soon.
- 4 A lady sat on the castell-wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And there she saw this lofty ship,  
Comin sailin in the Downs.
- 5 'Look out, look out, my maidens a',  
Ye seena what I see;  
For I do see as bonny a ship  
As ever sailed the sea,  
And the master o her 's the bonniest boy  
That ever my eyes did see.'
- 6 She 's taen her mantell her about,  
Her cane intill her han,  
And she 's away to the shore-side,  
Till invite the square to dine.
- 7 'O will ye come to our castell?  
Or will ye sup or dine?'  
'O excuse me, madam,' he said,  
'For I hae but little time.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 8 The wind blew high,  
The mariners they did land at home again.
- 9 The old man sat in the castell-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,  
And there he spied this goodly ship  
Come sailin to the town.

- 10 'Look out, look out, my dauchter dear,  
Ye see not what I see;  
For I do see as bonny a ship  
As ever sailed the sea.
- 11 'And the master o her 's the bonniest boy  
That my eyes did ever see,  
And if I were a woman as I 'm a man  
My husband he should be.'
- 12 'Haud far awa frae me, fader,  
Haud far awa frae me,  
For I never had a lad but ane,  
And he 's far awa at sea.
- 13 'There is a love-token atween us twa,  
It 'll be mair ere it be less,  
An aye the langer he bides awa  
It will the mair encrease.'
- 14 He 's taen his mantell him about,  
His cane intil his hand,  
And he 's awa to the shore-side,  
To invite the square to dine.
- 15 'O will ye come to our castle?  
Or will ye sup or dine?'  
'Indeed I will, kind sir,' he said,  
'Tho I 've but little time.'
- 16 The lady sat on castle-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,  
But he 's put his veil upon his face,  
That she might not him ken.
- \* \* \* \* \*

- A. *Written in long couplets.* 8<sup>1</sup>. hadne.  
22<sup>4</sup>, 32<sup>4</sup>. ance hane? Cf. 3<sup>4</sup>.  
23<sup>3</sup>. I lee. 35<sup>2</sup>. got no.
- B. 11<sup>2</sup>. yellow in.
- C. 14<sup>2</sup>. glaned. Glant, glent is probably intended.  
Glaned is less likely.  
20<sup>4</sup>. could. MS. possibly would.
- E. Before 1: "A lady falls in love with her fa-

ther's kitchie-boy when her father is absent,  
and to conceal him from him procures a  
ship and puts him to sea. Her father thinks  
he has run away."

After 7: She kills herself.

After 16: Continued on page : but not  
continued.

## 253

## THOMAS O YONDERDALE

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 221.      b. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 96.

b IS epitomized from a, with a few variations, mostly very trifling, as Christie had heard the ballad sung.

Thomas of Yonderdale gains Lady Maisry's love and has a son by her. Overhearing some reproachful words one day as he passes her bower, he is touched, and promises to marry her after returning from a voyage, but while he is in a strange country woos another woman. He dreams that Maisry stands by his bed upbraiding him for his inconstancy, and sends a boy to her to bring her to his wedding. Maisry comes, arrayed, as she had been directed, in noble style. The bride asks the boy who she may be, and is told that she is Thomas's first love. Maisry asks Thomas why she was sent for: she is to be his wife. The nominal bride asks his will: she is to go

home, with the comfort of being sent back in a coach, whereas she came on a hired horse! This ill-used, but not diffident, young woman proposes that Thomas shall give two thirds of his lands to his brother and make him marry her. Thomas refuses to divide his lands for any woman, and has no power over his brother. According to b, the discarded bride asks only a modest third of Thomas's lands for the brother; Thomas promises to give a third to her, but disclaims, as in a, his competency to arrange a marriage for his brother.

This looks like a recent piece, fabricated, with a certain amount of cheap mortar, from recollections of 'Fair Annie,' No 62, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' No 73, and 'Young Beichan,' No 53.

- 1 LADY MAISRY lives intill a bower,  
She never wore but what she would;  
Her gowns were o the silks sae fine,  
Her coats stood up wi bolts o gold.
- 2 Mony a knight there courted her,  
And gentlemen o high degree,  
But it was Thomas o Yonderdale  
That gained the love o this ladie.
- 3 Now he has hunted her till her bower,  
Baith late at night and the mid day,  
But when he stole her virgin rose  
Nae mair this maid he would come nigh.
- 4 But it fell ance upon a time  
Thomas her bower he walkèd by;

- There he saw her Lady Maisry,  
Nursing her young son on her knee.
- 5 'O seal on you, my bonny babe,  
And lang may ye my comfort be!  
Your father passes by our bower,  
And now minds neither you nor me.'
  - 6 Now when Thomas heard her speak,  
The saut tear trinkled frae his ee;  
To Lady Maisry's bower he went,  
Says, Now I'm come to comfort thee.
  - 7 'Is this the promise ye did make  
Last when I was in your companie?  
You said before nine months were gane  
Your wedded wife that I should be.'

- 8 'If Saturday be a bonny day,  
Then, my love, I maun sail the sea;  
But if I live for to return,  
O then, my love, I'll marry thee.'
- 9 'I wish Saturday a stormy day,  
High and stormy be the sea,  
Ships may not sail, nor boats row,  
But gar true Thomas stay wi me.'
- 10 Saturday was a bonny day,  
Fair and leesome blew the wind;  
Ships did sail, and boats did row,  
Which had true Thomas to unco ground.
- 11 He hadna been on unco ground  
A month, a month but barely three,  
Till he has courted anither maid,  
And quite forgotten Lady Maisry.
- 12 Ae night as he lay on his bed,  
In a dreary dream dreamed he  
That Maisry stood by his bedside,  
Upbraiding him for 's inconstancie.
- 13 He 's calld upon his little boy,  
Says, Bring me candle, that I see;  
And ye maun gang this night, [my] boy,  
Wi a letter to a gae ladie.
- 14 'It is my duty you to serve,  
And bring you coal and candle-light,  
And I would rin your errand, master,  
If 't were to Lady Maisry bright.
- 15 'Tho my legs were sair I coudna gang,  
Tho the night were dark I coudna see,  
Tho I should creep on hands and feet,  
I woud gae to Lady Maisry.'
- 16 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
And at my bidding for to be;  
For ye maun quickly my errand rin,  
For it is to Lady Maisry.
- 17 'Ye 'll bid her dress in the gowns o silk,  
Likewise in the coats o cramasie;  
Ye 'll bid her come alang wi you,  
True Thomas's wedding for to see.
- 18 'Ye 'll bid her shoe her steed before,  
And a' gowd graithing him behind;  
On ilka tip o her horse mane,  
Twa bonny bells to loudly ring.
- 19 'And on the tor o her saddle  
A courtly bird to sweetly sing;  
Her bridle-reins o silver fine,  
And stirrups by her side to hing.'
- 20 She dressd her in the finest silk,  
Her coats were o the cramasie,  
And she 's awa to unco land,  
True Thomas's wedding for to see.
- 21 At ilka tippet o her horse mane,  
Twa bonny bells did loudly ring,  
And on the tor o her saddle  
A courtly bird did sweetly sing.
- 22 The bells they rang, the bird he sang,  
As they rode in yon pleasant plain;  
Then soon she met true Thomas's bride,  
Wi a' her maidens and young men.
- 23 The bride she garned round about,  
'I wonder,' said she, 'who this may be?  
It surely is our Scottish queen,  
Come here our wedding for to see.'
- 24 Out it speaks true Thomas's boy,  
'She maunna lift her head sae hie;  
But it's true Thomas's first love,  
Come here your wedding for to see.'
- 25 Then out bespake true Thomas's bride,  
I wyte the tear did blind her ee;  
If this be Thomas's first true-love,  
I 'm sair afraid he 'll neer hae me.
- 26 Then in it came her Lady Maisry,  
And aye as she trips in the fleer,  
'What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
'This day, ye know, ye calld me here.'
- 27 'Come hither by me, ye lily flower,  
Come hither and set ye down by me,  
For ye 're the ane I've call'd upon,  
And ye my wedded wife maun be.'
- 28 Then in it came true Thomas's bride,  
And aye as she trippd on the stane,  
'What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
'This day, ye know, ye calld me hame.'
- 29 'Ye hae come on hired horseback,  
But ye 'se gae hame in coach sae free;  
For here 's the flower into my bower  
I mean my wedded wife shall be.'

30 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,  
And part them in divisions three;  
Gie twa o them to your ae brother,  
And cause your brother marry me.'

31 'I winna break my lands,' he said,  
'For ony woman that I see;  
My brother's a knight o wealth and might,  
He'll wed nane but he will for me.'

b. 1<sup>4</sup>. And a' stood. 2<sup>1</sup>. And mony knight.  
2<sup>4</sup>. this gay. 8<sup>2</sup>. return again.  
10<sup>1</sup>. And Saturday. 10<sup>4</sup>. took true.  
13<sup>2</sup>. I may see. 13<sup>3</sup>. my boy.  
16<sup>2</sup>. ye maun be. 24<sup>3</sup>. ain first.  
30<sup>3</sup>. Gie ane.

31. 'O I will break my lands,' he said,  
'And ae third will I gie to thee;  
But my brother's ane o wealth and might,  
And he'll wed nane but he will for me.'

## 254

## LORD WILLIAM, OR, LORD LUNDY

A. Motherwell's MS., p. 361. Sweet William,'  
Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 307.

C. 'Lord William,' Buchan's MSS, II, 126; Dixon,  
Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads,  
p. 57, Percy Society, vol. xvii.

B. 'Lord Lundy,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of  
Scotland, II, 57.

SWEET WILLIAM (Lord William's son, or Lord William) and the Baillie's daughter (Lord Lundy's daughter) have been lovers: they have in fact been over-sea together, learning "some unco lair." The young woman's father recalls her from her studies abroad, and requires her to marry a Southland lord (the young prince of England). She will submit to her father's will, though she had rather die. In A she sends a letter to William by a bird. The minister has begun the marriage-service, when the lover enters the church with a party

of armed men and bids the bridegroom stand back; the bride shall join with him. The father fumes; would shoot William if he had a pistol, A; will give his daughter no dowry, B. William of course cares not the least for dowry; he has what he wants. He tells his 'foremost man' to lift his bride on her horse, and sends commendations to her mother.

A 4, B 10, 11, C 6, 7, may be borrowed from 'Fair Janet,' No 64, G 1, 2, II, 110.

## A

Motherwell's MS., p. 361; from the recitation of Agnes  
Lyle, an old woman of Kilbarchan.

1 SWEET WILLIAM's gone over seas,  
Some unco lair to learn,

And our gude Bailie's ae dochter  
Is awa to learn the same.

2 In one broad buke they learned baith,  
In one broad bed they lay;

- But when her father came to know  
He gart her come away.
- 3 'It's you must marry that Southland lord,  
His lady for to be;  
It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,  
Or nocht ye'll get frae me.'
- 4 'I must marry that Southland lord,  
Father, an it be your will;  
But I rather it were my burial-day,  
My grave for to fill.'
- 5 She walked up, she walked down,  
Had none to make her moan,  
Nothing but the pretty bird  
Sat on the causey-stone.
- 6 'If thou could speak, wee bird,' she says,  
'As weell as thou can flee,  
I would write a long letter  
To Will ayont the sea.'
- 7 'What thou wants wi Will,' it says,  
'Thou'll seal it with thy ring,  
Tak a thread o silk and anither o twine,  
About my neck will hing.'
- 8 What she wanted wi Willie  
She sealed it wi a ring,  
Took a thread o silk, another o twine,  
About its neck did hing.
- 9 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
This bird flew owre the sea,  
Until it entered the same room  
Wherein was Sweet Willie.
- 10 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
Poor bird, it was mistaen!  
It let the letter fa on Baldie's breist,  
Instead o Sweet William.
- 11 'Here's a letter, William,' he says,  
'I'm sure it's not to me;
- And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock  
Your love shall married be.'
- 12 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
'The brown and a' that's speedie,  
And I'll awa to Old England,  
To bring home my ladie.'
- 13 Awa he gaed, awa he rade,  
Awa wi mickle speed;  
He lichtit at every twa miles' end,  
Lichtit and changed his steed.
- 14 When she entered the church-style,  
The tear was in her ee;  
But when she entered the church-door  
A blythe sicht did she see.
- 15 'O hold your hand, you minister,  
Hold it a little wee,  
Till I speak wi the bonnie bride,  
For she's a friend to me.
- 16 'Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,  
Stand off a little wee;  
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,  
For the bride shall join wi me.'
- 17 Up and spak the bride's father,  
And an angry man was he;  
'If I had pistol, powther and lead,  
And all at my command,  
I would shoot thee stiff and dead  
In the place where thou dost stand.'
- 18 Up and spoke then Sweet William,  
And a blithe blink from his ee;  
'If ye neer be shot till I shoot you,  
Ye'se neer be shot for me.
- 19 'Come out, come out, my foremost man,  
And lift my lady on;  
Commend me all to my good-mother,  
At night when ye gang home.'

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 57.

- 1 LORD WILLIAM has but ae dear son,  
In this world had nae mair;

Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,  
And he will hae nane but her.

- 2 They dressed up in maids' array,  
And passd for sisters fair;

- With ae consent gaed ower the sea,  
For to seek after lear.
- 3 They baith did eat at ae braid board,  
In ae bed baith did lye;  
When Lord Lundie got word o that,  
He's taen her soon away.
- 4 When Lord Lundie got word of that,  
An angry man was he;  
He wrote his daughter on great haste  
To return right speedilie.
- 5 When she looked the letter upon,  
A light laugh then gae she;  
But ere she read it till an end  
The tear blinded her ee.
- 6 'Bad news, bad news, my love Willie,  
Bad news is come to me;  
My father's written a braid letter,  
Bids me gae speedilie.
- 7 'Set trysts, set trysts, my love Willie,  
Set trysts, I pray, wi me;  
Set trysts, set trysts, my love Willie,  
When will our wedding be.'
- 8 'On Wednesday, on Wednesday,  
The first that ever ye see;  
On Wednesday at twelve o'clock,  
My dear, I'll meet wi thee.'
- 9 When she came to her father's ha,  
He hailed her courteouslie;  
Says, I'll forgie offences past,  
If now ye'll answer me.
- 10 'Will ye marry yon young prince,  
Queen of England to be?  
Or will you marry Lord William's son,  
Be loved by nane but he?'
- 11 'I will marry yon young prince,  
Father, if it be your will;  
But I woud rather I were dead and gane,  
My grave I woud win till.'
- 12 When she was in her saddle set,  
She skyred like the fire,  
To go her bridegroom for to meet,  
For whom she'd nae desire.
- 13 On every tippet o her horse mane  
There hang a siller bell,  
And whether the wind blew east or west  
They gae a sundry knell.
- 14 And when she came to Mary's kirk  
She skyred like the fire;  
There her young bridegroom she did meet,  
For whom she'd nae desire.
- 15 She looked ower her left shoulder,  
The tear blinded her ee;  
But looking ower her right shoulder,  
A blythe sight then saw she.
- 16 There she saw Lord William's son,  
And mony a man him wi,  
Wi targes braid and glittering spears  
All marching ower the lee.
- 17 The minister looked on a book  
Her marriage to begin:  
'If there is naething to be said,  
These two may join in ane.'
- 18 'O huly, huly, sir,' she said,  
'O stay a little wee;  
I hae a friend to welcome yet  
That's been a dear friend to me.'
- 19 O then the parson he spake out,  
A wise word then spake he;  
'You might hae had your friends welcom'd  
Before ye'd come to me.'
- 20 Then in it came the bride's first love,  
And mony a man him wi:  
'Stand back, stand back, ye jelly bridegroom,  
Bride, ye maun join wi me.'
- 21 Then out it speaks him Lord Lundie,  
An angry man was he;  
'Lord William's son will hae my daughter  
Without leave askd of me.
- 22 'But since it's sae that she will gang,  
And proved sae fause to thee,  
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
Nae portion shall I gie.'
- 23 Then out it speaks the bride's first love,  
And [a] light laugh then gae he;

'I've got the best portion now, my lord,  
That ye can gie to me.

24 'Your gude red gold I value not,  
Nor yet your white monie;  
I hae her by the hand this day  
That 's far dearer to me.

25 'So gie the prince a coffer o gold  
When he gaes to his bed,  
And bid him clap his coffer o gold,  
And I 'll clap my bonny bride.'

## O

Buchan's MSS, II, 126.

1 LORD WILLIAM has gane oer the sea  
For to seek after lear;  
Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,  
And he 'd wed nane but her.

2 Upon a book they both did read,  
And in ae bed did ly:  
'But if my father get word of this,  
I 'll soon be taen away.'

3 'Your father 's gotten word of this,  
Soon married then ye 'll be;  
Set trysts, set trysts wi me, Janet,  
Set trysts, set trysts wi me.

4 'Set trysts, set trysts wi me, Janet,  
When your wedding-day 's to be;  
'On Saturday, the first that comes,  
Must be my wedding-day.'

5 'Bad news, bad news is come, Janet,  
Bad news is come to me;  
Your father 's gotten word of this,  
Soon married then ye 'll be.'

6 'O will ye marry the young prince, daughter,  
The queen of England to be?  
Or will ye marry Lord William,  
And die immediately?'

7 'O I will marry the young prince, father,  
Because it is your will;  
But I wish it was my burial-day,  
For my grave I could gang till.'

8 When they gaed in into the kirk,  
And ae seat they sat in,

The minister took up the book,  
The marriage to begin.

9 'Lay down the book, O dear, kind sir,  
And wait a little wee;  
I have a lady to welcome yet,  
She 's been a good friend to me.'

10 Out then spake the minister,  
An angry man was he;  
'You might have had your ladies welcomd  
Before ye came to me.'

11 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
And tears did blind her ee;  
But she looked oer her right shoulder,  
And a blythe sight saw she,  
For in there came him Lord William,  
And his valiant company.

12 And in there came him Lord William,  
His armour shining clear,  
And in it came him Lord William,  
And many glittering spear.

13 'Stand by, stand by, ye bonny bridegroom,  
Stand by, stand by,' said he;  
'Stand by, stand by, ye bonny bridegroom,  
Bride, ye maun join wi me.

14 'Let the young prince clap his coffer of gold  
When he gangs to his bed;  
Let the young prince clap his coffer of gold,  
But I 'll clap my bonny bride.'

15 Out it spake him Lord Lundie,  
And an angry man was he;  
'My daughter will marry him Lord William,  
It seems, in spite of me.'

*A. C. Motherwell and Dixon have made a few slight changes.*

## 255

## WILLIE'S FATAL VISIT

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 259.

A MAID, Meggie, inquires after her lover, Willie, and is told that he will be with her at night. Willie tirls the pin and is admitted. He is given the option of cards, wine, or bed, and chooses the bed, a too familiar commonplace in Buchan's ballads. Meggie charges the cock not to crow till day, but the cock crows an hour too soon. Willie dons his clothes, and in a dowie den encounters a grievous ghost, which, wan and weary though it be, smiles upon him; smiles, we may suppose, to have caught him. Willie has travelled this road often, and never uttered a prayer for safety; but he will never travel that road again. The ghost tears him to pieces, and

hangs a bit 'on every seat' of Mary's kirk, the head right over Meggie's pew! Meggie rives her yellow hair.

The first half of this piece is a medley of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' 'Clerk Saunders,' and 'The Grey Cock.' For 1<sup>st</sup>, 2, compare No 77, A, E, 2, 3, No 248, 1; for 5-8, No 69, F 3-6, No 70, B 2, 4; for 9, 10, No 248, 6, 7. 13 is caught, or taken, from 'Clyde's Water,' No 216, A 7.

Stanzas 15-17, wherever they came from, are too good for the setting: nothing so spirited, word or deed, could have been looked for from a ghost wan, weary, and smiling.

1 'T WAS on an evening fair I went to take the  
air,

I heard a maid making her moan;  
Said, Saw ye my father? Or saw ye my mother?  
Or saw ye my brother John?  
Or saw ye the lad that I love best,  
And his name it is Sweet William?

2 'I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
Nor saw I your brother John;  
But I saw the lad that ye love best,  
And his name it is Sweet William.'

3 'O was my love riding? or was he running?  
Or was he walking alone?  
Or says he that he will be here this night?  
O dear, but he tarries long!'

4 'Your love was not riding, nor yet was he running,  
But fast was he walking alone;

He says that he will be here this night to thee,  
And forbids you to think long.'

5 Then Willie he has gane to his love's door,  
And gently tirl'd the pin:  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, my bonny Meggie,  
Ye'll rise, lat your true love in.'

6 The lassie being swack ran to the door fu  
snack,  
And gently she lifted the pin,  
Then into her arms sae large and sae lang  
She embraced her bonny love in.

7 'O will ye gang to the cards or the dice,  
Or to a table o wine?  
Or will ye gang to a well-made bed,  
Well coverd wi blankets fine?'

8 'O I winna gang to the cards nor the dice,  
Nor yet to a table o wine;

- But I 'll rather gang to a well-made bed,  
Well coverd wi blankets fine.'
- 9 'My braw little cock, sits on the house tap,  
Ye 'll craw not till it be day,  
And your kame shall be o the gude red gowd,  
And your wings o the siller grey.'
- 10 The cock being fause untrue he was,  
And he crew an hour ower seen;  
They thought it was the gude day-light,  
But it was but the light o the meen.
- 11 'Ohon, alas!' says bonny Meggie then,  
'This night we hae slept ower lang!'  
'O what is the matter?' then Willie replied,  
'The faster then I must gang.'
- 12 Then Sweet Willie raise, and put on his claise,  
And drew till him stockings and sheen,  
And took by his side his berry-brown sword,  
And ower yon lang hill he 's gane.
- 13 As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
Great and grievous was the ghost he saw,  
Would fear ten thousand men.
- 14 As he gaed in by Mary kirk,  
And in by Mary stile,  
Wan and weary was the ghost  
Upon sweet Willie did smile.
- 15 'Aft hae ye travelld this road, Willie,  
Aft hae ye travelld in sin;  
Ye neer said sae muckle for your saul  
As My Maker bring me hame!
- 16 'Aft hae ye travelld this road, Willie,  
Your bonny love to see;  
But ye 'll never travel this road again  
Till ye leave a token wi me.'
- 17 Then she has taen him Sweet Willie,  
Riven him frae gair to gair,  
And on ilka seat o Mary's kirk  
O Willie she hang a share;  
Even abeen his love Meggie's dice,  
Hang 's head and yellow hair.
- 18 His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
But Meggie made muckle mair;  
His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
But Meggie reave her yellow hair.

## 256

## ALISON AND WILLIE

A. 'My luvie she lives in Lincolnshire,' Harris MS., fol. 18 b; Mrs Harris. b. 'Alison' Buchan's MSS., I, 231.

ALISON gaily invites Willie to her wedding; he will not come unless to be the bridegroom, with her for bride. That day you will never see, says Alison; once on your horse, you will have no more mind of me than if I were dead. Willie rides slowly away, and his heart breaks

with the pains of love; he dies by the way, and is left to the birds. A letter stops the wedding, and breaks Alison's heart.

Stanza 7 must be left to those who can interpret Thomas of Erceldoune's prophecies.

- 1 'My luvie she lives in Lincolnshire,  
I wat she 's neither black nor broun,  
But her hair is like the thread o gowd,  
Aye an it waur weel kaimed down.'

- 2 She 's pued the black mask owre her face,  
An blinkit gaily wi her ee:  
'O will you to my weddin come,  
An will you bear me gude companie?'

3 'I winna to your weddin come,  
Nor [will] I bear you gude companie,  
Unless you be the bride yoursell,  
An me the bridegroom to be.'

4 'For me to be the bride mysel,  
An you the bonnie bridegroom to be—  
Cheer up your heart, Sweet Willie,' she said,  
'For that 's the day you 'll never see.

5 'Gin you waur on your saiddle set,  
An gaily ridin on the way,  
You 'll hae nae mair mind o Alison  
Than she waur dead an laid in clay.'

6 When he was on his saiddle set,  
An slowly ridin on the way,  
He had mair mind o Alison  
Than he had o the licht o day.

7 He saw a hart draw near a hare,  
An aye that hare drew near a toun,  
An that same hart did get a hare,  
But the gentle knicht got neer a toun.

8 He leant him owre his saiddle-bow,  
An his heart did brak in pieces three;  
Wi sighen said him Sweet Willie,  
'The pains o luve hae taen hald o me.'

9 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
There cam a white horse an a letter,  
That stopped the weddin speidilie.

10 She leant her back on her bed-side,  
An her heart did brak in pieces three;  
She was buried an bemoaned,  
But the birds waur Willie's companie.

a. 2<sup>s</sup>. Oh. 10<sup>s</sup>. He was.

b. But *wanting*: threads.

2<sup>1</sup>. She pu'd: mask aff. 2<sup>2</sup>. blinked blythely.

2<sup>3</sup>. Says, Will ye. 2<sup>4</sup>. Or: gude *wanting*.

3<sup>2</sup>. Nor will; gude *wanting*.

3<sup>4</sup>. the bonny bridegroom be.

4<sup>2</sup>. to *wanting*. 4<sup>3</sup>. Sweet *wanting*.

5<sup>2</sup>. And merry. 5<sup>3</sup>. Ye 'll mind nae mair o.

5<sup>4</sup>. When. 6<sup>2</sup>. An weary.

7<sup>1</sup>. He spied: draw till. 7<sup>2</sup>. aye the.

7<sup>3</sup>. An *wanting*. 8<sup>1</sup>. leand his back to his.

8<sup>2</sup>. said that sweet. 8<sup>4</sup>. luve 's taen.

9<sup>1,2</sup>. Their wedding-day it was well set, And a'  
their friends invited there. 9<sup>3</sup>. While came.

9<sup>4</sup>. wedding in prepare.

Before 10<sup>1</sup>: She said, If Willie he be dead, A  
wedded wife I 'll never be.

10<sup>1</sup>. Then leand her back to her bed-stock.

10<sup>2</sup>. Her heart in pieces broke in three.

10<sup>3</sup>. then was.

## 257

## BURD ISABEL AND EARL PATRICK

A. 'Burd Bell,' Kinloch MSS, I, 211.

C. 'Earl Patrick and Burd Isabel,' Motherwell's MS.,  
p. 440.

B. 'Burd Isabel and Sir Patrick,' Buchan's Ballads of  
the North of Scotland, I, 76.

CHRISTIE, Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 34,  
I, 42, says that an old woman in Buckie, En-  
zie, Banff, who died in 1866 at the age of

nearly eighty, and whose father was a noted  
ballad-singer, sang him words which, so far  
as he could remember, were like those of B.

A. Unmarried Burd Isabel bears a son to Earl Patrick. He has passed his word to make her his wife in case the expected bairn should be a boy, but his mother objects. He now promises to bring her home after the demise of his parents, and in the mean while builds her a gold and silver bower (which for a reason inscrutable is 'strawn round wi sand'). Father and mother die; Patrick takes no step to fulfil his engagement, and Isabel asks why. Patrick wishes that a hundred evils may enter him, and he 'fa oure the brim,' if ever he marries another; nevertheless he weds a duke's daughter. His bride has a fancy to see his son, and Patrick sends his aunt (or his grand-aunt, or his great-grand-aunt) to fetch the boy. Isabel dares any woman to take the bairn away. Patrick comes in person. Isabel repeats the words she had used to his aunt, and reminds him of the curse which he had conditionally wished himself at their last interview. The perjured man turns to go

away, the hundred evils enter him, and he falls 'oure the brim.'

B has nearly the same story with additional circumstances. Patrick wishes that eleven devils may attend his last day should he wed another woman. When he goes to inquire how Isabel came to refuse the request he had made through his aunt, he takes the opportunity to make over to her child the third part of his land. She has two clerks, her cousins, at her call, who see to the legal formalities pertaining to this transfer; she commits the boy to one of these, and herself goes to an unco land to drive love out of her mind. We hear of nothing worse happening to Earl Patrick for selling his precious soul than his never getting further ben the church than the door.

C is a variety of B, but not half so long. Whether B has added or C omitted, no reader will much concern himself to know.

St. 7 (nearly) occurs in No 92, B 17, II, 313, and something similar in various ballads.

### A

Kinloch MSS, I, 211; "obtained in the North Country, from the recitation of Mrs Charles."

1 THERE is a stane in yon water,  
It's lang or it grow green;  
It's a maid that maks her ain fortune,  
It'll never end its leen.

2 Burd Bell was na full fyfteen  
Till to service she did gae;  
Burd Bell was na full sixteen  
Till big wi bairn was scho.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'Burd Bell she is a gude woman,  
She bides at hame wi me;  
She never seeks to gang to church,  
But bides at hame wi me.'

4 It fell ance upon a day  
She fell in travail-pain;

He is gane to the stair-head  
Some ladies to call in.

5 'O gin ye hae a lass-bairn, Burd Bell,  
A lass-bairn though it be,  
Twenty ploughs bot and a mill  
Will mak ye lady free.

6 'But gin ye hae a son, Burd Bell,  
Ye'se be my wedded wife,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

7 The knights they knock their white fingers,  
The ladies sat and sang,  
T was a' to cheer bonnie Burd Bell,  
She was far sunk in pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

8 Earl Patrick is to his mither gane,  
As fast as he could hie:  
'An askin, an askin, dear mither,  
An askin I want frae thee.

- 9 'Burd Bell has born to me a son;  
What sall I do her wi?'  
'Gie her what ye like, Patrick,  
Mak na her your ladie.'
- 10 He has gane to bonnie Burd Bell,  
Hir heart was pressd wi care:  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 11 'My father will dee, bonnie Burd Bell,  
My mither will do the same,  
And whan ye hear that they are gane  
It's then I'll bring ye hame.'
- 12 Earl Patrick's bigget to her a bour,  
And strawn it round wi sand;  
He coverd it wi silver on the outside,  
Wi the red gowd within.
- 13 It happened ance upon a day  
She was kaiming his yellow hair,  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 14 'Your father is dead, Earl Patrick,  
Your mither is the same;  
And what is the reason, Earl Patrick,  
Ye winna tak me hame?'
- 15 'I've bigget to you a bonnie bour,  
I've strawn it round wi sand;  
I've coverd it wi silver on the outside,  
Wi gude red gowd within.
- 16 'If eer I marry anither woman,  
Or bring anither hame,  
I wish a hundred evils may enter me,  
And may I fa oure the brim!'
- 17 It was na very lang after this  
That a duke's dochter he's wed,  
Wi a waggon fu of gowd  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 18 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
And spied baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Earl Patrick's aunt  
Come riding to the town.
- 19 'What want ye here, Earl Patrick's aunt?  
What want ye here wi me?'  
'I want Earl Patrick's bonnie young son;  
His bride fain wad him see.'
- 20 'I wad like to see that woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
That I ance for bowd my knee.'  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 21 'Burd Bell, she's the bauldest woman  
That ever I did see:'  
'It's I'll gang to bonnie Burd Bell,  
She was never bauld to me.'
- 22 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
Behauding brave dale and down,  
And there she spied him Earl Patrick  
Slowly riding to the town.
- 23 'What said ye to my great-grand-aunt  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*'
- 24 'I said nathing to your great-grand-aunt  
But I will say to thee:  
I wad like to see the woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
I ance for bowd my knee.
- 25 'O dinna ye mind, Earl Patrick,  
The vows ye made to me,  
That a hundred evils wad enter you  
If ye provd fause to me?'
- 26 He's turnd him richt and round about,  
His horse head to the wind,  
The hundred evils enterd him,  
And he fell oure the brim.

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 76.

- 1 TAKE warning, a' ye young women,  
Of low station or hie,  
Lay never your love upon a man  
Above your ain degree.
- 2 Thus I speak by Burd Isabel;  
She was a maid sae fair,  
She laid her love on Sir Patrick,  
She'll rue it for evermair.
- 3 And likewise, a' ye sprightly youths,  
Of low station or hie,  
Lay never your love upon a maid  
Below your ain degree.
- 4 And thus I speak by Sir Patrick,  
Who was a knight sae rare;  
He's laid his love on Burd Isabel,  
He'll rue it for evermair.
- 5 Burd Isabel was but ten years auld,  
To service she has gane;  
And Burd Isabel was but fifeteen  
Whan her young son came hame.
- 6 It fell ance upon a day  
Strong travelling took she;  
None there was her bower within  
But Sir Patrick and she.
- 7 'This is a wark now, Sir Patrick,  
That we twa neer will end;  
Ye'll do you to the outer court  
And call some women in.'
- 8 He's done him to the outer court,  
And stately there did stand;  
Eleven ladies he's call'd in,  
Wi ae shake o his hand.
- 9 'Be favourable to Burd Isabel,  
Deal favourable if ye may;  
Her kirk and her fair wedding  
Shall baith stand on ae day.
- 10 'Deal favourable to Burd Isabel,  
Whom I love as my life;  
Ere this day month be come and gane,  
She's be my wedded wife.'
- 11 Then he is on to his father,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
Says, Will I marry Burd Isabel?  
She's born a son to me.
- 12 'O marry, marry Burd Isabel,  
Or use her as ye like;  
Ye'll gar her wear the silks sae red  
And sae may ye the white.  
O woud ye marry Burd Isabel,  
Make her your heart's delight?
- 13 'You want not lands nor rents, Patrick,  
You know your fortune's free;  
But ere you'd marry Burd Isabel  
I'd rather bury thee.
- 14 'Ye'll build a bower for Burd Isabel,  
And set it round wi sand;  
Make as much mirth in Isabel's bower  
As ony in a' the land.'
- 15 Then he is to his mother gane,  
Fell low down on his knee:  
'O shall I marry Burd Isabel?  
She's born a son to me.'
- 16 'O marry, marry Burd Isabel,  
Or use her as ye like;  
Ye'll gar her wear the silks sae red,  
And sae may ye the white.  
O would ye marry Burd Isabel,  
Make her wi me alike?
- 17 'You want not lands and rents, Patrick,  
You know your fortune's free;  
But ere you marry Burd Isabel  
I'd rather bury thee.
- 18 'Ye'll build a bower to Burd Isabel,  
And set it round wi glass;  
Make as much mirth in Isabel's bower  
As ony in a' the place.'
- 19 He's done him down thro ha, thro ha,  
Sae has he in thro bower;  
The tears ran frae his twa grey eyes,  
And loot them fast down pour.
- 20 'My father and my mother baith  
To age are coming on;  
When they are dead and buried baith,  
Burd Isabel I'll bring home.'

- 21 The words that passd atween these twa  
Ought never to be spoken;  
The vows that passd atween these twa  
Ought never to be broken.
- 22 Says he, If I another court,  
Or wed another wife,  
May eleven devils me attend  
At the end-day o my life.
- 23 But his father he soon did die,  
His mother nae lang behind;  
But Sir Patrick of Burd Isabel  
He now had little mind.
- 24 It fell ance upon a day,  
As she went out to walk,  
And there she saw him Sir Patrick,  
Going wi his hound and hawk.
- 25 'Stay still, stay still, now Sir Patrick,  
O stay a little wee,  
And think upon the fair promise  
Last year ye made to me.
- 26 'Now your father's dead, kind sir,  
And your mother the same;  
Yet nevertheless now, Sir Patrick,  
Ye're nae bringing me hame.'
- 27 'If the morn be a pleasant day,  
I mean to sail the sea,  
To spend my time in fair England,  
All for a month or three.'
- 28 He hadna been in fair England  
A month but barely ane  
Till he forgot her Burd Isabel,  
The mother of his son.
- 29 Some time he spent in fair England,  
And when returnd again  
He laid his love on a duke's daughter,  
And he has brought her hame.
- 30 Now he's forgot his first true love  
He ance lovd ower them a';  
But now the devil did begin  
To work between them twa.
- 31 When Sir Patrick he was wed,  
And all set down to dine,  
Upon his first love, Burd Isabel,  
A thought ran in his mind.
- 32 He calld upon his gude grand-aunt  
To come right speedilie;  
Says, Ye'll gae on to Burd Isabel,  
Bring my young son to me.
- 33 She's taen her mantle her about,  
Wi gowd gloves on her hand,  
And she is on to Burd Isabel,  
As fast as she coud gang.
- 34 She haild her high, she haild her low,  
With stile in great degree:  
'O busk, O busk your little young son,  
For he maun gang wi me.'
- 35 'I woud fain see the one,' she said,  
'O low station or hie,  
Woud take the bairn frae my foot,  
For him I bowed my knee.
- 36 'I woud fain see the one,' she said,  
'O low station or mean,  
Woud take the bairn frae my foot  
Whom I own to be mine.'
- 37 Then she has done her hame again,  
As fast as gang coud she;  
'Present,' said he, 'my little young son,  
For him I wish to see.'
- 38 'Burd Isabel's a bauld woman,' she said,  
'As eer I yet spake wi';  
But sighing said him Sir Patrick,  
She ne'er was bauld to me.
- 39 But he's dressd in his best array,  
His gowd rod in his hand,  
And he is to Burd Isabel's bower,  
As fast as he coud gang.
- 40 'O how is this, Burd Isabel,' he said,  
'So ill ye've used me?  
What gart you anger my gude grand-aunt,  
That I did send to thee?'
- 41 'If I hae angerd your gude grand-aunt,  
O then sae lat it be;  
I said naething to your gude grand-aunt  
But what I'll say to thee.

- 42 'I woud fain see the one, I said,  
O low station or hie,  
Wha woud take this bairn frae my foot,  
For him I bowed the knee.
- 43 'I woud fain see the one, I said,  
O low station or mean,  
Woud take this bairn frae my foot  
Whom I own to be mine.'
- 44 'O if I had some counsellors here,  
And clerks to seal the band,  
I woud infest your son this day  
In third part o my land.'
- 45 'I hae two couzins, Scottish clerks,  
Wi bills into their hand,  
An ye'll infest my son this day  
In third part o your land.'
- 46 Then he call'd in her Scottish clerks,  
Wi bills into their hand,

And he's infest his son that day  
The third part o his land.

- 47 To ane o these young clerks she spoke,  
Clerk John it was his name;  
Says, Of my son I gie you charge  
Till I return again.
- 48 'Ye'll take here my son, clerk John,  
Learn him to dance and sing,  
And I will to some unco land,  
Drive love out of my mind.
- 49 'And ye'll take here my son, clerk John,  
Learn him to hunt the roe,  
And I will to some unco land;  
Now lat Sir Patrick go.
- 50 'But I'll cause this knight at church-door stand,  
For a' his noble train;  
For selling o his precious soul  
Dare never come farther ben.'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 440.

- 1 ALL young maidens fair and gay,  
Whatever your station be,  
Never lay your love upon a man  
Above your own degree.
- 2 I speak it all by Bird Isabel;  
She was her father's dear,  
She laid her love on Earl Patrick,  
Which she rues ever mair.
- 3 'Oh, we began a wark, Patrick,  
That we two cannot end;  
Go you unto the outer stair  
And call some women in.'
- 4 He's gone unto the outer stair,  
And up in it did stand,  
And did bring in eleven ladies,  
With one sign of his hand.
- 5 He did him to the doctor's shop,  
As fast as he could gang,  
But ere the doctor could get there  
Bird Isabel bore a son.

6 But he has courted a duke's daughter,  
Lived far beyond the sea;  
Burd Isabel's parents were but mean,  
They had not gear to gie.

7 He has courted a duke's daughter,  
Lived far beyond the foam;  
Burd Isabel was a mean woman,  
And tocher she had none.

8 Now it fell once upon a day  
His wedding day was come;  
He's hied him to his great-grand-aunt,  
As fast as he could gang.

9 Says, Will you go this errand, aunt?  
Go you this errand for me,  
And if I live and bruick my life  
I will go as far for thee.

10 'Go and bring me Bird Isabel's son,  
Dressed in silks so fine,  
And if he live to be a man  
He shall heir all my land.'

11 Now she went hailing to the door,  
And hailing ben the floor,

- And Isabel styled her madame,  
And she, her Isabel dear.
- 12 'I came to take Earl Patrick's son,  
To dress in silks so fine;  
For if he live to be a man  
He is to heir his land.'
- 13 'Oh is there ever a woman,' she said,  
'Of high station or mean,  
Daur take this bairn from my knee?  
For he is called mine.
- 14 'Oh is there ever a woman,' she said,  
'Of mean station or hie,  
Daur tak this bairn frae my foot?  
For him I bowed my knee.'
- 15 His aunt went hailing to his door,  
And hailing ben the floor,  
And she has styled him, Patrick,  
And [he] her, aunty dear.
- 16 She says, I have been east and west,  
And far beyond the sea,  
But Isabel is the boldest woman  
That ever my eyes did see.
- 17 'You surely dream, my aunty dear,  
For that can never be;
- Burd Isabel 's not a bold woman,  
She never was bold to me.'
- 18 Now he went hailing to her door,  
And hailing ben the floor,  
And she has styled him, Patrick,  
And he her, Isabel dear.
- 19 'O ye have angered my great-grand-aunt;  
You know she 's a lady free;'  
'I said naught to your great-grand-aunt  
But what I 'll say to thee.
- 20 'Oh is there ever a woman, I said,  
Of high station or mean,  
Daur tak this bairn from my knee?  
For he is called mine.
- 21 'Oh is there ever a woman, I said,  
Of mean station or hie,  
Daur tak this bairn from my foot?  
For him I bowed my knee.
- 22 'But I'll cause you stand at good church-door,  
For all your noble train;  
For selling of your precious soul,  
You shall not get further ben.'

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## BROUGHTY WA'S

a. 'Helen,' Buchan's MSS, I, 233.

b. 'Burd Hellen,' or, 'Browghty Wa's,' Harris MS.,  
fol. 17 b; from Mrs Harris.

A YOUNG woman is carried off from Broughty Castle, near Dundee, by a body of armed Highlanders. Her lover, who is making her a visit at the time, is either taken along with her — an unnecessary incumbrance, one would think — or follows her. The pair go out to take the air; she throws herself into a river; her lover leaps in after her and is

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drowned. She kilts up her clothes and makes her way to Dundee, congratulating herself that she had learned to swim for liberty.

Stanza 9, as it runs in b, is a reminiscence of 'Bonny Baby Livingston,' and 13 recalls 'Child Waters,' or 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter.'

- 1 BURD HELEN was her mother's dear,  
Her father's heir to be ;  
He was the laird of Broughty Walls,  
And the provost o Dundee.
- 2 Burd Helen she was much admired  
By all that were round about ;  
Unto Hazelan she was betrothed,  
Her virgin days were out.
- 3 Glenhazlen was a comely youth,  
And virtuous were his friends ;  
He left the schools o bonny Dundee  
And on to Aberdeen.
- 4 It fell upon a Christmas Day  
Burd Helen was left alone  
For to keep her father's towers ;  
They stand two miles from town.
- 5 Glenhazlen 's on to Broughty Walls,  
Was thinking to win in ;  
But the wind it blew, and the rain dang on  
And wat him to the skin.
- 6 He was very well entertaintd,  
Baith for his bed and board,  
Till a band o men surrounded them,  
Well armd wi spear and sword.
- 7 They hurried her along wi them,  
Lockd up her maids behind ;

- They threw the keys out-ower the walls,  
That none the plot might find.
- 8 They hurried her along wi them,  
Ower mony a rock and glen,  
But, all that they could say or do.  
From weeping would not refrain.
  - 9 ' The Hiland hills are hie, hie hills,  
The Hiland hills are hie ;  
They are no like the banks o Tay,  
Or bonny town o Dundee.'
  - 10 It fell out ance upon a day  
They went to take the air ;  
She threw hersell upon the stream,  
Against wind and despair.
  - 11 It was sae deep he coudna wide,  
Boats werna to be found,  
But he leapt in after himsell,  
And sunk down like a stone.
  - 12 She kilted up her green claiding  
A little below her knee,  
And never rest nor was undrest  
Till she reachd again Dundee.
  - 13 ' I learned this at Broughty Walls,  
At Broughty near Dundee,  
That if water were my prison strong  
I would swim for libertie.'

- a. 7<sup>2</sup>. Tuckd.  
b. 1<sup>4</sup>. the *wanting*. 2<sup>8</sup>. But to Hunglen.  
3<sup>2</sup>. were *wanting*.  
4<sup>1</sup>. fell oot once upon a time. 4<sup>8</sup>. All for.  
4<sup>4</sup>. stand ten.  
5<sup>1</sup>. Glenhazlen he cam ridin bye.  
5<sup>2</sup>. An thinkin to get in.  
7<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>. They hiesed.  
7<sup>2</sup>. Locked up.  
7<sup>8</sup>. An flang. 8<sup>4</sup>. To weep she wald.  
9<sup>8,4</sup>. An if you wald my favour gain, Oh, tak  
me to Dundee!  
10<sup>1</sup>. once upon a time.

- 10<sup>2</sup>. went oot to.  
10<sup>8</sup>. into the. 10<sup>4</sup>. Between.  
11<sup>1</sup>. The stream was deep.  
11<sup>2</sup>. So he: after her himsell.  
After 11:

' The Highland hills are high, high hills,  
The Highland hills are hie ;  
They 're no like the pleasant banks o Tay,  
Nor the bonnie town o Dundee'.

- 13<sup>8</sup>. water waur my prison-walls.  
13<sup>4</sup>. I could.

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## LORD THOMAS STUART

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 1.

LORD THOMAS STUART has married a young countess, and has given her Strathbogie and Aboyne for a morning-gift. The lady has a desire to see these places. As they are on their way thither (from Edinburgh), her husband is attacked with a pain which obliges him to turn back; he tells her to ride on, and she seems so to do. The pain proves to be beyond the skill of leeches. Lord

Thomas begs his father to see that his wife gets what he has given her. He dies; the horses turn wild in the stables, the hounds howl on the leash. Lady Stuart has the usual dream (No 74, A 8, B 11, etc.). She comes back wringing her hands; she knows by the horses that are standing about the house that the burial is preparing.

1 THOMAS STUART was a lord,  
A lord of mickle land;  
He used to wear a coat of gold,  
But now his grave is green.

2 Now he has wooed the young countess,  
The Countess of Balquhin,  
An given her for a morning-gift  
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

3 But women's wit is aye willful,  
Alas that ever it was sae!  
She longed to see the morning-gift  
That her gude lord to her gae.

4 When steeds were saddled an weel bridled,  
An ready for to ride,  
There came a pain on that gude lord,  
His back, likewise his side.

5 He said, Ride on, my lady fair,  
May goodness be your guide!  
For I'm sae sick an weary that  
No farther can I ride.

6 Now ben did come his father dear,  
Wearing a golden band;  
Says, Is there nae leech in Edinburgh  
Can cure my son from wrang?

7 'O leech is come, an leech is gane,  
Yet, father, I'm aye waur;  
There's not a leech in Edinbro  
Can death from me debar.

8 'But be a friend to my wife, father,  
Restore to her her own;  
Restore to her my morning-gift,  
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

9 'It had been gude for my wife, father,  
To me she'd born a son;  
He would have got my land an rents,  
Where they lie out an in.

10 'It had been gude for my wife, father,  
To me she'd born an heir;  
He would have got my land an rents,  
Where they lie fine an fair.'

11 The steeds they strave into their stables,  
The boys could'nt get them bound ;  
The hounds lay howling on the leech,  
Cause their master was behind.

12 'I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,  
I wish it may be good,  
That our chamber was full of swine,  
An our bed full of blood.'

13 I saw a woman come from the West,  
Full sore wringing her hands,

And aye she cried, Ohon, alas !  
My good lord 's broken bands.

14 As she came by my good lord's bower,  
Saw mony black steeds an brown :  
'I 'm feared it be mony unco lords  
Havin my love from town !'

15 As she came by my gude lord's bower,  
Saw mony black steeds an grey :  
'I 'm feared it's mony unco lords  
Havin my love to the clay !'

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## LORD THOMAS AND LADY MARGARET

A. a. 'Lord Thomas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 407. b. 'Lord Thomas and Lady Margaret,' the same, p. 71. B. 'Clerk Tamas,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 43.

CHRISTIE, who gives B, "epitomized and slightly changed," under the title 'Clerk Tamas and Fair Annie,' Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 12, says that he can trace the ballad, traditionally, far into the last century.

A. Lord Thomas goes a-hunting, and Lady Margaret rides after him ; when he sees her following, he orders his servants to hunt her far from him, and they hunt her high and low. She comes upon a tall young man, and begs 'relief' from him for a lady wronged in love and chased from her 'country.' No relief is to be had from him unless she will renounce all other men and be his wife. After a time, Lady Margaret, sewing at her window, observes a vagrant body, who turns out to be Lord Thomas, reduced to beggary ; he has been banished from his own country, and asks relief. No relief from her ; she would hang him were he within her bower. Not so, says Lord Thomas ; rather he would kill her lord with his broadsword and carry her off. Not so, says Lady Margaret, but you must come in and drink with me. She poisons three bottles of wine, and pretends

to be his taster. Lord Thomas drinks away merrily, but soon feels the poison. I am wearied with this drinking, he says. And so was I when you set your hounds at me, she replies ; but you shall be buried as if you were one of my own.

B has Clerk Tamas for Lord Thomas, and Fair Annie for Lady Margaret. Tamas has loved Annie devotedly, but now hates her and the lands she lives in. Annie goes to ask him to pity her ; he sees her coming, as he lies 'over his shot-window,' and orders his men to hunt her to the sea. A captain, lying 'over his ship-window,' sees Annie driven from the town, and offers to take her in if she will forsake friends and lands for him. The story goes on much as in A.

A 8 is borrowed from 'The Douglas Tragedy,' see No 7, C 9. B 14<sup>3,4</sup> is a commonplace, which, in inferior traditional ballads, is often, as here, an out-of-place. B 15, 16 is another commonplace, of the silly sort : see No 87, B 3, 4, D 4, 5, and Buchan's 'Lady Isabel,' 20, 21.

## A

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 407; from the recitation of Mrs Parkhill, Maxwelltown, 28 September, 1825 (with variations, furnished by another person of the same neighborhood, interlined). b. Motherwell's MS., p. 71; from Miss —, Glasgow.

- 1 LORD THOMAS is to the hunting gone,  
To hunt the fallow deer;  
Lady Margaret's to the greenwood shaw,  
To see her lover hunt there.
- 2 He has looked over his left shoulder,  
To see what might be seen,  
And there he saw Lady Margaret,  
As she was riding her lane.
- 3 He called on his servants all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
'Go hunt, go hunt that wild woman,  
Go hunt her far from me!'
- 4 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
They hunted her over the plain,  
And the red scarlet robes Lady Margaret had  
on  
Would never be mended again.
- 5 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
They hunted her over the plain,  
Till at last she spy'd a tall young man,  
As he was riding alane.
- 6 'Some relief, some relief, thou tall young man!  
Some relief I pray thee grant me!  
For I am a lady deep wronged in love,  
And chased from my own countrie.'
- 7 'No relief, no relief, thou lady fair,  
No relief will I grant unto thee  
Till once thou renounce all the men in the  
world  
My wedded wife for to be.'
- 8 Then he set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a gray,  
And he has drawn his hat over his face,  
And chearfully they rode away.
- 9 Lady Margaret was at her bower-window,  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And there she spy'd, like a wandering bodie,  
Lord Thomas begging alane.

- 10 'Some relief, some relief, thou lady fair!  
Some relief, I pray thee grant me!  
For I am a pair auld doited carle,  
And banishd from my ain countrie.'
- 11 'No relief, no relief, thou perjured man,  
No relief will I grant unto thee;  
For oh, if I had thee within my bower,  
There hanged dead thou would be.'
- 12 'No such thing, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'Such a thing would never be;  
For with my broadsword I would kill thy  
wedded lord,  
And carry thee far off with me.'
- 13 'Oh no, no! Lord Thomas,' she said,  
'Oh, no such things must be;  
For I have wine in my cellars,  
And you must drink with me.'
- 14 Lady Margaret then called her servants all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
'Go fetch me the bottles of blude-red wine,  
That Lord Thomas may drink with me.'
- 15 They brought her the bottles of blude-red wine,  
By one, by two, by three,  
And with her fingers long and small  
She poisond them all three.
- 16 She took the cup in her lilly-white hand,  
Betwixt her finger and her thumb,  
She put it to her red rosy lips,  
But never a drop went down.
- 17 Then he took the cup in his manly hand,  
Betwixt his finger and his thumb,  
He put it to his red rosy lips,  
And so merrily it ran down.
- 18 'Oh, I am wearied drinking with thee, Mar-  
garet!  
I am wearied drinking with thee!  
'And so was I,' Lady Margaret said,  
'When thou hunted thy hounds after me.'
- 19 'But I will bury thee, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
'Just as if thou wert one of my own;  
And when that my good lord comes home  
I will say thou's my sister's son.'

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 43.

- 1 CLERK TAMAS lovd her fair Annie  
As well as Mary lovd her son;  
But now he hates her fair Annie,  
And hates the lands that she lives in.
- 2 'Ohon, alas!' said fair Annie,  
'Alas! this day I fear I'll die;  
But I will on to sweet Tamas,  
And see gin he will pity me.'
- 3 As Tamas lay ower his shott-window,  
Just as the sun was gaen down,  
There he beheld her fair Annie,  
As she came walking to the town.
- 4 'O where are a' my well-wight men,  
I wat, that I pay meat and fee,  
For to lat a' my hounds gang loose  
To hunt this vile whore to the sea.'
- 5 The hounds they knew the lady well,  
And nane o them they woud her bite,  
Save ane that is ca'd Gaudywhere,  
I wat he did the lady smite.
- 6 'O wae mat worth ye, Gaudywhere!  
An ill reward this is to me;  
For ae bit that I gae the lave,  
I'm very sure I've gien you three.
- 7 'For me, alas! there's nae remeid,  
Here comes the day that I maun die;  
I ken ye lovd your master well,  
And sae, alas for me! did I.'
- 8 A captain lay ower his ship-window,  
Just as the sun was gaen down;  
There he beheld her fair Annie,  
As she was hunted frae the town.
- 9 'Gin ye'll forsake father and mither,  
And sae will ye your friends and kin,  
Gin ye'll forsake your lands sae broad,  
Then come and I will take you in.'
- 10 'Yes, I'll forsake baith father and mither,  
And sae will I my friends and kin;  
Yes, I'll forsake my lands sae broad,  
And come, gin ye will take me in.'
- 11 Then a' thing gaed frae fause Tamas,  
And there was naething byde him wi;  
Then he thought lang for Arrandella,  
It was fair Annie for to see.
- 12 'How do ye now, ye sweet Tamas?  
And how gaes a' in your countrie?'  
'I'll do better to you than ever I've done,  
Fair Annie, gin ye'll come an see.'
- 13 'O Guid forbid,' said fair Annie,  
'That e'er the like fa in my hand!  
Woud I forsake my ain gude lord  
And follow you, a gae-through-land?'
- 14 'Yet nevertheless now, sweet Tamas,  
Ye'll drink a cup o wine wi me,  
And nine times in the live lang day  
Your fair claithing shall changed be.'
- 15 Fair Annie pat it till her cheek,  
Sae did she till her milk-white chin,  
Sae did she till her flattering lips,  
But never a drap o wine gaed in.
- 16 Tamas pat it till his cheek,  
Sae did he till his dimpled chin;  
He pat it till his rosy lips,  
And then the well o wine gaed in.
- 17 'These pains,' said he, 'are ill to bide;  
Here is the day that I maun die;  
O take this cup frae me, Annie,  
For o the same I am weary.'
- 18 'And sae was I o you, Tamas,  
When I was hunted to the sea;  
But I'se gar bury you in state,  
Which is mair than ye'd done to me.'

A. a. 12<sup>1</sup>. (no such thing) a second time; inserted  
apparently by Motherwell.

Interlineations: 2<sup>2</sup>. what he might spy.  
2<sup>4</sup>. riding by.

- 8<sup>3</sup>. his broadsword from his side.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. And slowly.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. To see what she might spy.  
 9<sup>3</sup>. spy'd Lord Thomas.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. A begging along the highway.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. pur oppressed man.  
 15<sup>1</sup>. They glowred, but they brought the blude-  
 red wine.
- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. is a. 1<sup>2</sup>. the green wood oer.  
 1<sup>3</sup>. Lady Margaret has followed him.  
 1<sup>4</sup>. To seek her own true-love. 2. *Wanting*.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. He has called up his merrie men all.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. Hunt away, hunt away this.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. her away from. 4<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>. and they.  
 4<sup>2</sup>, 5<sup>2</sup>. Till she ran quite over.  
 4<sup>3</sup>. The scarlet robes. 4<sup>4</sup>. They can never.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. And there she spied. 5<sup>4</sup>. Just as.  
 6<sup>2</sup>. Some relief, some relief grant me.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. lady that is deep, deep in.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. And I am banished from. 7<sup>1</sup>. fair ladie.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. No relief, no relief I'll grant thee.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. Unless you forsake : in this.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. And my : you will be.  
 8<sup>1</sup>. He has mounted her.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. And himself on a dapple.  
 8<sup>3</sup>. The buglet horn hung done by there side.
- 8<sup>4</sup>. And so slowly as they both.  
 9<sup>1</sup>. One day L. M. at her castle-window.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. Was sewing. 9<sup>3</sup>. espied L. T.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. A begging all. 10<sup>1</sup>. fair ladie.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. Some relief, some relief grant me.  
 10<sup>3</sup>, 11. No relief, no relief, Lord Thomas,  
 she said, But hanged thou shalt be.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. O no, O no, Lady.  
 12<sup>2</sup>. For no such things must be.  
 12<sup>3</sup>. But with : I will.  
 12<sup>4</sup>. And I'll ride far off with thee.  
 13<sup>1</sup>. O no, O no. 13<sup>2</sup>. O no : must not.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. She has called up her.  
 14<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>. and by.  
 14<sup>3</sup>. Go bring to me a bottle of wine.  
 15<sup>1</sup>. her up a bottle of wine.  
 15<sup>2</sup>. so long. 15<sup>4</sup>. The rank poison in put she.  
 16, 17. *Wanting*.  
 18<sup>1</sup>. I'm wearied, I'm wearied, Lady Marga-  
 ret, he said.  
 18<sup>2</sup>. O I'm : talking to.  
 18<sup>3</sup>. I, Lord Thomas, she.  
 18<sup>4</sup>. you hounded your dogs.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. bury you as one of my own.  
 19<sup>2</sup>. And all in my own ground.  
 19<sup>4</sup>. say you're.

## 261

## LADY ISABEL

'Lady Isabel,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 129.

LADY ISABEL'S step-mother accuses her of being her father's leman; he gives her finer gowns than he gives his wife. Isabel replies that, in the first place, she is young, which is reason enough why her gowns should be fairer; but that, as a matter of fact, a lover of hers over seas sends her ten gowns to one that her father buys her. The step-mother invites Isabel to take wine with her. Isabel wishes first to go to a church. At this church she sees her own mother, and asks whether

she shall flee the country or drink what has been prepared for her. Her mother enjoins her to drink the dowie drink; before she is cold she will be in a better place. Upon returning, Isabel is again pressed to take wine, and again begs to be excused for the moment; she wishes to see her maids in the garden. She gives her maids ring and brooch. A third time the step-mother proposes that they shall take wine together; the daughter, with due courtesy, begs the elder to begin. The step-

mother goes through certain motions customary in ballads of this description, and swallows not a drop; Isabel duly repeats the mummery, but drinks. She has time to tell this wicked dame that their beds will be made very far apart. The step-mother goes mad.

Stanzas 20, 21, as has already been inti-

mated, are a commonplace, and a foolish one. Stanza 24, in various forms, not always well adapted to the particular circumstances, ends several ballads: as No 64, F; No 65, H; No 66, A 28, 29, B 20, 21; No 67, B; No 70, B.

Translated by Gerhard, p. 161.

1 'T WAS early on a May morning  
Lady Isabel combd her hair;  
But little kent she, or the morn  
She woud never comb it mair.

2 'T was early on a May morning  
Lady Isabel rang the keys;  
But little kent she, or the morn  
A fey woman she was.

3 Ben it came her step-mother,  
As white 's the lily flower:  
'It 's tauld me this day, Isabel,  
You are your father's whore.'

4 'O them that tauld you that, mother,  
I wish they neer drink wine;  
For if I be the same woman  
My ain sell drees the pine.

5 'And them that 's tauld you that, mother,  
I wish they neer drink ale;  
For if I be the same woman  
My ain sell drees the dail.'

6 'It may be very well seen, Isabel,  
It may be very well seen;  
He buys to you the damask gowns,  
To me the dowie green.'

7 'Ye are of age and I am young,  
And young amo my flowers;  
The fairer that my claithing be,  
The mair honour is yours.

8 'I hae a love beyond the sea,  
And far ayont the faem;  
For ilka gown my father buys me,  
My ain luv sends me ten.'

9 'Come ben, come ben now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I 'll gie [ye].'

10 'Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little while,  
Till I gang into Marykirk;  
It 's but a little mile.'

11 When she gaed on to Marykirk,  
And into Mary's quire,  
There she saw her ain mother  
Sit in a gowden chair.

12 'O will I leave the lands, mother?  
Or shall I sail the sea?  
Or shall I drink this dowie drink  
That is prepar'd for me?'

13 'Ye winna leave the lands, daughter,  
Nor will ye sail the sea,  
But ye will drink this dowie drink  
This woman 's prepar'd for thee.

14 'Your bed is made in a better place  
Than ever hers will be,  
And ere ye 're cauld into the room  
Ye will be there wi me.'

15 'Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I 'll gie [ye].'

16 'Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little wee,  
Till I gang to yon garden green,  
My Maries a' to see.'

- 17 To some she gae the broach, the broach,  
To some she gae a ring;  
But wae befa her step-mother!  
To her she gae nae thing.
- 18 'Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I'll gie [ye].'
- 19 Slowly to the bower she came,  
And slowly enterd in,  
And being full o courtesie,  
Says, Begin, mother, begin.
- 20 She put it till her cheek, her cheek,  
Sae did she till her chin,  
Sae did she till her fu fause lips,  
But never a drap gaed in.
- 21 Lady Isabel put it till her cheek,  
Sae did she till her chin,  
Sae did she till her rosy lips,  
And the rank poison gaed in.
- 22 'O take this cup frae me, mother,  
O take this cup frae me;  
My bed is made in a better place  
Than ever yours will be.
- 23 'My bed is in the heavens high,  
Amang the angels fine;  
But yours is in the lowest hell,  
To drie torment and pine.'
- 24 Nae moan was made for Lady Isabel  
In bower where she lay dead,  
But a' was for that ill woman,  
In the fields mad she gaed.

## 262

## LORD LIVINGSTON

"Lord Livingston," Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 39.

As far as can be made out, Livingston and Seaton engage themselves to play against one another at some game, the victor expecting to stand the better in the eyes of a lady. They then proceed to Edinburgh castle, where a lady, whose 'gowns seem like green,' marshals the company in pairs, and chooses Livingston for her own partner. This preference enrages Seaton, who challenges Livingston to fight with him the next day. Up to this point the pairing may have been for a dance, or what not, but now we are told that Livingston and the fair dame are laid in the same bed, and further on that they were wedded that same night. In the morning Livingston arms himself for his fight; he declines to let his lady dress herself in man's clothes and fight

in his stead. On his way 'to plain fields' a witch warns him that she has had the dream which Sweet William dreams in No 74, and others elsewhere. Livingston is 'slain,' but for all that stands presently bleeding by his lady's knee: see No 73, B 34, D 17. She begs him to hold out but half an hour, and every leech in Edinburgh shall come to him: see No 88, A 12, etc. He orders his lands to be dealt to the auld that may not, the young that cannot, etc.: see No 92, A 10, B 15. The lady declares that it was known from her birth that she was to marry a knight and lose him the next day. She will now do for his sake what other ladies would not be equal to (and which nevertheless many other ballad-ladies have undertaken, as in No 69 and else-

where). When seven years are near an end her heart breaks.

This ballad, or something like it, was known at the end of the last century. The story has a faint resemblance to that of 'Armstrong and Musgrave,' a broadside printed in the last quarter of the seventeenth century: Crawford Ballads, No 123, Old Ballads, 1723, I, 175; Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, II, 70.

Pinkerton acknowledges that he composed the 'Lord Livingston' of his Tragic Ballads, 1781, p. 69, but he says that he had "small lines from tradition." (Ancient Scottish Poems, 1786, I, cxxxi.) Pinkerton's ballad is the one which Buchan refers to, II, 308. It is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 139, No 21.

- 1 It fell about the Lammas time,  
When wightsmen won their hay,  
A' the squires in merry Linkum  
Went a' forth till a play.
- 2 They playd until the evening tide,  
The sun was gaeing down;  
A lady thro plain fields was bound,  
A lily leesome thing.
- 3 Two squires that for this lady pledged,  
In hopes for a renown,  
The one was calld the proud Seaton,  
The other Livingston.
- 4 'When will ye, Michael o Livingston,  
Wad for this lady gay?'  
'To-morrow, to-morrow,' said Livingston,  
'To-morrow, if you may.'
- 5 Then they hae wadded their wagers,  
And laid their pledges down;  
To the high castle o Edinbro  
They made them ready boun.
- 6 The chamber that they did gang in,  
There it was daily dight;  
The kipples were like the gude red gowd,  
As they stood up in hight,  
And the roof-tree like the siller white,  
And shin'd like candles bright.
- 7 The lady fair into that ha  
Was comely to be seen;  
Her kirtle was made o the pa,  
Her gowns seemd o the green.
- 8 Her gowns seemd like green, like green,  
Her kirtle o the pa;

- A siller wand intill her hand,  
She marshalld ower them a'.
- 9 She gae every knight a lady bright,  
And every squire a may;  
Her own sell chose him Livingston,  
They were a comely tway.
- 10 Then Seaton started till his foot,  
The fierce flame in his ee:  
'On the next day, wi sword in hand,  
On plain fields meet ye me.'
- 11 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' man bound for bed,  
Lord Livingston and his fair dame  
In bed were sweetly laid.
- 12 The bed, the bed where they lay in  
Was coverd wi the pa;  
A covering o the gude red gowd  
Lay nightly ower the twa.
- 13 So they lay there, till on the morn  
The sun shone on their feet;  
Then up it raise him Livingston  
To draw to him a weed.
- 14 The first an weed that he drew on  
Was o the linen clear;  
The next an weed that he drew on,  
It was a weed o weir.
- 15 The niest an weed that he drew on  
Was gude iron and steel;  
Twa gloves o plate, a gowden helmet,  
Became that hind chiel weel.

- 16 Then out it speaks that lady gay —  
A little forbye stood she —  
'I'll dress mysell in men's array,  
Gae to the fields for thee.'
- 17 'O God forbid,' said Livingston,  
'That eer I dree the shame;  
My lady slain in plain fields,  
And I coward knight at hame!'
- 18 He scarcely travelled frae the town  
A mile but barely twa  
Till he met wi a witch-woman,  
I pray to send her wae!
- 19 'This is too gude a day, my lord,  
To gang sae far frae town;  
This is too gude a day, my lord,  
On field to make you boun.
- 20 'I dreamd a dream concerning thee,  
O read ill dreams to guid!  
Your bower was full o milk-white swans,  
Your bride's bed full o bluid.'
- 21 'O bluid is gude,' said Livingston,  
'To bide it whoso may;  
If I be frae yon plain fields,  
Nane knew the plight I lay.'
- 22 Then he rade on to plain fields  
As swift's his horse coud hie,  
And there he met the proud Seaton,  
Come boldly ower the lee.
- 23 'Come on to me now, Livingston,  
Or then take foot and flee;  
This is the day that we must try  
Who gains the victorie.'
- 24 Then they fought with sword in hand  
Till they were bluidy men;  
But on the point o Seaton's sword  
Brave Livingston was slain.
- 25 His lady lay ower castle-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,  
When Blenchant brave, his gallant steed,  
Came prancing to the town.
- 26 'O where is now my ain gude lord  
He stays sae far frae me?'  
'O dinna ye see your ain gude lord  
Stand bleeding by your knee?'
- 27 'O live, O live, Lord Livingston,  
The space o ae half hour,  
There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
But I'll bring to your door.'
- 28 'Awa wi your leeches, lady,' he said,  
'Of them I'll be the waur;  
There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
That can strong death debar.
- 29 'Ye'll take the lands o Livingston  
And deal them liberallie,  
To the auld that may not, the young that cannot,  
And blind that does na see,  
And help young maidens' marriages,  
That has nae gear to gie.'
- 30 'My mother got it in a book,  
The first night I was born,  
I woud be wedded till a knight,  
And him slain on the morn.
- 31 'But I will do for my love's sake  
What ladies woudna thole;  
Ere seven years shall hae an end,  
Nae shoe's gang on my sole.
- 32 'There's never lint gang on my head,  
Nor kame gang in my hair,  
Nor ever coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower mair.'
- 33 When seven years were near an end,  
The lady she thought lang,  
And wi a crack her heart did brake,  
And sae this ends my sang.

## 263

## THE NEW-SLAIN KNIGHT

'The New-Slain Knight,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 197.

A KNIGHT (who twaddles in the first person at the beginning) finds a maid sleeping under a hedge, wakes her, and tells her that he has seen a dead man in her father's garden. She asks about the dead man's hawk, hound, sword. His hawk and hound were gone, his horse was tied to a tree, a bloody sword lay under his head. She asks about his clothes, and receives a description, with the addition that his hair was bonny and new combed. 'I combed it late yesterday!' says the lady. 'Who now will shoe my foot, and glove my hand, and father my bairn?' The knight offers himself for all these, but the lady will commit herself only to Heaven. The knight, after knocking his fingers quite superfluously, unmasks; he has only been making a trial of her truth.

A large part of this piece is imitated or taken outright from very well known ballads

(as has already been pointed out by the editor of the Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, 1871, p. 345): 5-8 from 'Young Johnstone,' No 88; 10, 11 from 'The Lass of Roch Royal,' No 76 (see particularly E 1-4, and compare No 66, A 24, etc.); for 13<sup>1,2</sup> see No 91, B 5<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>, 7<sup>1</sup>, D 7<sup>1,2</sup>, No 257, A 7.

Grundtvig notes that this piece is of the same description as the Danish 'Troskabsprøven,' Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, IV, 553, No 252, one version of which is translated by Prior, III, 289, No 146. Naturally, the fidelity of maid or wife is celebrated in the ballads of every tongue and people. This particular ballad, so far as it is original, is of very ordinary quality. The ninth stanza is pretty, but not quite artless.

Translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 294, No 46.

- 1 MY heart is lighter than the poll;  
My folly made me glad,  
As on my rambles I went out,  
Near by a garden-side.
- 2 I walked on, and farther on,  
Love did my heart engage;  
There I spied a well-fair'd maid,  
Lay sleeping near a hedge.
- 3 Then I kiss'd her with my lips  
And stroked her with my hand:  
'Win up, win up, ye well-fair'd maid,  
This day ye sleep oer lang.
- 4 'This dreary sight that I hae seen,  
Unto my heart gives pain;

At the south side o your father's garden,  
I see a knight lies slain.'

- 5 'O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
Or what like was his hound?  
And what like was the trusty brand  
This new-slain knight had on?'

- 6 'His hawk and hound were from him gone,  
His steed tied to a tree;  
A bloody brand beneath his head,  
And on the ground lies he.'

- 7 'O what like was his hose, his hose?  
And what like were his shoon?  
And what like was the gay clothing  
This new-slain knight had on?'

- 8 'His coat was of the red scarlet,  
His waistcoat of the same;  
His hose were of the bonny black,  
And shoon laced with cordin.
- 9 'Bonny was his yellow hair,  
For it was new combd down;  
Then, sighing sair, said the lady fair,  
'I combd it late yestreen.
- 10 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?  
Or wha will glove my hand?  
Or wha will father my dear bairn,  
Since my love's dead and gane?'
- 11 'O I will shoe your fu fair foot,  
And I will glove your hand;
- And I'll be father to your bairn,  
Since your love's dead and gane.'
- 12 'I winna father my bairn,' she said,  
'Upon an unkent man;  
I'll father it on the King of Heaven,  
Since my love's dead and gane.'
- 13 The knight he knackd his white fingers,  
The lady tore her hair;  
He's drawn the mask from off his face,  
Says, Lady, mourn nae mair.
- 14 'For ye are mine, and I am thine,  
I see your love is true;  
And if I live and brook my life  
Ye'se never hae cause to rue.'

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10<sup>1</sup>, 11<sup>1</sup>. fair fu.

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## 264

## THE WHITE FISHER

'The White Fisher,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 200.

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A YOUNG lord, Willie, asks his 'gay lady' whose the child is that she is going with. She owns that a priest is the father, which does not appear to disconcert Willie. A boy is born, and the mother charges Willie to throw him into the sea, 'never to return till white fish he bring hame.' Willie takes the boy (now called his son) to his mother, and tells her that his 'bride' is a king's daughter; upon which his mother, who had had an ill opinion of the lady, promises to do as well by Willie's son as she had done by Willie. Returning to his wife, he finds her weeping and repining for the 'white fisher' that she had 'sent to the sea.' Willie offers her a cordial; she says that the man who could have drowned her son would be capable of poison-

ing her. Willie then tells her that his mother has the boy in charge; she is consoled, and declares that if he had not been the father she should not have been the mother.

To make this story hang together at all, we must suppose that the third and fourth stanzas are tropical, and that Willie was the priest; or else that they are sarcastic, and are uttered in bitter resentment of Willie's suspicion, or affected suspicion. But we need not trouble ourselves much to make these counterfeits reasonable. Those who utter them rely confidently upon our taking folly and jargon as the marks of genuineness. The white fisher is a trumpery fancy; 2, 7, 8, 12 are frippery commonplaces.

- 1 'It is a month, and isna mair,  
Love, sin I was at thee,  
But find a stirring in your side;  
Who may the father be?
- 2 'Is it to a lord of might,  
Or baron of high degree?  
Or is it to the little wee page  
That rode along wi me?'
- 3 'It is not to a man of might,  
Nor baron of high degree,  
But it is to a popish priest;  
My lord, I winna lie.
- 4 'He got me in my bower alone,  
As I sat pensively;  
He vowed he would forgive my sins,  
If I would him obey.'
- 5 Now it fell ance upon a day  
This young lord went from home,  
And great and heavy were the pains  
That came this lady on.
- 6 Then word has gane to her gude lord,  
As he sat at the wine,  
And when the tidings he did hear  
Then he came singing hame.
- 7 When he came to his own bower-door,  
He tirl'd at the pin:  
'Sleep ye, wake ye, my gay lady,  
Ye'll let your gude lord in.'
- 8 Huly, huly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly came she to the door;  
She was a weary woman.
- 9 'Ye'll take up my son, Willie,  
That ye see here wi me,  
And hae him down to yon shore-side,  
And throw him in the sea.
- 10 'Gin he sink, ye'll let him sink,  
Gin he swim, ye'll let him swim;  
And never let him return again  
Till white fish he bring hame.'
- 11 Then he's taen up his little young son,  
And rowd him in a band,  
And he is on to his mother,  
As fast as he could gang.
- 12 'Ye'll open the door, my mother dear,  
Ye'll open, let me come in;  
My young son is in my arms twa,  
And shivering at the chin.'
- 13 'I tauld you true, my son Willie,  
When ye was gaun to ride,  
That lady was an ill woman  
That ye chose for your bride.'
- 14 'O hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
Let a' your folly be;  
I wat she is a king's daughter  
That's sent this son to thee.
- 15 'I wat she was a king's daughter  
I loved beyond the sea,  
And if my lady hear of this  
Right angry will she be.'
- 16 'If that be true, my son Willie—  
Your ain tongue winna lie—  
Nae waur to your son will be done  
Than what was done to thee.'
- 17 He's gane hame to his lady,  
And sair mourning was she:  
'What ails you now, my lady gay,  
Ye weep sa bitterlie?'
- 18 'O bonny was the white fisher  
That I sent to the sea;  
But lang, lang will I look for fish  
Ere white fish he bring me!
- 19 'O bonny was the white fisher  
That ye kiest in the faem;  
But lang, lang will I look for fish  
Ere white fish he fetch hame!
- 20 'I fell a slumbering on my bed  
That time ye went frae me,  
And dreamd my young son filld my arms,  
But when waked, he's in the sea.'
- 21 'O hold your tongue, my gay lady,  
Let a' your mourning be,  
And I'll gie you some fine cordial,  
My love, to comfort thee.'
- 22 'I value not your fine cordial,  
Nor aught that ye can gie;  
Who could hae drown'd my bonny young son  
Could as well poison me.'
- 23 'Cheer up your heart, my lily flower,  
Think nae sic ill o me;  
Your young son's in my mother's bower,  
Set on the nourice knee.

24 'Now, if ye'll be a gude woman,  
I'll neer mind this to thee;  
Nae waur is done to your young son  
Than what was done to me.'

25 'Well fell 's me now, my ain gude lord;  
These words do cherish me;  
If it hadna come o' yoursell, my lord,  
'T would neer hae come o' me.'

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7<sup>3</sup>. Ye sleep ye, wake ye.

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## 265

## THE KNIGHT'S GHOST

'The Knight's Ghost,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 227.

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A LADY who is expecting the return of her lord from sea goes down to the strand to meet him. The ship comes in, but the sailors tell her that she will never see her husband; he has been slain. She invites the men to drink with her, takes them down to the cellar, makes them drunk, locks the door, and bids them lie there for the bad news they have told; then she throws the keys into the sea, to lie there till her lord returns. After these efforts she falls asleep in her own room, and her dead lord starts up at her feet; he brings the keys with him, and charges her to release his men, who had done their best for him and were not to blame for his death. The lady, to turn this visit to the more account, asks to be informed what day she is to die, and what day to be buried. The knight is not empowered to answer, but, come to heaven when she will, he will be her porter. He sees no objection

to telling her that she will be married again and have nine children, six ladies free and three bold young men.

The piece has not a perceptible globule of old blood in it, yet it has had the distinction of being more than once translated as a specimen of Scottish popular ballads. 'Monie' in 2<sup>2</sup> may be plausibly read, or understood, 'menie,' retinue; still the antecedent presumption in favor of nonsense in ballads of this class makes one hesitate. 7<sup>3,4</sup> is unnatural; no dissembling would be required to induce the young men to drink. In 8<sup>3</sup>, 'birled them wi the beer' is what we should expect, not 'birled wi them.'

Translated by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit*, p. 57, No 13; by Gerhard, p. 154.

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1 'THERE is a fashion in this land,  
And even come to this country,  
That every lady should meet her lord  
When he is newly come frae sea:

2 'Some wi hawks, and some wi hounds,  
And other some wi gay monie;  
But I will gae myself alone,  
And set his young son on his knee.'

3 She's taen her young son in her arms,  
And nimble walkd by yon sea-strand,  
And there she spy'd her father's ship,  
As she was sailing to dry land.

4 'Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,  
This day he stays sae far frae me?'  
'If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,  
A sight o him ye'll never see.'

- 5 'Was he brunt? or was he shot?  
Or was he drowned in the sea?  
Or what's become o my ain gude lord,  
That he will neer appear to me?'
- 6 'He wasna brunt, nor was he shot,  
Nor was he drowned in the sea;  
He was slain in Dumfermling,  
A fatal day to you and me.'
- 7 'Come in, come in, my merry young men,  
Come in and drink the wine wi me;  
And a' the better ye shall fare  
For this gude news ye tell to me.'
- 8 She's brought them down to yon cellar,  
She brought them fifty steps and three;  
She birl'd wi them the beer and wine,  
Till they were as drunk as drunk could be.
- 9 Then she has lock'd her cellar-door,  
For there were fifty steps and three:  
'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
For this bad news ye've tauld to me.'
- 10 She's taen the keys intill her hand  
And threw them deep, deep in the sea:  
'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
Till my gude lord return to me.'
- 11 Then she sat down in her own room,  
And sorrow lulld her fast asleep,  
And up it starts her own gude lord,  
And even at that lady's feet.
- 12 'Take here the keys, Janet,' he says,  
'That ye threw deep, deep in the sea;  
And ye'll relieve my merry young men,  
For they've nane o the swick o me.'
- 13 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,  
And wad in red bluid to the knee;  
Nae sailors mair for their lord coud do  
Nor my young men they did for me.'
- 14 'I hae a question at you to ask,  
Before that ye depart frae me;  
You'll tell to me what day I'll die,  
And what day will my burial be?'
- 15 'I hae nae mair o God's power  
Than he has granted unto me;  
But come to heaven when ye will,  
There porter to you I will be.'
- 16 'But ye'll be wed to a finer knight  
Than ever was in my degree;  
Unto him ye'll hae children nine,  
And six o them will be ladies free.'
- 17 'The other three will be bold young men,  
To fight for king and countrie;  
The ane a duke, the second a knight,  
And third a laird o lands sae free.'

## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

### VOL. I.

#### 1. Riddles Wisely Expounded.

Pp. 1-3, 484 ; II, 495 a. **Little-Russian.** Three lads give a girl riddles. 'If you guess right, shall you be ours?' Golovatsky, II, 83, 19. Two other pieces in the same, III, 180, 55. (W. W.)

A king's daughter, or other maid, makes the reading of her riddles a condition of marriage in several Polish tales; it may be further stipulated that a riddle shall be also given which the woman cannot guess, or that those who fail shall forfeit their life. Karłowicz in *Wisła*, III, 258, 270, where are cited, besides a MS. communication, *Zbiór wiadomości do antropologii krajowej*, V, 194, VII, 12; Gliński, *Bajarz Polski*, III, No 1; Kolberg, *Krakowskie*, IV, 204.

#### 2. The Elfín Knight.

P. 7 a. The last two stanzas of **F** are also in Kinloch MSS, V, 275, with one trivial variation, and the burden, 'And then, etc.'

Sir Walter Scott had a copy beginning, 'There lived a wife in the wilds of Kent:' Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, 1880, p. 147 f.

7 b, 484 a. Add: **P, Q**, Hruschka u. Toischer, *Deutsche Volkslieder aus Böhmen*, p. 171, No 124, a, b.

7 b, III, 496 a. 'Store Fordringer,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 342, No 85 (with the stupid painted roses).

7 f, 484 a, II, 495 a, III, 496 a. Add: 'I tre Tamburi,' Ferraro, C. P. del Basso Monferrato, p. 52; 'Il Compito,' Romaic, Tommaseo, III, 13 (already cited by Nigra).

8 a, II, 495 a. Tasks. **Servian** ballads. Karadžić, Sr. n. pj., I, 164, No 240, 'The Spinster and the Tsar;' I, 165, No 242, 'The Spinster and the Goldsmith.' Cf. I, 166, No 243. Also, Karadžić, Sr. n. pj. iz Herz., p. 217, No 191; Petranović, I, 13, No 16 (where the girl's father sets the tasks), and p. 218, No 238; Rajković, p. 209, No 237. **Bulgarian.** Collection of the Bulgarian Ministry of Public Instruction, II, 31, 3; III, 28, 4. Cf. Verković, p. 52, 43; Bezsonov, II, 74, 105; Miladinof, p. 471, 536. **Russian.** An episode in the old Russian legend of Prince Peter of Murom and his wife Fevronija, three versions: Kušelew-Bezborodko, *Monuments of Old Russian Literature*, I, 29 ff. (W. W.)

Wit-contests in verse, the motive of love or marriage having probably dropped out. Polish. Five ex-

amples are cited by Karłowicz, *Wisła*, III, 267 ff.: Kolberg, *Krakowskie*, II, 149, and Mazowsze, II, 149, No 332, *Zbiór wiad. do antrop.*, X, 297, No 217, and two not before printed. Moravian examples from Sušil, p. 692 f., No 809, p. 701 ff., No 815: make me a shirt without needle or thread, twist me silk out of oaten straw; count me the stars, build me a ladder to go up to them; drain the Red Sea, make me a bucket that will hold it; etc. Zapolski, *White Russian Weddings and Wedding-Songs*, p. 35, No 19. *Wisła*, as before, III, 532 ff.

Polish tales of The Clever Wench are numerous: *Wisła*, III, 270 ff.

13 b. A fragment of a riddle given by a wise man to the gods is preserved in a cuneiform inscription: [What is that] which is in the house? which roars like a bull? which growls like a bear? which enters into the heart of a man? etc. The answer is evidently air, wind. George Smith, *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*, 1876, p. 156: cited by J. Karłowicz, *Wisła*, III, 273.

15-20, 484 f., II, 495 f. Communicated by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. "From the north of Cornwall, near Camelford. This used to be sung as a sort of game in farm-houses, between a young man who went outside the room and a girl who sat on the settle or a chair, and a sort of chorus of farm lads and lasses. Now quite discontinued." The dead lover represents the auld man in **I**.

1 A fair pretty maiden she sat on her bed,  
The wind is blowing in forest and town  
She sighed and she said, O my love he is dead!  
And the wind it shaketh the acorns down

2 The maiden she sighed; 'I would,' said she,  
'That again my lover might be with me!'

3 Before ever a word the maid she spake,  
But she for fear did shiver and shake.

4 There stood at her side her lover dead;  
'Take me by the hand, sweet love,' he said.

5 . . . . .

6 'Thou must buy me, my lady, a cambrick shirt,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry an-  
tine

And stitch it without any needle-work.  
O and thus shalt thou be a true love of mine

- 7 'And thou must wash it in yonder well,  
Whilst, etc.  
Where never a drop of water in fell.  
O and thus, etc.

- 8 'And thou must hang it upon a white thorn  
That never has blossomed since Adam was  
born.

- 9 'And when that these tasks are finished and  
done  
I'll take thee and marry thee under the sun.'

- 10 'Before ever I do these two and three,  
I will set of tasks as many to thee.

- 11 'Thou must buy for me an acre of land  
Between the salt ocean and the yellow sand.

- 12 'Thou must plough it oer with a horse's horn,  
And sow it over with one peppercorn.

- 13 'Thou must reap it too with a piece of leather,  
And bind it up with a peacock's feather.

- 14 'And when that these tasks are finished and  
done,  
O then will I marry thee under the sun.'

- 15 'Now thou hast answered me well,' he said,  
The wind, etc.  
'Or thou must have gone away with the dead.'  
And the wind, etc.

- 16 . . . . .  
. . . . .

Mr Frank Kidsen has given a copy of 'Scarborough Fair,' with some better readings, as sung "in Whitby streets twenty or thirty years ago," in *Traditional Tunes*, p. 43, 1891.

1-4, *second line of burden*, true love.

2<sup>2</sup>. Without any seam or needlework.

3<sup>1</sup>. yonder dry well. 3<sup>2</sup>. no water sprung.

4<sup>1</sup>. Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn.

4<sup>2</sup>. Which never bore blossom since.

5, 6. *Wanting*. 7<sup>1</sup>. O will you find me.

7<sup>2</sup>. Between the sea-foam [and] the sea-sand. Or  
never be a true lover of mine.

8<sup>1</sup>. O will you plough. 9<sup>1</sup>. O will you reap it.

9<sup>2</sup>. And tie it all up.

10<sup>1</sup>. And when you have done and finished your  
work.

10<sup>2</sup>. You may come to me for your. And then  
you shall be a. *At p. 172, the first stanza of  
another version is given, with Rue, parsley, rose-  
mary and thyme for the first line of the burden.*

### 3. The Fause Knight upon the Road.

Pp. 20, 485 (also, 14 a, 484 a), III, 496 a. Foiling  
mischievous sprites and ghosts by getting the last word,  
or prolonging talk till the time when they must go,  
especially the noon-sprite: Wisla, III, 275 f., and notes  
44-6; also, 269 f. The Wends have the proverbial  
phrase, to ask as many questions as a noon-sprite.  
The Poles have many stories of beings that take ser-  
vice without wages, on condition of no fault being found,  
and make off instantly upon the terms being broken.

20, III, 496 a. The last verses of 'Tsanno d'Oymé,'  
Daymard, *Vieux Chants pop. recueillis en Quercy*, p.  
70, are after the fashion of this ballad.

'Tsano d'Oymé, atal fuessés négado!'

'Lou fil del rey, et bous né fuessés l'aygo!'

'Tsano d'Oymé, atal fuessés brullado!'

'Lou fil del rey, et bous fuessés las clappos!'

### 4. Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight.

P. 24 a. A copy in Christie's *Traditional Ballad  
Airs*, II, 236, 'May Colvine and Fause Sir John' (of  
which no account is given), is a free compilation from  
D b, D a, and C c.

The Gaelic tale referred to by Jamieson may be seen,  
as Mr Macmath has pointed out to me, in Rev. Alex-  
ander Stewart's 'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe, Ed-  
inburgh, 1885, p. 205 ff. Dr Stewart gives nine stanzas  
of a Gaelic ballad, and furnishes an English render-  
ing. The story has no connection with that of No 4.

25 b, note. 'Halewyn en het kleyne Kind,' in the  
first volume of the MS. *Poésies pop. de la France*, was  
communicated by Crussemaker, and is the same piece  
that he printed. Other copies in Lootens et Feys, No  
45, p. 85 (see p. 296); *Volkskunde*, II, 194, 'Van Mijn-  
heerken van Bruindergestem.'

27 a, note †. Add: Mac Inness, *Folk and Hero Tales  
[Gaelic]*, p. 301, a Highland St George: see I, 487, note.

27 f. Professor Bugge, *Arkiv för nordisk Filologi*,  
VII, 120-36, 1891, points out that a Swedish ballad  
given in Grundtvig, D. g. F. IV, 813 f., F, and here re-  
ferred to under 'Hind Etin,' I, 364 b, as Swedish C,  
has resemblances with 'Kvindemorderen.' Fru Malin  
is combing her hair *al fresco*, when a suitor enters her  
premises; he remarks that a crown would sit well on  
her head. The lady skips off to her chamber, and ex-  
claims, Christ grant he may wish to be mine! The

sutor follows her, and asks, Where is the fair dame who wishes to be mine? But when Fru Malin comes to table she is in trouble, and the sutor puts her several leading questions. She is sad, not for any of several reasons suggested, but for the bridge under which her seven sisters (syskon) lie. 'Sorrow not,' he says, 'we shall build the bridge so broad and long that four-and-twenty horses may go over at a time.' They pass through a wood; on the bridge her horse stumbles, and she is thrown into the water. She cries for help; she will give him her gold crown. He cares nothing for the crown, and never will help her out. Bugge maintains that this ballad is not, as Grundtvig considered it, a compound of 'Nökkens Svig' and 'Harpens Kraft,' but an independent ballad, 'The Bride Drowned,' of a set to which belong 'Der Wasserman,' Haupt and Schmalzer, I, 62, No 34, and many German ballads: see Grundtvig, IV, 810 f, and here I, 365 f., 38.

29-37, 486 a. Add: EE, Hruschka u. Toischer, Deutsche Volkslieder aus Böhmen, p. 126, No 35. Like Q, p. 35.

39 ff. The Polish ballad 'Jás i Kasia.' Mr John Karłowicz has given, in Wisła, IV, 393-424, the results of a study of this ballad, and they are here briefly summarized.

Ten unprinted versions are there added to the large number already published, making about ninety copies, if fragments are counted. Copies not noted at I, 39, 486, are, besides these ten, the following. Kolberg, Krakowskie, II, 111, 168, Nos 208, 336; Kieleckie, II, 148, No 453; Łęczyskie, p. 131, No 223; Lubelskie, I, 289 ff., Nos 473, 474; Poznańskie, IV, 63, No 131; Mazowsze, III, 274, No 386, IV, 320, No 346. Zbiór wiadomości do antropologii krajowej, II, 78, Nos 89, 90; IV, 129; X, 123. Wisła, II, 132, 159. Prace filologiczne, II, 568. Kętrzyński, O Mazurach, p. 35, No 1. Zawiliński, Z powieści i pieśni górali beskidowych, p. 88, No 66. Wasilewski, Jagodne, etc., No 120. Federowski, Lud okolic Żarek, etc., p. 102, No 49.

Most of the ten versions printed in Wisła agree with others previously published; in some there are novel details. In No 3, p. 398, Kasia, thrown into the water by her lover, is rescued by her brother. In No 10, p. 404, Jás, when drowning the girl, tells her that he has drowned four already, and she shall be the fifth; her brother comes sliding down a silken rope; fishermen take the girl out dead. There are still only two of all the Polish versions in which Catharine kills John, A a, b. The name Ligar, in the latter, points clearly, Mr Karłowicz remarks, to the U-linger, Ad-elger, Ollegehr of the German versions, and he is convinced that the ballad came into Poland from Germany, although the girl is not drowned in the German ballad, as in the Polish, English, and French.

John, who is commonly the hero in the Polish ballad, is at the beginning of many copies declared to have sung, and the words have no apparent sense. But we observe that in the versions of western Europe the hero plays on the horn, sings a seductive song, promises

to teach the girl to sing, etc.; the unmeaning Polish phrase is therefore a survival.

In many of the German versions a bird warns the maid of her danger. This feature is found once only in Polish: in Zawiliński (No 69 A of Karłowicz).

At p. 777 of Sušil's Moravian Songs there are two other versions which I have not noticed, the second of them manifestly derived from Poland.

There is a Little-Russian ballad which begins like the Polish 'Jás i Kasia,' but ends with the girl being tied to a tree and burned, instead of being drowned: Wisła, IV, 423, from Zbiór wiadom. do antrop., III, 150, No 17. Traces of the incident of the burning are also found in Polish and Moravian songs: Wisła, pp. 418-22. It is probable that there were two independent ballads, and that these have been confounded.

42 a, III, 497 a. A. Add: 'Renaud et ses Femmes,' Revue des Traditions Populaires, VI, 34.

43 a. 'Lou Cros dé Proucinello,' Daynard, Vieux Chants p. recueillis en Quercy, p. 130, has at the end two traits of this ballad. A young man carries off a girl whom he has been in love with seven years; he throws her into a ravine; as she falls, she catches at a tree; he cuts it away; she cries, What shall I do with my pretty gowns? and is answered, Give them to me for another mistress. Cf. also Daynard, p. 128.

43 b, III, 497 a. 'La Fille de Saint-Martin.' Add: 'Le Mari Assassin,' Chanson du pays de Caux, Revue des Traditions Populaires, IV, 133.

43 f., 488 a, III, 497. Italian. The ballad in Nannarelli (488 a) I have seen: it is like 'La Monferina incontaminata.' Add: 'La bella Inglese,' Salvadori, in Giornale di Filologia Romanza, II, 201; 'Un' eroina,' A. Giannini, Canzoni del Contado di Massa Lunense, No 1, Archivio, VIII, 273; ['Montiglia'], Bolognini, Annuario degli Alpinisti Tridentini, XIII, Usi e Costumi del Trentino, 1888, p. 37 f.

44 b. 'La Princesa Isabel,' Pidal, Romancero Asturiano, p. 350 (sung by children as an accompaniment to a game), is a variety of 'Rico Franco.'

45 a, 488 a. Another Portuguese version, 'O caso de D. Ignez,' Braga, Ampliações ao Romancero das Ilhas dos Açores, Revista Lusitana, I, 103.

45 b. Breton, 5. Marivonnice also in Quellien, Chansons et Danses des Bretons, 1889, p. 99.

50 b, note ||. As to this use of blood, cf. H. von Wlislöcki, Volksthümliches zum Armen Heinrich, Ztschr. f. deutsche Philologie, 1890, XXIII, 217 ff; Notes and Queries, 7th Series, VIII, 363. (G. L. K.)

55. B. A copy in Walks near Edinburgh, by Margaret Warrender, 1890, p. 104, differs from B b in only a few words, as any ordinary recollection would. As:

4<sup>a</sup>, 6<sup>a</sup>, 8<sup>a</sup>. my guid steed.

9<sup>a</sup>. It will gar our loves to twine.

10<sup>a</sup>. An I'll ring for you the bell.

11<sup>a</sup>. Grant me ae kiss o your fause, fause mouth (improbable reading).

14<sup>a</sup>. she won. 14<sup>b</sup>. most heartily.

65 b. 'Herr Peders Hustru,' the same, p. 365, = Grundtvig, No 278.

70. **B.** The three stanzas which follow were communicated to Scott by Major Henry Hutton, Royal Artillery, 24th December, 1802 (Letters, I, No 77), as recollected by his father and the family. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 18. Instead of 3, 4 :

There's five o them with meal and malt,  
And other five wi beef and salt;  
There's five o them wi well-bak'd bread,  
And other five wi goud so red.

There's five o them wi the ladies bright,  
There's other five o belted knights;  
There's five o them wi a good black neat,  
And other five wi bleating sheep.

"And before the two last stanzas, introduce"

O there was seald on his breast-bane,  
'Cospatric is his father's name;  
O there was seald on his right hand  
He should inherit his father's land.

so is written over the second and in 1<sup>2</sup>.

# 7. Earl Brand.

P. 88. 'Ribold og Guldberg:' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 33, 'Nævnet til døde,' No 15, A-I.

91 b. **Swedish.** 'Kung Valdemo,' 'Ellibrand och Fröken Gyllenborg,' Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor, I, 1, No 1, a, b. ("Name not my name," a 20, b 12.)

95 b, 489 b; III, 498 a. For the whole subject, see K. Nyrop. Navnets Magt, 1887, and especially sections 4, 5, pp. 46-70. As to reluctance to have one's name known, and the advantage such knowledge gives an adversary, see E. Clodd, in The Folk Lore Journal, VII, 154 ff., and, in continuation, Folk-Lore, I, 272.

The berserkr Glammaðr could pick off any man with his pike, if only he knew his name. Saga Egils ok Ásmundar, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, III, 387, Ásmundarson, F. s. Norðrlanda, III, 292. (G. L. K.)

The demonic Gelô informs certain saints who force her "to tell them how other people's children [may] be defended from her attacks," that if they "can write her twelve names and a half she shall never be able to come within seventy-five stadia and a half:" Thomas Wright, Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, etc., of the Middle Ages, 1846, I, 294 (referring to Leo Allatius, De Græcorum hodie quorundam opinionibus). The passage in question is to be found at p. 127 of Leo Allatius, De templis Græcorum recentioribus, ad Ioannem Morinum; De Narthece ecclesiæ veteris; nec non De Græcorum hodie quorundam opinionibus, ad Paullum Zacchiam. Colonisæ Agrippinæ, 1645. (G. L. K.)

96 b. **Swedish.** Two copies of 'Rosen lilla' in Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor, I, 37, No 10.

**Danish.** Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 215, No 52, C 9, two lilies; p. 318, No 78, 9, 10, graves south and north, two lilies.

97 b. **French.** 'Les deux Amoureux,' Daynard, Vieux Chants p. rec. en Quercy, p. 122, lavender and tree.

97 b, 489 b, II, 498 a, III, 498 b. **Slavic.** (1.) White-Russian: he buried in church, she in ditch; plane and linden (planted); plane embraces linden. MS. (2.) Little-Russian: buried apart; plane grows over his grave, two birches over hers; branches do not interlace. Kolberg, Pokucie, p. 41. (3.) White-Russian: he in church, she near church; oak, birch (planted); trees touch. Zbiór wiado. do antropol., XIII, 102 f. (4.) Little-Russian: burial apart in a church; rosemary and lily from graves. Var.: rose and sage, rosemary; flowers interlace. Holovatzky, III, 254. (J. Karłowicz, in Mélusine, V, 39 ff.)

**Bulgarian.** A poplar from the maid's grave, a pine from her lover's: Collection of the Bulgarian Ministry of Instruction, I, 35. (W. W.)

97 b, 490 a, III, 498 b. **Breton.** Luzel, Soniou, I, 272-3: a tree from the young man's grave, a rose from the maid's.

99 ff., 490 ff. 'The Earl o Bran,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 b, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of Richard Heber.

- 1 Did ye ever hear o guid Earl o Bran  
An the queen's daughter o the south-lan?
- 2 She was na fifteen years o age  
Till she came to the Earl's bed-side.
- 3 'O guid Earl o Bran, I fain wad see  
My grey hounds run over the lea.'
- 4 'O kind lady, I have no steeds but one,  
But ye shall ride, an I shall run.'
- 5 'O guid Earl o Bran, but I have tua,  
An ye shall hae yere wael o those.'
- 6 The're ovr moss an the're over muir,  
An they saw neither rich nor poor.
- 7 Till they came to ald Carl Hood,  
He's ay for ill, but he's never for good.
- 8 'O guid Earl o Bran, if ye loe me,  
Kill Carl Hood an gar him die.'
- 9 'O kind lady, we had better spare;  
I never killd ane that wore grey hair.

- 10 'We'll gie him a penny-fie an let him gae,  
An then he'll carry nae tiddings away.'
- 11 'Where hae been riding this lang simmer-day?  
Or where hae stolen this lady away?'
- 12 'O I hae not riden this lang simmer-day,  
Nor hae I stolen this lady away.'
- 13 'For she is my sick sister  
I got at the Wamshester.'
- 14 'If she were sick an like to die,  
She wad na be wearing the gold sae high.'
- 15 Ald Carl Hood is over the know,  
Where they rode one mile, he ran four.
- 16 Till he came to her mother's yetts,  
An I wat he rapped rudely at.
- 17 'Where is the lady o this ha?'  
'She's out wie her maidens, playing at  
the ba.'
- 18 'O na! fy na!  
For I met her fifteen miles awa.'
- 19 'She's over moss, an she's over muir,  
An a' to be the Earl o Bran's whore.'
- 20 Some rode wie sticks, an some wie rungs,  
An a' to get the Earl o Bran slain.
- 21 That lady lookd over her left shoudder-bane:  
'O guid Earl o Bran, we'll a' be taen!  
For yond'r a' my father's men.'
- 22 'But if ye'll take my claiths, I'll take thine,  
An I'll fight a' my father's men.'
- 23 'It's no the custom in our land  
For ladies to fight an knights to stand.'
- 24 'If they come on me ane by ane,  
I'll smash them a' doun bane by bane.'
- 25 'If they come on me ane and a',  
Ye soon will see my body fa.'
- 26 He has luppen from his steed,  
An he has gein her that to had.
- 27 An bad her never change her cheer  
Untill she saw his body bleed.
- 28 They came on him ane by ane,  
An he smashed them doun a' bane by bane.
- 29 He sat him doun on the green grass,  
For I wat a wearit man he was.
- 30 But ald Carl Hood came him behind,  
An I wat he gae him a deadly wound.
- 31 He's awa to his lady then,  
He kissed her, an set her on her steed again.
- 32 He rode whistlin out the way,  
An a' to hearten his lady gay.
- 33 'Till he came to the water-flood:  
'O guid Earl o Bran, I see blood!'
- 34 'O it is but my scarlet hood,  
That shines upon the water-flood.'
- 35 They came on 'till his mother's yett,  
An I wat he rappit poorly at.
- 36 His mother she's come to the door:  
'O son, ye've gotten yere dead wie an Eng-  
lish whore!'
- 37 'She was never a whore to me;  
Sae let my brother her husband be.'
- 38 Sae ald Carl Hood was not the dead o ane,  
But he was the dead o hale seeventeen.

*Note at the end:* I have not written the chorus, but Mr Leyden, having it by him, knows how to insert it.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 d. In the handwriting of William Laidlaw. Scott has written at the head, Earl Bran, another copy.

- 1 Earl Bran's a wooing gane;  
Ae lalie, O lilly lalie  
He woo'd a lady, an was bringing her hame.  
O the gae knights o Airly
- 2 . . . . .  
They met neither wi rich nor poor.

- 3 Till they met wi an auld palmer Hood,  
Was ay for ill, an never for good.
- 4 'O yonder is an auld palmer Heed :  
Tak your sword an kill him dead.'
- 5 'Gude forbid, O ladie fair,  
That I kill an auld man an grey hair.
- 6 'We'll gie him a                    an forbid him to tell ;'  
The gae him a                    an forbad him to tell.
- 7 The auld man than he's away hame,  
He telld o Jane whan he gaed hame.
- 8 'I thought I saw her on yon moss,  
Riding on a milk-white horse.
- 9 'I thought I saw her on yon muir ;  
By this time she's Earl Bran's whore.'
- 10 Her father he's ca'd on his men :  
'Gae follow, an fetch her again.'
- 11 She's lookit oer her left shoulder :  
'O yonder is my father's men !
- 12 'O yonder is my father's men :  
Take my cleadin, an I'll take thine.'
- 13 'O that was never law in land,  
For a ladie to feiht an a knight to stand.
- 14 'But if yer father's men come ane an ane,  
Stand ye by, an ye'll see them slain.
- 15 'If they come twae an twae,  
Stand ye by, an ye'll see them gae.
- 16 'And if they come three an three,  
Stand ye by, an ye'll see them die.'
- 17 Her father's men came ane an ane,  
She stood by . . . . .
- 18 Than they cam by twae an twae,  
. . . . .
- 19 Than they cam by three an three,  
. . . . .
- 20 But ahint him cam the auld palmer Hood,  
An ran him outthro the heart's blood.

- 21 'I think I see your heart's blood :'  
'It's but the glistering o your scarlet hood.'

\* \* \* \* \*

7<sup>1</sup>. *MS.*, he's \*, and, in the margin, \* away has been gane. *Over away hame is written thre them* (= thrae, frae, them), or, perhaps, thre than.  
20<sup>1</sup>. *MS.*, palmer weed : cf. 3<sup>1</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>. 20<sup>2</sup>. out thro.

P. 100, B; 489 b, 492, I. The printed copy used by Scott was 'Lord Douglas' Tragedy,' the first of four pieces in a stall-pamphlet, "licensed and entered, 1792 : " "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 1. I is another edition of the same. The variations from I are as follows :

- 1<sup>1</sup>. says. 2<sup>2</sup>. your arms. 3<sup>4</sup>. father who.  
4<sup>2</sup>. seven wanting. 4<sup>4</sup>. just now.  
5<sup>1</sup>. better for (the obvious misprint) bitter.  
5<sup>2</sup>. once that. 6<sup>1</sup>. Hold your hand. 7<sup>2</sup>. wounds.  
7<sup>4</sup>. forkd in the. 8<sup>1</sup>. Lady Margret.  
9<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>. blue gilded, as in I, for bugelet : hanging down. 9<sup>4</sup>, 13<sup>4</sup>. slowly they both.  
10<sup>2</sup>. yon clear river-side. 11<sup>2</sup>. his pretty.  
12<sup>2</sup>. 'Tis nothing. 15<sup>2</sup>. soft. 16<sup>2</sup>. long ere day.  
16<sup>4</sup>. died wanting. 17<sup>1</sup>. St for Lady.  
17<sup>2</sup>. sprung. 18<sup>2</sup>. be near. 18<sup>3</sup>. ye : weil.

### 8. Erlinton.

P. 107. The two copies from which (with some editorial garnish and filling out) A was compounded were : a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 20, obtained from Nelly Laidlaw, and in the handwriting of William Laidlaw ; b. 'Earlington's Daughter,' the same collection, No 11, in the handwriting of James Hogg. The differences are purely verbal, and both copies may probably have been derived from the same reciter ; still, since only seven or eight verses in sixty-eight agree, both will be given entire, instead of a list of the variations.

- a. 1 Lord Erlinton had ae daughter,  
I trow he's weird her a grit sin ;  
For he has bugn a bigly bower,  
An a' to pit his ae daughter in.  
An he has buggin, etc.
- 2 An he has warn her sisters six,  
Her sisters six an her brethren se'en,  
Thei'r either to watch her a' the night,  
Or than to gang i the mornin soon.
- 3 She had na been i that bigly bower  
Not ae night but only ane  
Untill that Willie, her true-love,  
Chappit at the bower-door, no at the gin.

- 4 'Whae's this, whae's this chaps at my bower-door,  
At my bower-door, no at the gin?'  
'O it is Willie, thy ain true-love;  
O will ye rise an let me in?'
- 5 'In my bower, Willie, there is a wane,  
An in the wane there is a wake;  
But I will come to the green woods  
The morn, for my ain true-love's sake.'
- 6 This lady she's lain down again,  
An she has lain till the cock crew thrice;  
She said unto her sisters baith,  
Lasses, it's time at we soud rise.
- 7 She's putten on her breast a silver tee,  
An on her back a silken gown;  
She's taen a sister in ilka hand,  
An away to the bonnie green wood she's gane.
- 8 They hadna gane a mile in that bonnie green wood,  
They had na gane a mile but only ane,  
Till they met wi Willie, her ain true-love,  
An thrae her sisters he has her taen.
- 9 He's taen her sisters ilk by the hand,  
He's kissd them baith, an he's sent them hame;  
He's muntit his ladie him high behind,  
An thro the bonnie green wood thei'r gane.
- 10 They'd ridden a mile i that bonnie green wood,  
They hadna ridden but only ane,  
When there cam fifteen o the baldest knights  
That ever boor flesh, bluid an bane.
- 11 Than up bespak the foremost knight,  
He woor the gray hair on his chin;  
'Yield me yer life or your lady fair,  
An ye sal walk the green woods within.'
- 12 'For to gie my wife to thee,  
I wad be very laith,' said he;  
'For than the folk wad think I was gane mad,  
Or that the senses war taen frae me.'
- 13 Up than bespak the niest foremost knight,  
I trow he spak right boustrouslie;  
'Yield me yer life or your ladie fair,  
An ye sall walk the green woods wi me.'
- 14 'My wife, she is my warld's meed,  
My life, it lyes me very near;  
But if ye be man o your manhood  
I serve will while my days are near.'
- 15 He's luppen off his milk-white steed,  
He's gien his lady him by the head:  
'See that ye never change yer cheer  
Till ance ye see my body bleed.'
- 16 An he's killd a' the fifteen knights,  
He's killed them a' but only ane;  
A' but the auld grey-headed knight,  
He bade him carry the tiddins hame.
- 17 He's gane to his lady again,  
I trow he's kissd her, baith cheek an chin;  
'Now ye'r my ain, I have ye win,  
An we will walk the green woods within.'
- 2<sup>3</sup>. Their *struck out*.  
9<sup>3</sup>. muntit *struck out*, and set written above.  
12<sup>3</sup>. than *struck out*.  
14<sup>4</sup>. while, are, *struck out*, and till, be, written above.  
16<sup>4</sup>. tiddins: one d *struck out*. These changes would seem to be somebody's editorial improvements.  
Wi me in 13<sup>4</sup> *sacrifices sense to rhyme*. We are to understand in 11<sup>3,4</sup>, 13<sup>3,4</sup> that Willie is to die if he will not give up the lady, but if he will resign her he may live, and walk the wood at his pleasure. 14<sup>4</sup> is corrupt in both texts.
- b. 1 O Earlington, he has ae daughter,  
And I wot he has ward her in a great sin;  
He has buggin to her a bigly bowr,  
And a' to put his daughter in.
- 2 O he has warnd her sisters six,  
Her sisters six and her brethren seven,  
Either to watch her a' the night,  
Or else to search her soon at morn.
- 3 They had na been a night in that bigly bowr,  
'T is not a night but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true-love,  
Rappd at the door, and knew not the gin.
- 4 'Whoe's this, whoe's this raps at my bowr-door,  
Raps at my bowr-door, and knows not the gin?'  
'O it is Willie, thy ain true-love;  
I pray thee rise and let me in.'

5 'O in my bower, Willie, there is a wake,  
And in the wake there is a wan;  
But I'll come to the green wood the morn,  
To the green wood for thy name's sake.'

6 O she has gaen to her bed again,  
And a wait she has lain till the cock crew  
thrice;  
Then she said to her sisters baith,  
Lasses, 't is time for us to rise.

7 She's puten on her back a silken gown,  
And on her breast a silver tie;  
She's taen a sister in ilka hand,  
And thro the green wood they are gane.

8 They had na walkt a mile in that good green  
wood,  
'T is not a mile but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true-love,  
And from her sisters he has her taen.

9 He's taen her sisters by the hand,  
He kist them baith, he sent them hame;  
He's taen his lady him behind,  
And thro the green wood they are gane.

10 They had na ridden a mile in the good green  
wood,  
'T is not a mile but barely ane,  
Till there was fifteen of the boldest knights  
That ever bore flesh, blood or bane.

11 The foremost of them was an aged knight,  
He wore the gray hair on his chin:  
'Yield me thy life or thy lady bright,  
And thou shalt walk these woods within.'

12 'T is for to give my lady fair  
To such an aged knight as thee,  
People wad think I were gane mad,  
Or else the senses taen frae me.'

13 Up then spake the second of them,  
And he spake ay right bouterously;  
'Yield me thy life or thy lady bright,  
And thou shalt walk these woods within.'

14 'My wife, she is my warld's meed,  
My life it lies me very near;  
But if you'll be man of your manheed,  
I'll serve you till my days be near.'

15 He's lighted of his milk-white steed,  
He's given his lady him by the head:  
'And see ye dinna change your cheer  
Till you do see my body bleed.'

16 O he has killd these fifteen lords,  
And he has killd them a' but ane,  
And he has left that old aged knight,  
And a' to carry the tidings hame.

17 O he's gane to his lady again,  
And a wait he has kist her, baith cheek and  
chin:  
'Thou art my ain love, I have thee bought,  
And thou shalt walk these woods within.'

5. wake should be wane and wan wake, as in A.

# 10. The Twa Sisters.

P. 119 a. **Danish.** 'De talende Streng,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 68, 375, No 19, A-E.

119 b. **Swedish.** 'De två systrarna,' Lagus, *Ny-ländska Folkvisor*, I, 27, No 7, a, b; the latter imperfect.

124 b. Bohemian, Waldau, *Böhmische Granaten*, II, 97, No 137 (with the usual variations).

125 b, 493 b; II, 498 b; III, 499 a. Add: 'Les ro-seaux qui chantent,' *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, IV, 463, V, 178; 'La rose de Pimperlé,' Meyrac, *Traditions, etc., des Ardennes*, p. 486 ff.; 'L'os qui chante,' seven Walloon versions, E. Monseur, *Bulletin de Folk-lore Wallon*, I, 39 ff.

128. C. 'The Cruel Sister,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 16; communicated to Scott by Major Henry Hutton, Royal Artillery, December 24, 1802 (*Letters*, I, No 77), as recollected by his father "and the family."

1 There were twa sisters in a bowr,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie  
The eldest was black and the youngest fair.  
By the bonny milldams o Binnorie

After 13 (or as 14):  
Your rosie cheeks and white hause-bane  
Garrd me bide lang maiden at hame.

After 15:  
The miller's daughter went out wi speed  
To fetch some water to make her bread.

After 17:  
He coud not see her fingers sma,  
For the goud rings they glistend a'.

He coud na see her yellow hair  
For pearlin and jewels that were so rare.

And when he saw her white hause-bane  
Round it hung a gouden chain.

He stretched her owt-our the bra  
And moan'd her wi mekle wa.

"Then, at the end, introduce the following" (which, however, are not traditional).

The last tune the harp did sing,  
'And yonder stands my false sister Alison.

'O listen, listen, all my kin,  
'T was she wha drown'd me in the lin.'

And when the harp this song had done  
It brast a' o pieces oer the stane.

"Alison. The writer of these additional stanzas understands the name was Alison, and not Helen." Alison occurs in **D, K**.

Pp. 133, 139. **L**. Anna Seward to Walter Scott, April 25-29, 1802: Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, I, No 54, Abbotsford. "The Binnorie of endless repetition has nothing truly pathetic, and the ludicrous use made of the drowned sister's body is well burlesqued in a ridiculous ballad, which I first heard sung, with farcial grimace, in my infancy [born 1747], thus:"

1 And O was it a pheasant cock,  
Or eke a pheasant hen?  
Or was it and a gay lady,  
Came swimming down the stream?

2 O it was not a pheasant cock,  
Or eke a pheasant hen,  
But it was and a gay lady,  
Came swimming down the stream.

3 And when she came to the mill-dam  
The miller he took her body,  
And with it he made him a fiddling thing,  
To make him sweet melody.

4 And what did he do with her fingers small?  
He made of them pegs to his vial.

5 And what did he do with her nose-ridge?  
Why to his fiddle he made it a bridge.  
Sing, O the damnd mill-dam, O

6 And what did he do with her veins so blue?  
Why he made him strings his fiddle unto.

7 And what did he do with her two shins?  
Why to his vial they daned Moll Sims.

8 And what did he do with her two sides?  
Why he made of them sides to his fiddle be-  
sides.

9 And what did he do with her great toes?  
Why what he did with them that nobody  
knows.  
Sing, O the damnd mill-dam, O

For 4, 5, 6, 7, see **A** 8, 9, 10, 13.

P. 137. MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 1, in "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 32; taken down "from a Miss Nancy Brockie, Bemerside." 1813.

1 There were twa sisters sat in a bower,  
By Nera and by Nora  
The youngest was the fairest flower.  
Of all the mill-dams of Bennora

2 It happened upon a bonnie summer's day  
The eldest to the youngest did say:  
In the bonnie mill-dams of Bennora

3 'We must go and we shall go  
To see our brother's ships come to land.'  
In, etc. (*and throughout*).

4 'I winna go and I downa go,  
For weeting the corks o my coal-black shoes.'

5 She set her foot into a rash-bush,  
To see how tightly she was dressd.

6 But the youngest sat upon a stone,  
But the eldest threw the youngest in.

7 'O sister, oh sister, come lend me your hand,  
And draw my life into dry land!'

8 'You shall not have one bit o my hand;  
Nor will I draw you to dry land.'

9 'O sister, O sister, come lend me your hand,  
And you shall have Sir John and all his  
land.'

10 'You shall not have one bit o my hand,  
And I'll have Sir John and all his land.

- 11 The miller's daughter, clad in red,  
Came for some water to bake her bread.
- 12 'O father, O father, go fish your mill-dams,  
For there either a swan or a drownd wo-  
man.'
- 13 You wad not have seen one bit o her waist,  
The body was swelld, and the stays strait  
laced.
- 14 You wad not have seen one bit o her neck,  
The chains of gold they hang so thick.
- 15 He has taen a tait of her bonnie yellow hair,  
He's tied it to his fiddle-strings there.
- 16 The verry first spring that that fiddle playd  
Was, Blest be [the] queen, my mother! [it]  
has said.
- 17 The verry next spring that that fiddle playd  
Was, Blest be Sir John, my own true-love!
- 18 The very next spring that that fiddle playd  
Was, Burn my sister for her sins!

4<sup>2</sup>. *Written at first my black heeld shoes.*  
12<sup>2</sup>. swain. 17<sup>2</sup>. thy own.

#### 11. The Cruel Brother.

P. 142 b, 496 a, III, 499 a. **B** was repeated by Salvadori in *Giornale di Filologia Romanza*, II, 197; and **B** was first published by Mazzatinti in IV, 69, of the same.

142 f. A variety of 'Graf Friedrich' in Hruschka u. Toischer, *Deutsche Volkslieder aus Böhmen*, p. 101, No 25.

143 b. III, 499. Testament. 'Hr. Adelbrand,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 227, 232, No 54, **A**, 20 ff., **F**, 10 ff. = 'Herr Radibrand och lilla Lena,' 'Skön Helena och riddaren Hildebrand,' *Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 89, No 25, a, b.

'Adelbrand' is No 311 of *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, V, II, 297, ed. Olrik, of which the versions that have been cited in this book are **B**, **K e**, **G e**, **F**, **K b**, **I**. There is a testament in other copies of the same. Also in No 320, not yet published.

145 ff. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 a. In the handwriting of William Laidlaw; "from Jean Scott."

There was three ladies playd at the ba,  
With a hey hey an a lilly gay

Bye cam three lords an woo'd them a'.  
Whan the roses smelld sae sweetly

The first o them was clad in yellow:  
'O fair may, will ye be my marrow?'  
Whan the roses smell, etc.

The niest o them was clad i ried:  
'O fair may, will ye be my bride?'

The thrid o them was clad i green:  
He said, O fair may, will ye be my queen?

#### 12. Lord Randal.

Pp. 152 b, 498 b, III, 499 b. **Italian**. Add **L**, 'U Cavalieru Traditu;' communicated to La Calabria, October 15, 1888, p. 5, 'Storie popolari Acresti,' by Antonio Julia.

154 a. **Danish**. 'Den forgivne Søster' (with testament), Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 358, No 92.

156 b. **Vuk**, I, No 302, is translated by Bowring, p. 143.

157 ff., 499 ff. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 g, in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

1 'Where ha ye been, Lord Randal, my son?'  
'I been at the huntin, mother, mak my bed  
soon;  
I'm weariet wi huntin, I fain wad lie down.'

2 'What gat ye to yer supper, Lord Randal,  
my son?'  
'An eel boild i broo, mother, mak my bed  
soon;  
I'm,' etc.

3 'What gat yer dogs, Earl Randal, my son?'  
'The broo o the eel, mother,' etc.

4 'What leave [ye] yer false love, Lord Randal,  
my son?'  
'My goud silken garters, to hang hersel on;  
I'm,' etc.

4<sup>1</sup>. leave year.

#### U

Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, XX, No 77, Abbotsford; from Joseph Jamieson Archibald, Largs, 18th February, 1830.

"By the bye! How does your copy of 'Willie Doo' go? Or is it the same as our 'Auld Nursery Lilt,' better known by the name of 'My Wee Croodling Doo'? To give you every justice, I shall copy a stanza or two."

- 1 'Whare were ye the lea lang day,  
My wee croodling doo, doo?'  
'I hae been at my step-dame's;  
Mammy, mak my bed noo, noo!'
- 2 'Whare gat she the wee, wee fish?'  
'She gat it neist the edder-flowe.'
- 3 'What did she wi the fishie's banes?'  
'The wee black dog gat them to eat.'
- 4 'What did the wee black doggie then?'  
'He shot out his fittie an deed;  
An sae maun I now too, too.' Etc.

"The wee croodling doo next received a fatal drink, and syne a lullaby, when his bed was made 'baith saft an fine,' while his lang fareweel and dying lamentation was certainly both trying and afflicting to the loving parents." *The drink after the fish was a senseless interpolation; the 'lang fareweel' was probably the testament of the longer ballad.*

500. The title of Q in the MS. is 'Lord Randal'; of R, 'Little wee toorin dow.'

#### 14. Babylon, or. The Bonnie Banks o Fordie.

P. 171 a. Danish. 'Herr Tures Døtre,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 294, No 72.

#### 15. Leesome Brand.

P. 178 a. 'Jomfru i Hindeham,' D. g. F. No 58, Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 14, No 7.

179 a, III, 500 b. Danish, II, 'Barnefødsel i Lundden,' six copies and a fragment, in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, X, 145 ff., Nos 416-22, 1888. ('Sadlen for trang, vejen for lang,' 416, 17, 20; man's help, 416, 419; children buried alive, 417, 18, 22; sister and brother, 418; lilies from grave, 416, 17.) 'Skjøn Medler,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 182, No 46, A-H. (Saddle, way, A; man's help, A, B, E, F, H; children buried alive, A, B, C, E, F.)

Swedish. 'Herr Riddervall,' Lagus, Nylandska Folkvisor, I, 75, No 20.

#### 16. Sheath and Knife.

P. 186. D is in or from T. Lyle's Ancient Ballads and Songs, 1827, p. 241. Scott, as Lyle says, has

nearly the same burden in a stanza (of his own?) which he makes E. Deans sing, in The Heart of Mid-Lothian.

#### 17. Hind Horn.

P. 193 b (2). 'Hr. Lovmand,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 252, No 62, A-D.

194 ff., 502 f.; II, 499 b; III, 501 b. Ring stories. Cf. MacInnes, Folk and Hero Tales (Argyllshire), 1890, p. 157. (G. L. K.)

Bulgarian ballad. — Stojan is married on Sunday; on Monday he is ordered to join the army. His wife gives him a posy, which will remain fresh until she marries another man. He serves nine years; the tenth the queen discovers from his talk that he has a wife, and gives him permission to go home. He arrives the very day on which his wife is to be remarried, goes to the wedding, and asks her to kiss his hand and accept a gift from him. She recognizes him by the ring on his hand, sends off the guests, and goes home with him. Collection of the Ministry of Instruction, I, 39. In a variant, Verković, p. 329, No 301, the man is gone three years, and arrives just as the wedding procession comes for the bride. (W. W.)

198 b. 'Le Retour du Mari.' 'Un Retour de Guerre' (cards), Daynard, pp. 203, 4.

202 a, III, 501 b. For more of these curiosities (in Salman u. Morolf, Orendel, Virginal, Laurin, etc.), see Vogt's note, p. 181 (248 ff.), to Salman u. Morolf.

206. H. I have received from Mr Walker, of Aberdeen, author of 'The Bards of Bonaccord,' a copy of 'Hind Horn' which was taken down by a correspondent of his on lower Deeside about 1880. It closely resembles G and H. Collated with H, the more noteworthy variations are as follows:

- 1<sup>1</sup>. Hey how, bound, lovie, hey how, free.
- 6<sup>2</sup>. An the glintin o't was aboon.
10. An when he looked the ring upon, O but it was pale an wan!
- 13<sup>2</sup>. What news, what news is in this lan?
19. Ye 'll ging up to yon high hill,  
An ye 'll blaw yer trumpet loud an shrill.
20. Doun at yon gate ye will enter in,  
And at yon stair ye will stan still.
21. Ye 'll seek meat frae ane, ye 'll seek meat frae twa,  
Ye 'll seek meat fra the highest to the lowest o them a'.
22. But it's out o their hans an ye will tak nane  
Till it comes out o the bride's ain han.
- 26<sup>2</sup>. Wi the links o the yellow gowd in her hair.  
After 27: An when she looked the ring upon, O but she grew pale an wan!
- After 28: Or got ye it frae ane that is far, far away, To gie unto me upon my weddin-day?
30. But I got it frae you when I gaed away, To gie unto you on your weddin-day.

32. It's I'll gang wi you for evermore, An beg  
my bread frae door to door.

502 a. There can hardly be a doubt that the two stanzas cited belonged to 'The Kitchie-Boy,' 'Bonny Foot-Boy,' No 252. Cf. A 34, 35, B 47, D 7, 8, of that ballad.

18. Sir Lionel.

P. 209 b. 'Blow thy horne, hunter.' Found, with slight variations, in Add. MS. 31922, British Museum, 39, b (Henry VIII): Ewald, *in Anglia*, XII, 238.

19. King Orfeo.

P. 215. The relations of the Danish 'Harpens Kraft,' and incidentally those of this ballad, to the English romance are discussed, with his usual acuteness, by Professor Sophus Bugge in *Arkiv för nordisk Filologi*, VII, 97 ff., 1891. See II, 137, of this collection.

20. The Cruel Mother.

P. 218 b, III, 502 a. 'Barnemordersken,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 356, No 90, A, B.

219 b, 504 a, II, 500 a, III, 502 b. Add: Q, R, Hruschka u. Toischer, *Deutsche Volkslieder aus Böhmen*, p. 129, No 40 a, b.

220 ff. a. MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 4, in "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 33. "Taken down from Mrs Hislope, Gattonside. The air is plaintive and very wild." 1813. b. "Scotch Ballads, Materials," etc., No 113; in the hand of T. Wilkie.

1 As I looked over my father's castle-wa,  
All alone and alone, O  
I saw two pretty babes playing at the ba.  
Down by yone greenwood side, O

2 'O pretty babes, if ye were mine,'  
All alone, etc.,  
'I would clead you o the silk so fine.'  
Alone by the, etc.

3 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Ye houket a hole fornent the sun,'  
And laid yer two babes in, O

4 'O pretty babes, if ye were mine,  
I would feed you wi the morning's milk.'  
Alone by, etc.

5 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Ye houket a hole fornent the sun.  
And laid yer two babes in, O.

6 'But we are in the heavens high,  
And ye hae the pains of hell to dri.'  
Alone by, etc.

7 'O pretty babes, pray weel for me!'  
'Aye, mother, as ye did for we.'  
Down by, etc.

a. 3<sup>1</sup>. when that ye had done *is written above* we were thine.

b. 1. *Burden, second line, by the.* 2<sup>2</sup>. with the.  
*After 2:*

'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Ye stabd us wi your little penknife.'  
Down by the, etc.

3<sup>1</sup>. when that ye had done. 4, 5. *Wanting.*

6. *Burden, second line, Down by the, etc.*

The copy at II, 500 b (Pepys, V, 4, No 2), is also in the Crawford collection, No 1127, and in that from the Osterley Park library, British Museum, C. 39. k. 6 (60). It is dated 1688-95 in the Crawford catalogue, and 1690? in the Museum catalogue.

The text printed II, 500 is here corrected according to the Museum copy.

2<sup>1</sup>. lovd. 3<sup>2</sup>. for her heaviness. 6<sup>2</sup>. pritty.  
8<sup>1</sup>. long and sharp. 12<sup>2</sup>. other as naked as.  
13<sup>2</sup>. would. 14<sup>2</sup>. dress us.  
21<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>1</sup>. O mother, O mother.  
23<sup>1</sup>. Alass! said. *After 10, etc.:* hair and.  
*Title:* Infants whom.  
*Imprint:* London: Printed, etc.: Guiltspur.  
(9<sup>2</sup>, 19<sup>2</sup>. have into, wrongly.)

21. The Maid and the Palmer.

P. 228, III, 502. 'Synderinden,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 71, No 20.

Swedish K is repeated in *Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 105, No 32.

230 b. A Bohemian ballad, to the same effect, in *Waldau's Böhmisches Granaten*, II, 210, No 299.

231, III, 502 b. **French.** A has been printed by Rolland, *Chansons Populaires*, VI, 22, o (it is folio 60 of the MS.). Two other before unprinted versions p, q, at pp. 25, 26, of Rolland.

232, 504 b. 'Maria Maddalena,' three stanzas only, *Archivio*, VIII, 323, *Canti Parmigiani*, No 2.

22. St Stephen and Herod.

P. 236 a. **French.** 'Trois Pelerins de Dieu,' *Meyrac, Traditions, etc., des Ardennes*, p. 280.

240 f., 505 f., II, 501 b. Add:

Cantou il gatsu :  
 ¡ Cristu naciú !  
 Dixu il buey :  
 ¿ Agú ?  
 Dixu la ubecha :  
 ¡ En Bilén !  
 Dixu la cabra :  
 ¡ Catsa, cascarra,  
 Que nació en Grenada !

Munthe, *Folkpoesi från Asturien*, III, No 24, cited by Pitré in *Archivio*, VIII, 141.

"Quando Christo nasceu, disse o gallo : Jesus-Christo é ná . . . á . . . á . . . do." Leite de Vasconcellos, *Tradições pop. de Portugal*, p. 148, No 285 b.

241. Greek ballad, *The Taking of Constantinople*. There is a Bulgarian version. A roasted cock crows, fried fish come to life : *Sbornik of the Ministry of Public Instruction*, II, 82. In other ballads the same incident is transferred to the downfall of Bulgaria : *Kačanofskij*, p. 235, No 116 ; *Sbornik*, II, 129, 2, and II, 131, 2. (W. W.)

#### 24. Bonnie Annie.

P. 245 ff. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has recently found this ballad in South Devon.

a. Taken down from a man of above eighty years at Bradstone. b. From a young man at Dartmoor. c. From an old man at Holne.

- 1 'T was of a sea-captain came oer the salt billow,  
 He courted a maiden down by the green wil-  
 low :  
 'O take of your father his gold and his trea-  
 sure,  
 O take of your mother her fee without mea-  
 sure.'
- 2 'I 'll take of my father his gold and his trea-  
 sure,  
 I 'll take of my mother her fee without mea-  
 sure :'  
 She has come with the captain unto the sea-  
 side, O,  
 'We 'll sail to lands foreign upon the blue tide,  
 O !'
- 3 And when she had sailed today and tomorrow,  
 She was beating her hands, she was crying in  
 sorrow ;  
 And when she had sailed the days were not  
 many,  
 The sails were outspread, but of miles made  
 not any.

- 4 And when she had sailed today and tomorrow,  
 She was beating her hands, she was crying in  
 sorrow ;  
 And when she had sailed not many a mile, O,  
 The maid was delivered of a beautiful child, O.

5 . . . . .

- 6 'O take a white napkin, about my head bind it !  
 O take a white napkin, about my feet wind it !  
 Alack ! I must sink, both me and my baby,  
 Alack ! I must sink in the deep salten water.

- 7 'O captain, O captain, here 's fifty gold crown,  
 O,  
 I pray thee to bear me and turn the ship  
 round, O ;  
 O captain, O captain, here 's fifty gold pound,  
 O,  
 If thou wilt but set me upon the green ground,  
 O.'

- 8 'O never, O never ! the wind it blows  
 stronger,  
 O never, O never ! the time it grows longer ;  
 And better it were that thy baby and thou, O,  
 Should drown than the crew of the vessel, I  
 vow, O.'

- 9 'O get me a boat that is narrow and thin, O,  
 And set me and my little baby therein, O :'  
 'O no, it were better that thy baby and thou, O,  
 Should drown than the crew of the vessel, I  
 vow, O.'

- 10 They got a white napkin, about her head bound  
 it,  
 They got a white napkin, about her feet wound  
 it ;  
 They cast her then overboard, baby and she, O,  
 Together to sink in the cruel salt sea, O.

- 11 The moon it was shining, the tide it was run-  
 ning ;  
 O what in the wake of the vessel was swim-  
 ming ?  
 'O see, boys ! O see how she floats on the wa-  
 ter !  
 O see, boys ! O see ! the undutiful daughter !

- 12 'Why swim in the moonlight, upon the sea  
 swaying ?  
 O what art thou seeking ? for what art thou  
 praying ?'

- 'O captain, O captain, I float on the water;  
For the sea giveth up the undutiful daughter.
- 13 'O take of my father the gold and the treasure,  
O take of my mother her fee without measure;  
O make me a coffin of gold that is yellow,  
And bury me under the banks of green willow!'
- 14 'I will make thee a coffin of gold that is yellow,  
I'll bury thee under the banks of green willow;  
I'll bury thee there as becometh a lady,  
I'll bury thee there, both thou and thy baby.'
- 15 The sails they were spread, and the wind it was blowing,  
The sea was so salt, and the tide it was flowing;  
They steered for the land, and they reachd the shore, O,  
But the corpse of the maiden had reachd there before, O.
- b. 1<sup>1,2</sup>. There was a sea-captain came to the sea-side, O,  
He courted a damsel and got her in trouble.  
13<sup>3</sup>. coffin of the deepest stoll yellow.  
15<sup>4</sup>. But the mother and baby had got there before, O.
- c. 1 'T is of a sea-captain, down by the green willow,  
He courted a damsel and brought her in trouble;  
When gone her mother's good will and all her father's money,  
She fled across the wide sea along with her Johnny.
- 2 They had not been sailing the miles they were many  
Before she was delivered of a beautiful baby:  
'O tie up my head! O and tie it up easy,  
And throw me overboard, both me and my baby!'
- 3 She floated on the waves, and she floated so easy,  
That they took her on board again, both she and her baby.  
(*The rest forgotten.*)
- 1 'This seven long years I've courted a maid,'  
As the sun shines over the valley  
'And she neer would consent for to be my bride.'  
Among the blue flowers and the yellow
- 2 'O Jamie, O Jamie, I'll learn you the way  
How your innocent love you'll betray.
- 3 'If you will give to the bell-man a groat,  
And he'll toll you down a merry night-wake.'
- 4 Now he has given the bell-man a groat,  
And he has toll'd him down a merry night-wake.
- 5 'It's I must go to my true-love's wake,  
For late last night I heard he was dead.'
- 6 'Take with you your horse and boy,  
And give your true lover his last convoy.'
- 7 'I'll have neither horse nor boy,  
But I'll go alone, and I'll mourn and cry.'
- 8 When that she came to her true-love's hall,  
Then the tears they did down fall.
- 9 She lifted up the sheets so small,  
He took her in his arms and he threw her to the wa.
- 10 'It's let me go a maid, young Jamie,' she said,  
'And I will be your bride, and to-morrow we'll be wed.'
- 11 'If all your friends were in this bower,  
You should not be a maid one quarter of an hour.
- 12 'You came here a maid meek and mild,  
But you shall go home both marryd and with child.'
- 13 He gave to her a gay gold ring,  
And the next day they had a gay wedding.

25. Willie's Lyke-Wake.

Pp. 247 ff., 506. 'The Blue Flowers and the Yellow,' Greenock, printed by W. Scott [1810].

The unfortunate Weaver. To which are added The Farmer's Daughter and The Blue Flowers and the Yellow. Greenock. Printed by W. Scott. [1810.] British Museum, 11621. b. 7 (43).

248 a (C), III, 503 a. 'Hr. Mortens Klosterrov,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 264, No 64.

249 b, 506 a, III, 503 a. *Swedish*. 'Herr Karl,' Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor, I, 51, No 12.

## 26. The Three Ravens.

P. 253. J. Haslewood made an entry in his copy of Ritson's *Scottish Song of a MS. Lute-Book* (presented to Dr C. Burney by Dr Skene, of Marischal College, in 1781), which contained airs "noted and collected by Robert Gordon, at Aberdeen, in the year of our Lord 1627." Among some ninety titles of tunes mentioned, there occur 'Ther wer three ravens,' and 'God be with the, Geordie.' (W. Macmath.)

"The song of 'The Twa Corbies' was given to me by Miss Erskine of Alva (now Mrs Kerr), who, I think, said that she had written it down from the recitation of an old woman at Alva." C. K. Sharpe to Scott, August 8, 1802, Letters, I, 70, Abbotsford; printed in Sharpe's Letters, ed. Allardyce, I, 136.

## 29. The Boy and the Mantle.

P. 268 a. *Flowers*. 2. A garland, Kathá Sarit Ságara, Tawney's translation, II, 601.

269 b. The chaste Sítá clears herself of unjust suspicion by passing safely over a certain lake: Kathá Sarit Ságara, Tawney's translation, I, 486 f.

A chessboard that can be "mated" only by one that has never been false in love: *English Prose Merlin*, ed. Wheatley, ch. 21, vol. i, part II, p. 363. (G. L. K.)

## 31. The Marriage of Sir Gawain.

P. 289, II, 502 b. On the loathly damsel in the Perceval of Chrestien de Troyes, see *The Academy*, October 19, 1889, p. 255. (G. L. K.)

290, note †. One shape by day, another by night: Curtin, *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland*, 1890, pp. 51, 68, 69, 71, 136.

## 32. King Henry.

P. 298 b. Second paragraph. Prince as lindworm restored by maid's lying in bed with him one night: 'Lindormen,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 20, No 9, *Lagus, Nyländske Folkvisor*, I, 97, No 29, a, b. (Lindworm asks for a kiss in a 4, b 2.)

## 34. Kemp Owyne.

P. 307 b. Second paragraph. 'Jomfruen i Linden,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 22, No 10.

## 37. Thomas Rymer.

P. 323 ff. "Thomas the Rhymer. Variations. J. Ormiston, Kelso." "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 96, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of John Leyden.

Her horse was o the dapple-gray,  
And in her hands she held bells nine:  
'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,  
'For a' thae bonny bells shall be thine.'

It was a night without delight,

And they rade on and on, I wiss, (amiss)  
Till they came to a garden green;  
He reached his hand to pu an apple,  
For lack o fruit he was like to tyne.

'Now had your hand, Thomas,' she said,  
'Had your hand, and go wi me;  
That is the evil fruit o hell,  
Beguiled man and women in your countrie.

'O see you not that road, Thomas,  
That lies down by that little hill?  
Curst is the man has that road to gang,  
For it takes him to the lowest hell.

'O see you not that road, Thomas,  
That lies across yon lily lea?  
Blest is the man has that road to gang,  
For it takes him to the heavens hie.

'When ye come to my father's ha,  
To see what a learned man you be  
They will you question, one and a',  
But you must answer none but me,  
And I will answer them again  
I gat you at the Eildon tree.'

And when, etc.  
He answered none but that gay ladie.

'Harp and carp, gin ye gang wi me,  
It shall be seven year and day  
Or ye return to your countrie.

'Wherever ye gang, or wherever ye be,  
Ye 'se bear the tongue that can never lie.

'Gin ere ye want to see me again,  
Gang to the bonny banks o Farnalie.'

'Thomas the Rhymer,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 97, Abbotsford; communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mrs Christiana Greenwood, London, May 27, 1806 (Letters, I, 189), from the recitation of her mother and of her aunt, both then above sixty, who learned it in their childhood from Kirstan Scot, a very old woman, at Longnewton, near Jedburgh.

- 1 Thomas lay on the Huntlie bank,  
A spying ferlies wi his eee,  
And he did spy a lady gay,  
Come riding down by the lang lee.
- 2 Her steed was o the dapple grey,  
And at its mane there hung bells nine;  
He thought he heard that lady say,  
'They gowden bells sall a' be thine.'
- 3 Her mantle was o velvet green,  
And a' set round wi jewels fine;  
Her hawk and hounds were at her side,  
And her bugle-horn in gowd did shine.
- 4 Thomas took aff baith cloak and cap,  
For to salute this gay lady:  
'O save ye, save ye, fair Queen o Heavn,  
And ay weel met ye save and see!'
- 5 'I'm no the Queen o Heavn, Thomas;  
I never carried my head sae hee;  
For I am but a lady gay,  
Come out to hunt in my follee.
- 6 'Now gin ye kiss my mouth, Thomas,  
Ye mauna miss my fair bodee;  
Then ye may een gang hame and tell  
That ye've lain wi a gay ladee.'
- 7 'O gin I loe a lady fair,  
Nae ill tales o her wad I tell,  
And it's wi thee I fain wad gae,  
Tho it were een to heavn or hell.'
- 8 'Then harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,  
'Then harp and carp alang wi me;  
But it will be seven years and a day  
Till ye win back to yere ain countrie.'
- 9 The lady rade, True Thomas ran,  
Untill they cam to a water wan;  
O it was night, and nae delight,  
And Thomas wade aboon the knee.
- 10 It was dark night, and nae starn-light,  
And on they waded lang days three,  
And they heard the roaring o a flood,  
And Thomas a waefou man was he.
- 11 Then they rade on, and farther on,  
Untill they came to a garden green;  
To pu an apple he put up his hand,  
For the lack o food he was like to tyne.
- 12 'O haud yere hand, Thomas,' she cried,  
'And let that green flourishing be;  
For it's the very fruit o hell,  
Beguiles baith man and woman o yere countrie.
- 13 'But look afore ye, True Thomas,  
And I shall show ye ferlies three;  
Yon is the gate leads to our land,  
Where thou and I sae soon shall be.
- 14 'And dinna ye see yon road, Thomas,  
That lies out-owr yon lilly lee?  
Weel is the man yon gate may gang,  
For it leads him straight to the heavens hie.
- 15 'But do you see yon road, Thomas,  
That lies out-owr yon frosty fell?  
Ill is the man yon gate may gang,  
For it leads him straight to the pit o hell.
- 16 'Now when ye come to our court, Thomas,  
See that a weel-learnd man ye be;  
For they will ask ye, one and all,  
But ye maun answer nane but me.
- 17 'And when nae answer they obtain,  
Then will they come and question me,  
And I will answer them again  
That I gat yere aith at the Eildon tree.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 18 'Ilka seven years, Thomas,  
We pay our teindings unto hell,  
And ye're sae leesome and sae strang  
That I fear, Thomas, it will be yeresell.'
- 1<sup>4</sup>. the Lang-lee. 12<sup>2</sup>. flour is hing.

### 39. Tam Lin.

P. 335. D a, excepting the title and the first stanza, is in a hand not Motherwell's.

I a first appeared in the second edition of the Minstrelsy, 1803, II, 245. The "gentleman residing near Langholm," from whom Scott derived the stanzas of a modern cast, was a Mr Beattie, of Meikledale, and Scott suspected that they might be the work of some poetical clergyman or schoolmaster: letter to W. Laidlaw, January 21, 1803, cited by Carruthers, Abbotsford Notanda, appended to R. Chambers's Life of Scott, 1871, p. 121 f. 336 b. 'Den förtrollade prinsessan,' Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor, I, 67, No 17.

356 b. Add: D c, 12<sup>2</sup>. aft.

340 a, II, 505 b, III, 505 b. Sleeping under an

apple-tree. See also st. 14 of the version immediately following.

So Lancelot goes to sleep about noon under an apple-tree, and is enchanted by Morgan the Fay. Malory's *Morte Darthur*, bk. vi, ch. 1, ch. 3, ed. Sommer, I, 183, 186. (G. L. K.)

## K

Communicated to Scott November 11, 1812, by Hugh Irvine, Drum, Aberdeenshire, as procured from the recitation of an old woman in Buchan: *Letters*, V, No 137, Abotsford. (Not in Irvine's hand.)

1 Leady Margat stands in her boor-door,  
Clead in the robs of green;  
She longed to go to Charters Woods,  
To pull the flowers her lean.

2 She had not puld a rose, a rose,  
O not a rose but one,  
Till up it starts True Thomas,  
Said, Leady, let alone.

3 'Why pull ye the rose, Marget?  
Or why break ye the tree?  
Or why come ye to Charters Woods  
Without the leave of me?'

4 'I will pull the rose,' she said,  
'And I will break the tree,  
For Charters Woods is all my own,  
And I'll ask no leave of the.'

5 He's tean her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,  
At her he askt no leave.

6 It fell once upon a day  
They wer a pleaying at the ba,  
And every one was reed and whyte,  
Leady Marget's culler was all awa.

7 Out it speaks an elder man,  
As he stood in the gate,  
'Our king's daughter she gos we bern,  
And we will get the wait.'

8 'If I be we bern,' she said,  
'My own self beer the blame!  
There is not a man in my father's court  
Will get my bern's name.'

9 'There grows a flower in Charters Woods,  
It grows on gravel greay,  
It ould destroy the boney young bern  
That ye got in your pley.'

10 She's tean her mantle her about,  
Her green glove on her hand,  
And she's awa to Charters Woods,  
As fest as she could gang.

11 She had no puld a pile, a pile,  
O not a pile but one,  
Up it startid True Thomas,  
Said, Leady, lat alean.

12 'Why pull ye the pile, Marget,  
That grows on gravel green,  
For to destroy the boney young bern  
That we got us between?'

13 'If it were to an earthly man,  
As [it is] to an elphan knight,  
I ould walk for my true-love's sake  
All the long winter's night.'

14 'When I was a boy of eleven years old,  
And much was made of me,  
I went out to my father's garden,  
Fell asleep at yon aple tree:  
The queen of Elphan [she] came by,  
And laid on her hands on me.

15 'Elphan it's a boney place,  
In it fain wid I dwell;  
But ey at every seven years end  
We pay the teene to hell:  
I'm so full of flesh and blood  
I'm sear feart for mysel.

16 'The morn's Hallow Even's night,  
When a' our courts do ride,  
Through England and through Ireland,  
Through a' the world wide:  
And she that would her true-love borrow  
At Miles Corse she may bide.

17 'The first an court that ye come till,  
Ye let them a' pass by;  
The next an court that ye come till,  
Ye hile them reverendly.

18 'The next an court that ye come till,  
An therein rides the queen,

Me upon a milk-whyte steed,  
And a gold star in my croun;  
Because I am a erle's soon,  
I get that for my renoun.

- 19 'Ye take me in your armes,  
Give me a right sear fa;  
The queen of Elphan she 'l cry out,  
True Thomas is awa!
- 20 'First I 'l be in your armes  
The fire burning so bold;  
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass  
Till I be like iron cold.
- 21 'Next I 'l be in your armes  
The fire burning so wild;  
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass,  
I 'm the father of your child.'
- 22 The first court that came her till,  
She let them a' pass by;  
The nex an court that came her till,  
She helt them reverendly.
- 23 The nex an court that came her till,  
And therein read the queen,  
True Thomas on a milk-whyte steed,  
A gold star in his croun;  
Because he was a earl's soon,  
He got that for his renoun.
- 24 She's tean him in her arms,  
Geen him a right sore fa;  
The queen of Elphan she cried out,  
True Thomas is awa!
- 25 He was into her arms  
The fire burning so bold;  
She held him fast, let him no pass  
Till he was like iron cold.
- 26 He was into her arms  
The fire burning so wild;  
She held him fast, let him no pass,  
He was the father of her child.
- 27 The queen of Elphan she cried out,  
An angry woman was she,  
'Let Lady Marget an her true-love be,  
She's bought him dearer than me.'

3<sup>a</sup>. breat. 15<sup>4</sup>. tune (?). 16<sup>1</sup>. Thee.  
27<sup>2</sup>. woman is struck out.

The following fragment does not appear to have been among the "several recitals from tradition" used by Scott in making up his ballad. Some lines which it might be supposed to have furnished occur in the edition of 1802, issued before Scott's acquaintance with Laidlaw began.

L

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 27, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

- 1 I charge ye, a' ye ladies fair,  
That wear goud in your hair,  
To come an gang bye Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lien is there.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 2 Then Janet kiltit her green cleadin  
A wee aboon her knee,  
An she's gane away to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can dree.
- 3 When Janet cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lien was at the wall,  
An there he left his steed stannin,  
But away he gaed his sell.
- 4 She had na pu'd a red, red rose,  
A rose but only thre,  
Till up then startit young Tam Lien,  
Just at young Jenet's knee.
- 5 'What gars ye pu the rose, Janet,  
Briek branches frae the tree,  
An come an gang by Carterhaugh,  
An speir nae leave of me?'
- 6 'What need I speir leave o thee, Tam?  
What need I speir leave o thee,  
When Carterhaugh is a' mine ain,  
My father gae it me?'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 7 She's kiltit up her green cleadin  
A wee aboon her knee,  
An she's away to her ain bower-door,  
As fast as she can dree.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 8 There war four-an-twentie fair ladies  
A' dancin in a chess,

An some war blue an some war green,  
But Janet was like the gress.

- 9 There war four-an-twentie fair ladies  
A' playin at the ba,  
An some war red an som wer white,  
But Jennet was like the snaw.

1<sup>3</sup>. To is doubtful; almost bound in.

6<sup>4</sup>. gae written over left struck out.

8<sup>2</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>. A' in the MS.

### M

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 15. Communicated to Scott by Major Henry Hutton, Royal Artillery, 24th December, 1802, as recollected by his father "and the family:" Letters I, No 77. Major Hutton intimates that stanzas 46-49 of the first edition of 'Tamlane' ('Roxburgh was my grandfather,' ff., corresponding to I 28-32) should be struck out, and his verses inserted. But 4-12 of Hutton's stanzas belong to 'Thomas Rymer.'

- 1 My father was a noble knight,  
And was much gi'n to play,  
And I myself a bonny boy,  
And followed him away.
- 2 He rowd me in his hunting-coat  
And layd me down to sleep,  
And by the queen of fairies came,  
And took me up to keep.
- 3 She set me on a milk-white steed;  
'T was o the elfin kind;  
His feet were shot wi beaten goud,  
And fleeter than the wind.
- 4 Then we raid on and on'ard mair,  
Oer mountain, hill and lee,  
Till we came to a hie, hie wa,  
Upon a mountain's bree.
- 5 The apples hung like stars of goud  
Out-our that wa sa fine;  
I put my hand to pu down ane,  
For want of food I thought to tine.
- 6 'O had your hand, Tamas!' she said,  
'O let that evil fruit now be!  
It was that apple ye see there  
Beguil'd man and woman in your country.
- 7 'O dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,  
Down by yon lilie lee?

Blessd is the man who yon gate gaes,  
It leads him to the heavens hie.

- 8 'And dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,  
Down by yon frosty fell?  
Curst is the man that yon gate gaes,  
For it leads to the gates of hell.
- 9 'O dinna ye see yon castle, Tamas,  
That's biggit between the twa,  
And theekit wi the beaten goud?  
O that's the fairies' ha.
- 10 'O when ye come to the ha, Tamas,  
See that a weel-learn'd boy ye be;  
They'll ask ye questions ane and a',  
But see ye answer nane but me.
- 11 'If ye speak to ain but me, Tamas,  
A fairie ye maun ever bide;  
But if ye speak to nane but me, Tamas,  
Ye may come to be your country's pride.'
- 12 And when he came to Fairie Ha,  
I wot a weel-learn'd boy was he;  
They askd him questions ane and a',  
But he answerd nane but his ladie.
- 13 There was four-and-twenty gude knights'-  
sons  
In fairie land obliged to bide,  
And of a' the pages that were there  
Fair Tamas was his ladie's pride.
- 14 There was four-and-twenty earthly boys,  
Wha all played at the ba,  
But Tamas was the bonniest boy,  
And playd the best amang them a'.
- 15 There was four-and-twenty earthly maids,  
Wha a' playd at the chess,  
Their colour rosy-red and white,  
Their gowns were green as grass.
- 16 'And pleasant are our fairie sports,  
We flie o'er hill and dale;  
But at the end of seven years  
They pay the teen to hell.
- 17 'And now 's the time, at Hallowmess,  
Late on the morrow's even,  
And if ye miss me then, Janet,  
I'm lost for yearis seven.'

N

'Tamlane,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 96 a; in the handwriting of John Leyden.

'Gowd rings I can buy, Thomas,  
Green mantles I can spin,  
But gin ye take my maidenheid  
I'll neer get that again.'

Out and spak the queen o' fairies,  
Out o' a shot o' wheat,  
'She that has gotten young Tamlane  
Has gotten my heart's delight.'

40. The Queen of Elfan's Nourice.

P. 358, II, 505 b, III, 505 b. More cases in 'Fairy Births and Human Midwives,' E. S. Hartland, The Archaeological Review, IV, 328 ff.

The elf-woman's daughter has lain on the floor nineteen days in travail, for she cannot be delivered unless a mortal man lay hands upon her. Hrólfr is lured to the elf-woman's hall for this purpose. Göngu-Hrólfs Saga, c. 15, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, III, 276, Ásmundarson, Fornaldarsögur Norðrlanda, III, 174, 175. (G. L. K.)

41. Hind Etin.

P. 361 b, III, 506 a. Danish. X, 'Agnete i Bjærg-et,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 3, No 2.

364 a, III, 506 a. Danish. M-O, 'Agnete i Hav-et,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 6, No 3, A-C.

365 a, II, 506 a. German. J, 'Die schöne Dorothea,' Gadde-Gloddow, V. I. aus Hinterpommern, Zeitschrift für Volkskunde, III, 227.

42. Clerk Colvill.

P. 374 b. Danish. 'Elvedansen,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 10, 372, No 5, A, B, C.

380, II, 506 a, III, 506 a. PP, QQ, 'Arnaud,' Quercy, Daymard, p. 167 f., 34 verses, 26 verses. RR, 'Lou Counte Arnaud,' Bas-Quercy, Soleville, Chants p. du Bas-Quercy, 1889, p. 13, 10 stanzas. SS, version limousine, La Tradition, V, 184.

384, III, 506 a. Spanish. 'Don Pedro,' El Folk-Lore Frexnense y Bético-Extremeno, Fregenal, 1883-84; (1) p. 129 (and 180), Zafra, Badajoz, D. Sergio Hernandez; (2) p. 182, Badajoz; (3) p. 183, Montanchez, provincia de Cáceres; (4) Constantina, provincia de Sevilla, D. Antonio Machado y Alvarez.

386 a. Bohemian. A a also = Wenzig, Slawische V. I., 1830, p. 47.

43. The Broomfield Hill.

P. 392 b, III, 506. Sleep-thorn, sleep-pin. Add: Curtin, Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, 1890, pp. 40,

130 ff., 200; Hyde, Beside the Fire, Irish-Gaelic Folk-Stories, p. 43; MacInnes, Folk and Hero Tales, 1890, p. 141 (cf. p. 459).

Sleep-pin, Wliskoeki, M. u. S. der transylvanischen Zigeuner, p. 46. Compare the wand in J. H. Knowles's Folk-Tales of Kashmir, p. 199. (G. L. K.)

393, III, 506 b. Italian. 'La bella Brunetta,' Ferrari, C. p. in San Pietro Capofume; 'La Bevanda sonnifera,' Giannini, Canzoni del Contado di Massa Lunense, Archivio, VII, 109, No 11, 279, No 7.

44. The Twa Magicians.

P. 400 a, II, 506 b, III, 506 b. French. W, 'J'ai fait une maitresse,' Daymard, p. 51, Quercy. X, 'Margarideto,' Soleville, Chants p. du Bas-Quercy, p. 94.

Italian. Add to Tigri's *rispetto*: Vigo, Canti p. siciliani, 1870-74, No 1711, Pitre, Studj di Poesia pop., p. 76; Casetti e Imbriani, C. p. delle Provincie meridionali, p. 187: all cited by d'Ancona, Poesia pop., p. 341.

400 b. Bohemian. Waldau, Böhmische Granaten, II, 75, No 107, dove, gun; fish, hook; hare, dog.

401 b. Tale in Curtin's Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, pp. 152-6.

Cf. also Notes and Queries, 7th Series, IX, 101, 295; Clouston, Popular Tales and Fictions, I, 413 ff. (G. L. K.)

45. King John and the Bishop.

P. 403 f. Roxburghe, III, 883, is B. Roxburghe, III, 494 was printed and sold by John White, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, "circa 1777:" Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 749. 'The King and the Bishop,' Roxburghe, III, 170, is printed in the same volume, p. 751, and 'The Old Abbot and King Olfrey,' Pepys, II, 127, at p. 753.

405 b, II, 507. An Armenian, a Slovak, and a Hungarian version, by H. v. Wliskoeki, Zs. f. vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte, u. s. w., N. F., IV, 106 ff., 1891.

404 b, 2d paragraph. Of this kind is the Russian tale, How Fraud made entrance into Russia. Ivan the Terrible demands tribute of neighboring princes. They propose to him three riddles: if he guesses them, they are to pay twelve casks of gold and tribute; if he fails, they take his kingdom. A marvellous old man helps the Tsar out. He has been promised a cask of gold, but the Tsar fills one of the casks two thirds with sand, and offers that. The old man tells him that he, the Tsar, has brought Fraud into the land, never to be eradicated. Ivan begs him to take one of the other casks, but in vain. The old man vanishes; it was God. Rybnikof, II, 232, No 39. (W. W.)

46. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship.

P. 417 a, II, 507 b, III, 507 a. Heads on spikes; only one spike without a head: Curtin, Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, 1890, pp. 37, 114 f, 193; Mac Innes, Folk and Hero Tales, Folk-Lore Society, 1890, pp. 79, 453.

## 47. Proud Lady Margaret.

P. 426. **A.** Two stanzas (6, 9) and a line were wanting in the copy supplied by Hamilton. March 23, 1803, Hamilton sent to Scott the following verses, "to come in at the first break." There were still four lines, which should come before these, that Hamilton could not recollect. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 117. See **B** 17, **C** 11, where also there is defect, and **D** 6, 7.

'O wherein leems the beer?' she said,  
'Or wherein leems the wine?  
O wherein leems the gold?' she said,  
'Or wherein leems the twine?'

'The beer is put in a drinking-horn,  
The wine in glasses fine,  
There's gold in store between two kings,  
When they are fighting keen,  
And the twine is between a lady's two hands  
When they are washen clean.'

## 49. The Twa Brothers.

P. 436, II, 14, III, 381 b. 'Tell my mother I am married,' etc.: so in the beautiful Roumanian 'Mi-orita,' Alecsandri, p. 3.

438. **A** b. 'The Two Brothers,' Walks near Edinburgh, by Margaret Warrender, 1890, p. 60. Given to Lady John Scott many years ago by Campbell Riddell, brother of Sir James Riddell of Ardnamurchan.

- 1 There were two brothers in the north,  
Lord William and Lord John,  
And they would try a wrestling match,  
So to the fields they've gone, gone, gone,  
So to the fields they've gone.
- 2 They wrestled up, they wrestled down,  
Till Lord John fell on the ground.  
And a knife into Lord William's pocket  
Gave him a deadly wound.
- 3 'Oh take me on your back, dear William,' he  
said,  
'And carry me to the burnie clear,  
And wash my wound sae deep and dark,  
Maybe 't will bleed nae mair.'
- 4 He took him up upon his back,  
An carried him to the burnie clear,  
But aye the mair he washed his wound  
It aye did bleed the mair.

5 'Oh take me on your back, dear William,' he  
said,

'And carry me to the kirkyard fair,  
And dig a grave sae deep and dark,  
And lay my body there.'

6 'But what shall I say to my father dear  
When he says, Willie, what's become of  
John?'

'Oh tell him I am gone to Greenock town,  
To buy him a puncheon of rum.'

7 'And what shall I say to my sister dear  
When she says, Willie, what's become of  
John?'

'Oh tell her I've gone to London town  
To buy her a marriage-gown.'

8 'But what shall I say to my grandmother dear  
When she says, Willie, what's become of  
John?'

'Oh tell her I'm in the kirkyard dark,  
And that I'm dead and gone.'

## 53. Young Beichan.

P. 459 a. **Danish.** 'Ellen benter sin Fæstemand,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 125, No 34, **A**, **B**. 462 a, III, 507 b. 'Gerineldo,' again, in Munthe, Folkpoesie från Asturien, No 2, second part, p. 112 b (Upsala Universitets Årsskrift); but imperfect.

462 b, 463 a, II, 508 a. Another version of the French ballad ('Tout au milieu de Paris') in Meyrac, Traditions, etc., des Ardennes, p. 238.

463 ff. 'Earl Bichet,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 83, Abbotsford. Communicated to Scott by Mrs Christiana Greenwood, London, May 27, 1806 (Letters, I, No 189), as heard by her in her youth at Longnewton, near Jedburgh, "where most of the old women could sing it."

- 1 Earl Bichet's sworn a mighty aith,  
And a solemn vow made he,  
That he wad to the Holy Land,  
To the Holy Land wad he gae.
- 2 When he came to the Holy Land,  
Among the Infidels sae black,  
They hae consulted them amang  
The Earl Bichet for to take.
- 3 And when they basely him betrayd  
They put him into fetters strang,  
And threw him in a dungeon dark,  
To spend the weary night sae lang.

- 4 Then in ilka shoulder they bored a hole,  
In his right shoulder they bored three,  
And they gard him draw the coops o wine,  
Till he was sick and like to dee.
- 5 Then they took him out o their carts and wains,  
And put him in a castle of stone;  
When the stars shone bright, and the moon  
gave light,  
The sad Earl Bichet he saw none.
- 6 The king had only ae daughter,  
And it was orderd sae to be  
That, as she walked up and down,  
By the strong-prison-door cam she.
- 7 Then she heard Earl Bichet sad  
Making his pityful mane,  
In doolfu sounds and moving sighs  
Wad melt a heart o stane.
- 8 'When I was in my ain countrie,  
I drank the wine sae clear;  
But now I canna get bare bread;  
O I wis I had neer come here!
- 9 'When I was in my ain countrie,  
I drank the wine sae red;  
But now I canna get a bite o bare bread;  
O I wis that I were dead!'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 10 'Gae bring to me the good leaven [bread],  
To eat when I do need;  
Gae bring to me the good red wine,  
To drink when I do dread.'
- 11 'Gae ask my father for his leave  
To bring them unto me,  
And for the keys o the prison-door,  
To set Earl Bichet free.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 12 Then she went into her ain chamber  
And prayd most heartilie,  
And when that she rose up again  
The keys fell at her knee.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 13 Then they hae made a solemn vow  
Between themselves alone,
- That he was to marry no other woman,  
And she no other man.
- 14 And Earl Bichet 's to sail to fair Scotland,  
Far oer the roaring faem,  
And till seven years were past and gone  
This vow was to remain.
- 15 Then she built him a stately ship,  
And set it on the sea,  
Wi four-and-twenty mariners,  
To bear him companie.
- 16 'My blessing gae wi ye, Earl Bichet,  
My blessing gae wi thee;  
My blessing be wi a' the mariners  
That are to sail wi thee.'
- 17 Then they saild east, and they saild wast,  
Till they saild to Earl Bichet's yett,  
When nane was sae ready as his mother  
dear  
To welcome her ain son back.
- 18 'Ye 're welcome, welcome, Earl Bichet,  
Ye 're dearly welcome hame to me!  
And ye 're as welcome to Lady Jean,  
For she has lang looked for thee.'
- 19 'What haste, what haste, O mother dear,  
To wale a wife for me?  
For what will I do wi the bonny bride  
That I hae left ayont the sea?'
- 20 When seven years were past and gone,  
Seven years but and a day,  
The Saracen lady took a crying in her sleep,  
And she has cried sair till day.
- 21 'O daughter, is it for a man o might?  
Or is it for a man o mine?'  
'It 's neither for a man o might,  
Nor is it for a man o thine.
- 22 'Bat if ye 'll build me a ship, father,  
And set it on the sea,  
I will away to some other land,  
To seek a true-love free.'
- 23 Then he built her a gallant ship,  
And set it on the sea,  
Wi a hunder and fifty mariners,  
To bear her companie.

- 24 At every corner o the ship  
A siller bell did hing,  
And at ilka jawing o the faem  
The siller bells did ring.
- 25 Then they saild east, and they saild wast,  
Till they cam to Earl Bichet's yett;  
Nane was sae ready as the porter  
To open and let her in thereat.
- 26 'O is this Earl Bichet's castle-yett?  
Or is that noble knight within?  
For I am weary, sad and wet,  
And far I've come ayont the faem.'
- 27 'He's up the stair at supper set,  
And mony a noble knight wi him;  
He's up the stair wi his bonny bride,  
And mony a lady gay wi them.'
- 28 She's put her hand into her purse  
And taen out fifty merks and three:  
'If this be the Earl Bichet's castle,  
Tell him to speak three words wi me.
- 29 'Tell him to send me a bit o his bread  
But an a bottle o his wine,  
And no forget the lady's love  
That freed him out o prison strong.'
- 30 The porter he gaed up the stair,  
And mony bow and binge gae he;  
'What means, what means,' cried Earl Bichet,  
'O what means a' this courtesie?'
- 31 'O I hae been porter at yere yett  
These four-and-twenty years and three;  
But the fairest lady now stands thereat  
That ever my two eyes did see.
- 32 'She has a ring on her foremost finger,  
And on her middle-finger three;  
She has as much gowd about her waist  
As wad buy earldoms o land for thee.
- 33 'She wants to speak three words wi thee,  
And a little o yere bread and wine,  
And not to forget the lady's love  
That freed ye out o prison strong.'
- 34 'I'll lay my life,' cried Earl Bichet,  
'It's my true love come oer the sea!'

Then up and spake the bride's mother,  
'It's a bonny time to speak wi thee!'

- 35 'O your doughter came here on a horse's back,  
But I'll set her hame in a chariot free;  
For, except a kiss o her bonny mouth,  
Of her fair body I am free.'

- 36 There war thirty cups on the table set,  
He gard them a' in flinders flee;  
There war thirty steps into the stair,  
And he has louped them a' but three.

- 37 Then he took her saftly in his arms,  
And kissed her right tenderlie:  
'Ye're welcome here, my ain true love,  
Sae dearly welcome ye're to me!'

\* \* \* \* \*

7<sup>a</sup>. doolfu: I *struck out*.

At the end: "Some verses are wanting at the conclusion."

The following stanza, entered by Scott in the quarto volume "Scottish Songs," 1795, fol. 29 back, Abbotsford library, N. 3, is much too good to be lost:

Young Bechin was in Scotland born,  
He longed far countries for to see,  
And he bound himself to a savage Moor,  
Who used him but indifferently.

## VOL. II.

### 55. The Carnal and the Crane.

P. 7, 509 b, III, 507 b. The Sower. Add: Legeay, *Noëls Anciens, Première Série*, 1875, 'Saint Joseph avec Marie,' No 34, p. 68; Daymard, *Vieux Chants p. rec. en Quercy*, 'La Fuite en Egypte,' p. 333; Soleville, *Ch. p. du Bas-Quercy*, 'Lou Bouiaje,' p. 126; *La Tradition*, IV, 139.

### 56. Dives and Lazarus.

P. 10, III, 507 b. 'Le mauvais riche,' Daymard, *Vieux Chants p. rec. en Quercy*, p. 282.

### 57. Brown Robyn's Confession.

P. 13. Swedish. 'Herr Paders Sjöresa,' Lagus, *Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 56, No 14, a, b.

**Danish.** 'Jon Rimaardsens Sejlads,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 296, No 73, A-D.

13 ff., II, 510, also No 20, I, 244. While Prince Lundarasena is on a voyage, a great hurricane arises. An offering of jewels is made to the sea, but does not quiet it. Lundarasena says: "It is through my demerits in former births that this day of doom has suddenly come upon you." He flings himself into the water; the wind falls immediately and the sea becomes calm. (He is not drowned.) Kathá Sarit Ságara, Tawney's translation, II, 375.

A ship stopped. Cf. the story told by Henry of Huntingdon, viii, 22, of one Reiner, a follower of Geoffrey Mandeville (Gaufridus de Magna Villa).

"Princeps autem peditum suorum, Reinerus nomine, cujus officium fuerat ecclesias frangere vel incendere, dum mare cum uxore sua transiret, ut multi perhiberunt, navis immobilis facta est. Quod monstrum navitis stupentibus, sorte data rei causam inquirentibus, sors cecidit super Reinerum. Quod cum ille nimirum totis contradiceret nisibus, secundo et tertio sors jacta in eum devenit. Positus igitur in scapha est, et uxor ejus, et pecunia scelestissime adquisita, et statim navis cursu velocissimo ut prius fecerat pelagus sulcat, scapha vero cum nequissimis subita voragine circumducta in aeternum absorpta est." This was in the year 1144. Henrici Archidiaconi Huntendunensis Historia Anglorum, ed. Arnold, Rolls Series, 1879, p. 278. (G. L. K.)

"Audi vi a fratre Galtero de Leus quod, cum quedam mulier, mare transiens, pulcritudine sua omnes qui erant in navi ita attraxisset ut omnes qui erant ibi fere cum ea peccassent vel per actum aut consensum, et non evitaret patrem aut filium, sed indifferenter omnibus, licet occulte, se exponeret, facta in mari tempestate et navi periclitante, cepit clamare coram omnibus omnia peccata sua et confiteri ea, credens quod alii propter ea deberent periclitari. Tunc, aliis confitentibus, cessavit mare a furore suo. Facta tranquillitate, nullus potuit scire qui esset illa mulier aut cognoscere eam." Anecdotes historiques, Légendes et Apologues tirés du Recueil inédit d'Étienne de Bourbon, ed. Leconte de la Marche, 1877, p. 160. (G. L. K.)

A merchant is making a voyage to Mount Athos with a cargo of wax and incense. St Nicolas freezes the ship in, and will not thaw it out until the master makes a vow to present the cargo to the monastery there. **Bulgarian**, Miladinof, p. 56, No 50. A ship in which Milica is captive is stopped by her tears and complaints until she and her brother are released. **Servian**, Karadžić, I, 556, No 729. (W. W.)

16. 'Captain Glen.' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 241, from recitation. As Christie remarks, some verses of the ballad are introduced into Scott's Pirate, ch. 36.

#### 59. Sir Aldingar.

P. 33 f. The child champion in A. (Compare also the notes to No 90, II, 513 b, III, 515 b.) Children who distinguish themselves by valorous exploits, and

even get the better of heroes, are especially common in Bulgarian epos. A child of three days kills a monster that stops the way of a marriage-train, and then requires the guests to come to its baptism: Miladinof, p. 79, No 59. Marko Kraljević is vanquished by one of these, seven years old: Miladinof, p. 173, No 121; Kačanofskij, pp. 341-55, Nos 151-55. In Kačanofskij, p. 355, No 156, the child is but seven months old. More of this extravagance in Miladinof, p. 266, No 173; Sbornik of the Ministry of Instruction, I, 59, No 4. (W. W.)

35, note. In The Order of Combats for Life in Scotland, Spalding Club Misc., II, 387 (of uncertain date), the second oath to be proposed to the parties is, that they have not brought into the lists other armor or weapons than was allowed, neither any engine, charm, herb, or enchantment, etc.

#### 60. King Estmere.

P. 50 b, the last paragraph. It might have been remarked that 'King Estmere' resembles in a general way a series of German poems of adventure, in which a young king (or his guardians) is nice about a wife, and the princess proposed to him is won only with great difficulty: König Rother (ed. Rückert, v. 13 ff.); Ortnit (Ortnit und die Wolfdietriche, ed. Amelung und Jänicke, I, 4, st. 8 ff.); Hugdietrich (the same, p. 168, st. 9 ff.); Oswald (Sant Oswaldes Leben, ed. Ettmüller, p. 6, v. 140 ff.); Orendel (ed. Berger, p. 8, v. 192 ff.); Dietwart (Dietrichs Flucht, ed. Martin, Heldenbuch, II Teil, p. 68, v. 785 ff.). To which may be added Fore, in Salman und Marolf (ed. Vogt, p. 5, str. 24 ff.), and Tsar Vasily, in Russian *byliny* (see Vogt, p. XLII).

#### 61. Sir Cawline.

P. 60, III, 508 b. Cucúlin pulls liver and lights out of the throats of two lions: Curtin, Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, p. 317.

#### 62. Fair Annie.

P. 65 a. **Swedish.** 'Skön Anna,' 'Skön Anna och Herr Peder,' Lagus, *Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 13, No 4, a, b. The bride throws down one half of a gold ring, Fair Annie the other; the parts run together: a 23, b 16.

67. The romance of Galerent follows the story of Marie's *lai*, and is thought to be founded on it: Le Roman de Galerent, Comte de Bretagne, par le trouvère Renaut, A. Boucherie, 1888. (G. L. K.)

68, note. The story is in Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 646 f.; III, 81 f., of the ed. of 1776. (G. L. K.)

#### 63. Child Waters.

P. 84 b, III, 508 b. Add: Skattegraveren, 1888, II, 135, Nos 408-11.

## 64. Fair Janet.

P. 101 b. **Danish.** 'Kong Valdemar og hans Søster,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 75, 378, No 23.

102 b. **Breton** ballad. After Luzel, II, 6-15, add 558, the page of the third ballad.

Quellien, Chansons et Danses des Bretons, p. 73, is a fourth version. This ballad, says Quellien, is widely spread, and has various titles, one of which is 'Le Comte de Poitou.'

103 ff. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford, No 25. In the handwriting of William Laidlaw; "from Jean Scott."

1 Young Janet sits in her garden,  
Makin a heavie maen,  
Whan by cam her father dear,  
Walkin himself alane.

2 'It's telld me in my bower, Janet,  
It's telld me in my bed,  
That ye're in love wi Sweet Willie;  
But a French lord ye maun wed.'

3 'In it be telld ye in yer bower, father,  
In it be telld ye in your bed,  
That me an Willie bears a love,  
Yet a French lord I maun wed,  
But here I mak a leel, leel vow  
He's neer come in my bed.

4 'An for to please my father dear  
A French lord I will wed;  
But I hae sworn a solemn oth  
He's neer come in my bed.'

5 Young Janet's away to her bower-door,  
As fast as she can hie,  
An Willie he has followd her,  
He's followd speedilie.

6 An whan he cam to her bowr-door  
He tirlt at the pin:  
'O open, open, Janet love,  
Open an let me in.'

7 'It was never my mother's custm, Willie,  
It never sal be mine,  
For a man to come the bower within  
When a woman's travelin.

8 'Gae yer ways to my sisters' bower,  
Crie, Meg, Marion an Jean,

Ye maun come to yer sister Janet,  
For fear that she be gane.'

9 Sae he gaed to her sisters' bower,  
Cry'd, Meg, Marion an Jean,  
Ye maun come to yer sister Janet,  
For fear that she be gane.

10 Some drew to their silk stokin,  
An some drew to their shoon,  
An some drew to their silk cleadin,  
For fear she had been gane.

11 When they cam to her bower-door  
They tirlt at the pin;  
For as sick a woman as she was,  
She raise an loot them in.

12 They had na the babie weel buskit,  
Nor her laid in her bed,  
Untill her cruel father cam,  
Cried, Fye, gar busk the bride!

13 'There a sair pain in my back, father,  
There a sair pain in my head,  
An sair, sair is my sidies to;  
This day I downa ride.'

14 'But I hae sorn a solemn oath,  
Afore a companie,  
That ye sal ride this day, Janet,  
This day an ye soud die.

15 'Whae'll horse ye to the kirk, Janet?  
An whae will horse ye best?'  
'Whae but Willie, my true-love?  
He kens my mister best.'

16 'Whae'll horse ye to the kirk, Janet?  
An whae will horse ye there?'  
'Whae but Willie, my true-love?  
He neer will doo'd nae maer.

17 'Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
An see that ye saddle 't soft;  
Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
For ye winna saddle 't oft.

18 'Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
An see that ye saddle 't side;  
Ye may saddle a steed, Willie;  
But I thought to have been yer bride.'

- 19 When they war a' on horse-back set,  
On horse-back set sae hie,  
Then up spak the bold bridegroom,  
An he spak boustresslie.
- 20 Up then spak the bold bridegroom,  
An he spak loud an thrawn;  
'I think the bride she be wi bairn,  
She looks sae pale an wan.'
- 21 Then she took out her bible-book,  
Swoor by her fingers five  
That she was neither wi lad nor lass  
To no man was alive.
- 22 Then she took out her bible-book,  
Swoor by her fingers ten  
An ever she had born a bairn in her days  
She had born 'd sin yestreen:  
Then a' the ladies round about  
Said, That's a loud leesin.
- 23 Atween the kitchin an the kirk  
It was a weel-met mile;  
It was a stra'd i the red roses,  
But than the camomile.
- 24 When the war a' at dener set,  
Drinkin at the wine,  
Janet could neither eat nor drink  
But the water that ran so fine.
- 25 Up spak the bride's father,  
Said, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
'Away, away, my cruel father!  
There nae dancin wi me.'
- 26 Up then spak the bride's mother,  
Said, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
'Away, away, my mother dear!  
There nae dancin wi me.'
- 27 Up then spak the bride's sisters, etc.
- 28 Up then spak the bride's brother, etc.
- 29 Then up spak the bold bridegroom, [etc.]
- 30 Up then spak the Sweet Willie,  
An he spak wi a vance;  
'An ye 'll draw of my boots, Janet,  
I 'll gie a' yer lassies a dance.'
- 31 'I seen 't other ways, Willie,  
An sae has mae than me,  
When ye wad hae danced wi my fair body,  
An leten a' my maidens be.'
- 32 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
An led her wi mickle care,  
But she drapit down just at his feet,  
And word spak little mair.
- 33 'Ye may gae hire a nurse, Willie,  
An take yer young son hame;  
Ye may gae hire a nurse, Willie,  
For bairn's nurse I 'll be nane.'
- 34 She 's pu'd out the keys o her coffer,  
Hung leugh down by her gair;  
She said, Gie thae to my young son,  
Thrae me he 'll neer get mair.'
- 35 Up then spak the bold bridegroom,  
An he spak bousterouslie;  
'I've gien you the skaeth, Willie,  
But ye 've gien me the scorn;  
Sae there 's no a bell i St Mary's kirk  
Sall ring for her the morn.'
- 36 'Ye 've gien me the skaeth, bridegroom,  
But I 'll gee you the scorn;  
For there 's no a bell i St Marie's kirk  
But sal ring for her the morn.
- 37 'Gar deal, gar deal at my love's burial  
The wheat-bread an the wine,  
For or the morn at ten o'clock  
Ye 'll deal 'd as fast at mine.'
- 38 Then he 's drawn out a nut-brown sword,  
Hang leugh down by his gair,  
He 's thrust it in just at his heart,  
An word spak never mair.
- 39 The taen was buried i St Mary's kirk,  
The tother i St Mary's queer,  
An throw the taen there sprang a birk,  
Throw the tother a bonnie brier.
- 40 Thae twae met, an thae twae plaet,  
An ay they knitit near,  
An ilka ane that cam thereby  
Said, There lies twa lovers dear.

- 41 Till by there came an ill French lord,  
An ill death may he die !  
For he pu'd up the bonnie brier,  
. . . . .

5<sup>1</sup>. Away struck out, and on written over.

9<sup>1</sup>. An at the beginning struck out.

10<sup>1,2,3</sup>. drew to them their ? Cf. A 10.

11<sup>4</sup>. The fourth verse is written as the second (it for in), but struck out. 12<sup>1</sup>. bukit.

13<sup>3</sup>. Changed, by striking out, to An sair, sair my side. An sair, sair is my side should probably be the second line.

Cf. A 17, C 12. 15<sup>2</sup>. An whae I will.

16<sup>4</sup>. He 'll neer will.

18<sup>4</sup>. But struck out. 23<sup>4</sup>. But an ?

30<sup>1</sup>. he Sweet Willie ? 34<sup>2</sup>. Hang ? Cf. 38<sup>2</sup>.

39<sup>2</sup>. MS. queer Choir. 40<sup>4</sup>. twa struck out.

#### 65. Lady Maisry.

P. 112 b. I. "Mrs Baird says that this ballad was printed in the Saltmarket [Glasgow] by the Robertsons about seventy years ago." Note by Motherwell in a copy of his Minstrelsy.

113, note §. 'Galancina' also in Munthe, Folkpoesi från Asturien, No 3, Upsala Universitets Årsskrift, 1887.

#### J

'Lady Margery,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 71, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 71, Abbotsford. "From the recitation of Janet Scott, Bowden, who sung a dysmal air, as she called it, to the words."

This version resembles D. 12, 13, may be caught from 'Lord Derwentwater : ' see No 208, E 8, 9, F 9, 10. Omens are not in place after the positive information given in 11.

- 1 Lady Margery was the king's ae daughter,  
But an the prince's heir ; O  
She's away to Strawberry Castle,  
To learn some English lair. O

- 2 She had not been in Strawberry Castle  
A twelvemonth and a day  
Till she's even as big wi child  
As ever a lady could gae.

- 3 Her father's to the cutting o the birks,  
Her mother to the broom,  
And a' for to get a bundle o sticks  
To burn that fair lady in.

- 4 'O hold your hand now, father dear,  
O hold a little while,  
For if my true-love be yet alive  
I'll hear his bridle ring.

- 5 'Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hoes and shoon,  
That will run to Strawberry Castle  
And tell my love to come ?'

- 6 She's called on her waiting-maid  
To bring out bread and wine :  
'Now eat and drink, my bonny boy,  
Ye'll neer eat mair o mine.'

- 7 Away that bonny boy he's gaen,  
As fast as he could rin ;  
When he cam where grass grew green  
Set down his feet and ran.

- 8 And when he cam where brigs were broken  
He bent his bow and swam ;  
. . . . .

- 9 When he came to Strawberry Castle,  
He lighted on the green ;  
Who was so ready as the noble lord  
To rise and let the boy in !

- 10 'What news ? what news, my pretty page ?  
What tydings do ye bring ?  
Is my lady lighter yet  
Of a daughter or a son ?'

- 11 'Bad news, bad news, my noble lord,  
Bad tydings have I brung ;  
The fairest lady in a' Scotland  
This day for you does burn.'

- 12 He has mounted a stately steed  
And he was bound to ride ;  
The silver buttons flew off his coat  
And his nose began to bleed.

- 13 The second steed that lord mounted  
Stumbled at a stone ;  
'Alas ! alas !' he cried with grief,  
'My lady will be gone.'

- 14 When he came from Strawberry Castle  
He lighted boots and a' ;  
He thought to have gotten a kiss from her,  
But her body fell in twa.

- 15 For the sake o Lady Margery  
He's cursed her father and mother,  
For the sake o Lady Margery  
He's cursed her sister and brother.

- 16 And for the sake o Lady Margery  
He 's cursed all her kin;  
He cried, Scotland is the ae warst place  
That ever my fit was in!

*O, added in singing to the second and fourth lines of each stanza, is sometimes not written in the MS.  
9 is written as the third and fourth lines of 8.  
15 and 16 are written as one stanza of four long lines.*

K

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 f; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw. "From Jean Scott." This version resembles E.

- 1 Marjorie was her father's dear,  
Her mother's only heir,  
An she 's away to Strawberry Castle,  
To learn some unco lear.

- 2 She had na been i Strawberry Castle  
A year but barely three  
Till Marjorie turnd big wi child,  
As big as big could be.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 3 'Will ye hae that old, old man  
To be yer daily mate,  
Or will ye burn in fire strong  
For your true lover's sake?'

- 4 'I winna marry that old, old man  
To be my daily mate;  
I'll rather burn i fire strong  
For my true lover's sake.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 'O where will I get a bonnie boy  
That will win hose an shoon  
An will gae rin to Strawberry Castle,  
To gar my good lord come soon?'

- 6 'Here am I, a bonnie boy  
That will win hose an shoon,  
An I'll gae rin to Strawberry Castle,  
And gar your lord come soon.'

- 7 'Should ye come to a brocken brig,  
Than bend your bow an swim;

An whan ye com to garse growin  
Set down yer feet an rin.'

- 8 When eer he came to brigs broken,  
He bent his bow an swam,  
And whan he cam to grass growin  
He set down his feet an ran.

- 7 When eer he cam to Strawberry Castle  
He tirlt at the pin;  
There was nane sae ready as that young lord  
To open an let him in.

- 8 'Is there ony o my brigs broken?  
Or ony o my castles win?  
Or is my lady brought to bed  
Of a daughter or a son?'

- 9 'There's nane o a' yer brigs broken,  
Ther's nane of your castles win;  
But the fairest lady in a' your land  
This day for you will burn.'

- 10 'Gar saddle me the black, black horse,  
Gar saddle me the brown,  
Gar saddle me the swiftest stead  
That eer carried man to town.'

- 11 He's burstit the black unto the slack,  
The grey unto the brae,  
An ay the page that ran afore  
Cried, Ride, sir, an ye may.

- 12 Her father kindlet the bale-fire,  
Her brother set the stake,  
Her mother sat an saw her burn,  
An never cried Alack!

- 13 'Beet on, beet [on], my cruel father,  
For you I cound nae friend;  
But for fifteen well mete mile  
I'll hear my love's bridle ring.'

- 14 When he cam to the bonnie Dundee,  
He lightit wi a glent;  
Wi jet-black boots an glittrin spurs  
Through that bale-fire he went.

- 15 He thought his love wad hae datit him,  
But she was dead an gane;  
He was na sae wae for that lady  
As he was for her yong son.

- 16 'But I'll gar burn for you, Marjorie,  
Yer father an yer mother,  
An I'll gar burn for you, Marjorie,  
Your sister an your brother.

- 17 'An I will burn for you, Marjorie,  
The town that ye'r brunt in,  
An monie ane's be fatherless  
That has but little sin.'

4<sup>a</sup>. But at the beginning struck out.

10. grey is written over brown in the second line  
(perhaps because of grey in 11<sup>2</sup>), and to town is  
struck out in the fourth line, but nothing supplied.

### 67. Glasgerion.

P. 136. "Glen Kindy, or rather Glen Skeeny, I have heard, and there is a ballad in Percy's collection that is very much the same." Mrs Brown, in a letter to Jamieson, June 18, 1801, Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. x.

137 a, second paragraph. 'Riddaren och torpar-drängen,' *Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 133, No 43.

### 68. Young Hunting.

P. 142 b. The four additional stanzas in J first appeared in the second edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1803, II, 44.

143 b, 512 a, III, 509 a. Discovery of drowned bodies. Add: *La Tradition*, IV, 236.

143 b, second paragraph. Many cases in *Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*, III, 182-99.

### 69. Clerk Saunders.

P. 157 f. Scandinavian ballads. See *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, now edited by Axel Olrik, V, II, 210, No 304, 'De hurtige Svar.' There are two Färöe versions, A a, A b, B, now No 124 of the MS. *Føroyjakvæði*. Hammershaimb's ballad is a compound of A a, B. There is a Norwegian copy, which I failed to note, in *Danske Viser*, IV, 363 f, and there are others in the hands of Professor Bugge. There are two Swedish unprinted copies in Arwidsson's collection, and others are referred to by Afzelius. Danish, A-D: A a and B c are the copies referred to at p. 158, C, D were published in 1889, in Kristensen's *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 210 ff., No 51. For the Icelandic ballads see Olrik, No 294, p. 69 ff. A tendency to the comic is to be remarked in the Swedish and Danish group, in which (with one exception) a brother takes the place of the father.

158 a, III, 509 a. Spanish, add: 'Mañanita, mañanita,' *El Folk-Lore Frexnense y Bético-Extremeño*, Fregenal, 1883-84, p. 171.

158 ff. 'Clerk Sandy,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 c; in the handwriting of Richard Heber.

- 1 Clerk Sandy an his true-love  
Came oer the bent so brown,  
There was never sic a word between them tua  
Till the bells rang in the town.

- 2 'Ye maun take out your pocket-napkin  
An put it on my een,  
That safely I may say the morn  
I saw na yow yestreen.

- 3 'Take me on your back, lady,  
An carry me to your bed,  
That safely I may say the morn  
Yere bouer's floor I never tread.'

- 4 She's taen him in her armeys tua,  
An carried him to her bed,  
That safely he may say the morn  
Her bouer's floor he never tread.

- 5 'I have seven brethren,' she says,  
'An bold young men they be;  
If they see me an you thegither,  
Yere butcher they will be.'

- 6 They had na suttan as lang, as lang  
As other lovers when they meet,  
Till Clerk Sandy an his true-love  
They fell baith sound asleep.

- 7 In an came her seven brethren,  
An bold young men they've been:  
'We have only ae sister in a' the world,  
An wi Clerk Sandy she's lein.'

- 8 Out an spake her second brother:  
'I'm sure it's nae injury;  
If there was na another man in a' the world,  
His butcher I will be.'

- 9 He's taen out a little pen-knife,  
Hang low down by his gaer,  
An thro an thro Clerk Sandy's middle;  
A word spake he never mair.

- 10 They lay lang, an lang they lay,  
Till the bird in its cage did sing;  
She softly unto him did say,  
I wonder ye sleep sae soun.

11 They lay lang, an lang they lay,  
Till the sun shane on their feet;  
She softly unto him did say,  
Ye ly too sound asleep.

12 She softly turnd her round about,  
An wondred he slept sae soun;  
An she lookd ovr her left shoulder,  
An the blood about them ran.

1<sup>2</sup>. bents o Broun.

#### 71. The Bent Sae Brown.

P. 170 a, III, 509 a, IV, 164 b. Danish. 'Jomfruens Brødre,' 'Hr. Hjelms,' Kristensen, Jyske Folke-minder, X, 266, 269, No 65, A, B, No 66.

#### 72. The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford.

P. 174, 512 a, III, 509 a. M. Gaston Paris has made it strongly probable that Pontoise, and not Toulouse, was originally the scene of the French-Catalan-Italian ballad. Three students had inadvertently trespassed on the hunting-grounds of Enguerrand de Couci; the baron had them arrested by his foresters and hanged from the battlements of his castle; for which St Louis made him pay a heavy fine, and with the money founded a hospital at Pontoise. *Journal des Savants*, Sept.-Nov., 1889, p. 614.

#### 73. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

P. 180. Norse (1). 'Peder och liten Stina,' *Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 18, No 5. Stina hangs herself in the orchard. Peder runs on his spear.

181, III, 510 b. French ballads. 'La Délaissée,' Daynard, *Vieux Chants p. rec. en Quercy*, p. 50. 'Le Rossignolet,' *Revue des Traditions pop.*, V, 144, 205.

### I

P. 182 f. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 22 h; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw. From Jean Scott.

1 Fair Annie an Sweet Willie  
Sat a' day on yon hill;  
Whan day was gane an night was comd,  
They hadna said their fill.

2 Willie spak but ae wrang word,  
An Annie took it ill:  
'I'll never marry a fair woman  
Against my friends's will.'

3 Annie spak but ae wrang word,  
An Willy lookit down:

'If I binna gude eneugh for yer wife,  
I'm our-gude for yer loun.'

4 Willie's turnd his horse's head about,  
He's turnd it to the broom,  
An he's away to his father's bower,  
I the ae light o the moon.

5 Whan he cam to his father's bower,  
[He tirlt at the pin;  
Nane was sae ready as his father  
To rise an let him in.]

6 'An askin, an askin, dear father,  
An askin I'll ask thee;  
'Say on, say on, my son Willie,  
Whatever your askin be.'

7 'O sall I marry the nit-brown bride,  
Has corn, caitle an kye,  
Or sall I marry Fair Annie,  
Has nought but fair beauty?'

8 'Ye ma sit a gude sate, Willy,  
Wi corn, caitle an kye;  
But ye'll but sit a silly sate  
Wi nought but fair beauty.'

9 Up than spak his sister's son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee,  
Sun-bruist in his mother's wame,  
Sun-brunt on his nurse's knee:

10 'O yer hogs will die out i the field,  
Yer kye ill die i the byre;  
An than, whan a' yer gear is gane,  
A fusom fag by yer fire!  
But a' will thrive at is wi you  
An ye get yer heart's desire.'

11 Willie's turnd his horse's head about,  
He's away to his mother's bour, etc.

12 'O my hogs ill die out i the field,  
My kye die i the byre,  
An than, whan a' my gear is gane,  
A fusom fag bi my fire!  
But a' will thrive at is wi me  
Gin I get my heart's desire.'

13 Willie's, etc.,  
He's awae to his brother's bower, etc.

14 " " " " sister's bower, etc.

- 15 Than Willie has set his wadin-day  
Within thirty days an three,  
An he has sent to Fair Annie  
His waddin to come an see.
- 16 The man that gade to Fair Annie  
Sae weel his errant coud tell :  
'The morn it's Willie's wadin-day,  
Ye maun be there yer sell.'
- 17 'T was up an spak her aged father,  
He spak wi muckle care ;  
'An the morn be Willie's wadin-day,  
I wate she maun be there.
- 18 'Gar take a steed to the smiddie,  
Caw on o it four shoon ;  
Gar take her to a merchant's shop,  
Cut off for her a gown.'
- 19 She wadna ha't o the red sae red,  
Nor yet o the grey sae grey,  
But she wad ha't o the sky couler  
That she woor ilka day.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 20 There war four-an-twontie gray goss-hawks  
A flaffin their wings sae wide,  
To flaff the stour thra off the road  
That Fair Annie did ride.
- 21 The[re] war four-a-twontie milk-white dows  
A fleein aboon her head,  
An four-an-twontie milk-white swans  
Her out the gate to lead.
- 22 Whan she cam to St Marie's kirk,  
She lightit on a stane ;  
The beauty o that fair creature  
Shone oer mony ane.
- 23 'T was than out cam the nit-brown bride,  
She spak wi muckle spite ;  
'O where gat ye the water, Annie,  
That washes you sae white ?'
- 24 'I gat my beauty  
Where ye was no to see ;  
I gat it i my father's garden,  
Aneath an apple tree.
- 25 'Ye ma wash i dubs,' she said,  
'An ye ma wash i syke,  
But an ye wad wash till doomsday  
Ye neer will be as white.
- 26 'Ye ma wash i dubs,' she said,  
'An ye ma wash i the sea,  
But an ye soud wash till doomsday  
Ye 'll neer be as white as me.
- 27 'For I gat a' this fair beauty  
Where ye gat never none,  
For I gat a' this fair beauty  
Or ever I was born.'
- 28 It was than out cam Willie,  
Wi hats o silks and flowers ;  
He said, Keep ye thae, my Fair Annie,  
An brook them weel for yours.'
- 29 'Na, keep ye thae, Willie,' she said,  
'Gie them to yer nit-brown bride ;  
Bid her wear them wi mukle care,  
For woman has na born a son  
Sal mak my heart as sair.'
- 30 Annie's luppen on her steed  
An she has ridden hame,  
Than Annie's luppen of her steed  
An her bed she has taen.
- 31 When mass was sung, an bells war rung,  
An a' man bound to bed,  
An Willie an his nit-brown bride  
I their chamber war laid.
- 32 They war na weel laid in their bed,  
Nor yet weel faen asleep,  
Till up an startit Fair Annie,  
Just up at Willie's feet.
- 33 'How like ye yer bed, Willie?  
An how like ye yer sheets?  
An how like ye yer nut-brown bride.  
Lies in yer arms an sleeps ?'
- 34 'Weel enugh I like my bed, Annie,  
Weel enugh I like my sheets ;  
But wae be to the nit-brown bride  
Lies in my arms an sleeps !'
- 35 Willie's ca'd on his merry men a'  
To rise an pit on their shoon ;  
'An we 'll awae to Annie's bower,  
Wi the ae light o the moon.'

- 36 An whan he cam to Annie's bower,  
He tirlt at the pin;  
Nane was sae ready as her father  
To rise an let him in.
- 37 There was her father a[n] her se'en brethren  
A makin to her a bier,  
Wi ae stamp o the melten goud,  
Another o siller clear.
- 38 When he cam to the chamber-door  
Where that the dead lay in,  
There was her mother an six sisters  
A makin to her a sheet,  
Wi ae drap o . . . . .  
Another o silk sae white.
- 39 'Stand by, stand by now, ladies a',  
Let me look on the dead;  
The last time that I kiss[t] her lips  
They war mair bonny red.'
- 40 'Stand by, stand by now, Willie,' they said,  
'An let ye her alane;  
Gin ye had done as ye soud done,  
She wad na there ha lien.'
- 41 'Gar deal, gar deal at Annie's burrial  
The wheat bread an the wine,  
For or the morn at ten o clock  
Ye's deal'd as fast at mine.'
5. Whan he cam to his father's bower, etc. *Completed from 36.*  
7<sup>2</sup>. cattle *written under* cattle.  
8<sup>4</sup>. Annie *written over* nought.  
11. 4-8 *are intended to be repeated, with mother substituted for father.*  
13, 14. 4-8, 12, *are intended to be repeated, with the proper substitutions for brother, sister.*  
*After 19: Something about her saddle and steed.*  
20<sup>2</sup>, 37<sup>2</sup>, 38<sup>4</sup>. A'; *which may be intended.*  
29. Compare E 30: *but I am unable to suggest a satisfactory restoration of the stanza.*  
*After 41: etc. See Sweet Willie an Janet. What should follow is probably, Sweet Willie was buried, etc.*

There are six stanzas of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor,' from Mrs Gammell's recitation, in Pitcairn's MSS, III, 35. They are of no value.

#### 75. Lord Lovel.

P. 204 f., note †, 512 b. Add: Hruschka u. Toischer, *Deutsche V. l. aus Böhmen*, p. 108, No 20, a-f.  
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205 a, note, III, 510 b. For 'Stolten Hellelille, see Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, V, II, 352, No 312, 'Gæde og Hillelille.' Add: 'Greven og lille Lise,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, X, 319, No 79, A-E.

205 b, III, 510 b. 'Den elskedes Død:' the same volume of Kristensen, 'Herr Peders Kjæreste,' p. 327, No 80.

206, 512 b, III, 510 b. 'Lou Fil del Rey et sa Mio morto,' Daymard, *Vieux Chants p. rec. en Quercy*, p. 82.

There is a similar ballad, ending with admonition from the dead mistress, in Luzel, *Soniou*, I, 324, 25, 'Cloaregic ar Stanc.'

#### 76. The Lass of Roch Royal.

213 a. Title of B. Not Lochroyan in Herd, I, 144, but, both in title and text, Lochvoyan. In Herd, II, 60, the title has Lochroyan; the word does not occur in so much of the text as remains. Printed Lochroyan by Herd, and probably Lochroyan was intended in I, 144, as the alternative, though the last letter but one is indistinctly written, and may be read e. B came to Herd "by post from a lady in Ayrshire (?), name unknown." Also, No 38. A a, No 51, A a; No 161, B a; No 220, A. Note (in pencil, and indistinct as to the place), Herd's MSS, I, 143.

215 a. A part of this ballad is introduced into two versions of 'The Mother's Malison,' No 216; see IV, 186. See also 'Fair Janet,' No 64, A 13, D 5, G 5.

217. B. Lochvoyan everywhere, not Lochroyan.

221. E 2<sup>2</sup>. Finlay, in a letter to Scott, March 27, 1803 (Letters, I, No 87), says, "in a copy which I have seen, with the music, it is a birchen, instead of a silver, kame."

'The Lass of Lochroyan,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 82, Abbotsford. Communicated to Scott by Major Henry Hutton, Royal Artillery, 24th December, 1802 (Letters I, No 77), as recollected by his father and the family.

Some ten stanzas of this version (16-19, 25-27, 30, 32, 34) appear to have been used by Scott in compiling the copy printed in his *Minstrelsy*, E b. (The note on E b, p. 226, requires correction.) There is much in common with B, E a, F.

1 'O wha will shoe my bonny foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will bind my middle jump  
Wi a lang, lang linen band?

2 'O wha will kame my yellow hair,  
With a haw bayberry kame?  
And wha will be my babe's father  
Till Gregory come hame?'

- 3 'Thy father, he will shoe thy foot,  
Thy brother will glove thy hand,  
Thy mither will bind thy middle jimp  
Wi a lang, lang linen band.
- 4 'Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,  
Wi a haw bayberry kame;  
The Almighty will be thy babe's father  
Till Gregory come hame.'
- 5 'And wha will build a bonny ship,  
And set it on the sea?  
For I will go to seek my love,  
My ain love Gregory.'
- 6 Up then spak her father dear,  
A wafu man was he;  
'And I will build a bonny ship.  
And set her on the sea.
- 7 'And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set her on the sea,  
And ye sal gae and seek your love,  
Your ain love Gregory.'
- 8 Then he's gard build a bonny ship,  
And set it on the sea,  
Wi four-and-twenty mariners,  
To bear her company.
- 9 O he's gart build a bonny ship,  
To sail on the salt sea;  
The mast was o the beaten gold,  
The sails [o] cramoisie.
- 10 The sides were o the gude stout aik,  
The deck o mountain pine,  
The anchor o the silver shene,  
The ropes o silken twine.
- 11 She had na saild but twenty leagues,  
But twenty leagues and three,  
When she met wi a rank rever,  
And a' his companie.
- 12 'Now are ye queen of heaven hie,  
Come to pardon a' our sin?  
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,  
Was born at Bethlam?'
- 13 'I'm no the queen of heaven hie,  
Come to pardon ye your sin,  
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,  
Was born in Bethlam.
- 14 'But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,  
That's sailing on the sea  
To see if I can find my love,  
My ain love Gregory.'
- 15 'O see na ye yon bonny bower?  
It's a' covered oer wi tin;  
When thou hast saild it round about,  
Lord Gregory is within.'
- 16 And when she saw the stately tower,  
Shining both clear and bright,  
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,  
Built on a rock of height,
- 17 Says, Row the boat, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land,  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
Close by the salt sea strand.
- 18 She saild it round, and saild it round,  
And loud and loud cried she  
'Now break, now break your fairy charms.  
And set my true-love free.'
- 19 She's taen her young son in her arms  
And to the door she's gane,  
And long she knockd, and sair she ca'd,  
But answer got she nane.
- 20 'O open, open, Gregory!  
O open! if ye be within;  
For here's the lass of Lochroyan,  
Come far fra kith and kin.
- 21 'O open the door, Lord Gregory!  
O open and let me in!  
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,  
The rain drops fra my chin.
- 22 'The shoe is frozen to my foot,  
The glove unto my hand,  
The wet drops fra my yellow hair,  
Na langer dow I stand.'
- 23 O up then spak his ill mither,  
An ill death may she die!  
'Y're no the lass of Lochroyan,  
She's far out-our the sea.
- 24 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
Ye're no come here for gude;  
Ye're but some witch or wil warlock,  
Or mermaid o the flood.'

- 25 'I am neither witch nor wil warlock,  
Nor mermaid o the sea,  
But I am Annie of Lochroyan,  
O open the door to me!'
- 26 'Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
As I trow thou binna she,  
Now tell me of some love-tokens  
That past tween thee and me.'
- 27 'O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
As we sat at the wine,  
We chang'd the rings frae our fingers?  
And I can shew thee thine.
- 28 'O yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But ay the best was mine,  
For yours was o the gude red gowd,  
But mine o the diamond fine.
- 29 'Yours was o the gude red gowd,  
Mine o the diamond fine;  
Mine was o the purest troth,  
But thine was false within.'
- 30 'If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,  
As I kenna thou be,  
Tell me some mair o the love-tokens  
Past between thee and me.'
- 31 'And dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
As we sat on the hill,  
Thou twin'd me o my maidenheid,  
Right sair against my will?
- 32 'Now open the door, love Gregory!  
Open the door! I pray;  
For thy young son is in my arms,  
And will be dead ere day.'
- 33 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye ill woman,  
So loud I hear ye lie;  
For Annie of the Lochroyan  
Is far out-our the sea.'
- 34 Fair Annie turnd her round about:  
'Weel, sine that it be sae,  
May neer woman that has borne a son  
Hae a heart sae fu o wae!
- 35 'Take down, take down that mast o gowd,  
Set up a mast of tree;  
It disna become a forsaken lady  
To sail sae royallie.'
- 36 When the cock had crawn, and the day did  
dawn,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Up then raise Lord Gregory,  
And sair, sair did he weep.
- 37 'O I hae dreamd a dream, mither,  
I wish it may bring good!  
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan  
At my bower-window stood.
- 38 'O I hae dreamd a dream, mither,  
The thought o't gars me greet!  
That fair Annie of Lochroyan  
Lay dead at my bed-feet.'
- 39 'Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan  
That ye make a' this main,  
She stood last night at your bower-door,  
But I hae sent her hame.'
- 40 'O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
An ill death may ye die!  
That wadna open the door yoursell  
Nor yet wad waken me.'
- 41 O he's gane down to yon shore-side,  
As fast as he coud dree,  
And there he saw fair Annie's bark  
A rowing our the sea.
- 42 'O Annie, Annie,' loud he cried,  
'O Annie, O Annie, bide!'  
But ay the mair he cried Annie  
The braider grew the tide.
- 43 'O Annie, Annie, dear Annie,  
Dear Annie, speak to me!'  
But ay the louder he gan call  
The louder roard the sea.
- 44 The wind blew loud, the waves rose hie  
And dashd the boat on shore;  
Fair Annie's corpse was in the feume,  
The babe rose never more.
- 45 Lord Gregory tore his gowden locks  
And made a wafu moan;  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,  
His bonny son was gone.
- 46 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And gowden was her hair,

And coral, coral was her lips,  
Nane might with her compare.'

47 Then first he kissd her pale, pale cheek,  
And syne he kissd her chin,  
And syne he kissd her wane, wane lips,  
There was na breath within.

48 'O wae betide my ill mither,  
An ill death may she die!  
She turnd my true-love frae my door,  
Who came so far to me.

49 'O wae betide my ill mither,  
An ill death may she die!  
She has no been the deid o ane,  
But she's been the deid of three.'

50 Then he's taen out a little dart,  
Hung low down by his gore,  
He thrust it through and through his heart,  
And words spak never more.

1<sup>1</sup>, 43<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

#### 77. Sweet William's Ghost.

P. 233. G. These three stanzas, which Scott annexed to 'Clerk Saunders' in the second edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1803, II, 41, were contributed by the Ettrick Shepherd, who writes, not quite lucidly: "Altho this ballad [Clerk Saunders] is mixed with another, according to my mother's edition, in favour of whose originality I am strongly prepossessed, yet, as the one does in no sense disgrace the other in their present form, according to her it ends thus."

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 141, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Hogg.

1 'But plett a wand o bonnie birk  
An lay it on my breast,  
An drap a tear upon my grave,  
An wiss my saul gude rest.

2 'But fair Marget, an rare Marget,  
An Marget, o verity,  
If eer ye loe another man,  
Neer loe him as ye did me.'

3 But up then crew the milk-white cock,  
An up then crew the grey;  
Her lover vanishd in the air,  
An she gaed weepin away.

#### 78. The Unquiet Grave.

P. 236 b. Add: Waldau's *Böhmische Granaten*, II, 121, No 176.

236 f., III, 512 f. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has recovered several copies of 'The Unquiet Grave' in the West Country. It will be observed that the variations in this ballad do not take a wide range. The verses are not always sung in the same order; there is not story enough to keep them in place. Mr Baring-Gould informs me that there is a Devon popular tale which is very similar (possibly a prose version of the ballad). In this, a bramble-leaf comes between the lips of the maiden and her dead lover, and her life is saved thereby. This tale is utilized in the ballad as printed in *Songs of the West*, No 6, 'Cold blows the wind, sweetheart!'

#### H

a. Sent Rev. S. Baring-Gould by Mrs Gibbons, daughter of the late Sir W. L. Trelawney, as she remembered it sung by her nurse, Elizabeth Doidge, a woman of the neighborhood of Brentor, about 1828. b. Obtained by the same from John Woodrich, blacksmith, parish of Thrustleton, as heard from his grandmother about 1848. c. By the same, from Anne Roberts, Scobbeter.

1 'Cold blows the wind tonight, sweet-heart,  
Cold are the drops of rain;  
The very first love that ever I had  
In greenwood he was slain.

2 'I'll do as much for my sweet-heart  
As any young woman may;  
I'll sit and mourn on his grave-side  
A twelve-month and a day.'

3 A twelve-month and a day being up,  
The ghost began to speak:  
'Why sit you here by my grave-side  
And will not let me sleep?

4 'What is it that you want of me,  
Or what of me would have?'  
'A kiss from off your lily-white lips,  
And that is all I crave!'

5 'Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,  
My breath is earthy strong;  
To gain a kiss of my cold lips,  
Your time would not be long.

6 'If you were not my own sweet-heart,  
As now I know you be,  
I'd tear you as the withered leaves  
That grew on yonder tree.'

7 'O don't you mind the garden, love,  
Where you and I did walk?  
The fairest flower that blossomd there  
Is withered on the stalk.

\* \* \* \* \*

8 'And now I've mourned upon his grave  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
We'll set our sails before the wind  
And so we'll sail away.'

b. 1 Cold blows the wind to-night, my love,  
Cold are the drops of rain;  
The very first love that ever I had  
In greenwood he was slain.

2 'I'll do as much for my true-love  
As any young woman may;  
I'll sit and mourn upon his grave  
A twelve-month and a day.'

3 When a twelve-month and a day were up,  
His body straight arose:  
'What brings you weeping oer my grave  
That I get no repose?'

4 'O think upon the garden, love,  
Where you and I did walk;  
The fairest flower that blossomd there  
Is withered on the stalk.

5 'The stalk will bear no leaves, sweet-heart,  
The flower will neer return,  
And my true-love is dead, is dead,  
And I do naught but mourn.'

6 'What is it that you want of me  
And will not let me sleep?  
Your salt tears they trickle down  
And wet my winding-sheet.'

7 'What is it that I want of thee,  
O what of thee in grave?  
A kiss from off your lily-white lips,  
And that is all I crave.'

8 'Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,  
My breath is earthy strong;  
If you do touch my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.'

9 'Cold though your lips in death, sweet-heart,  
One kiss is all I crave;  
I care not, if I kiss but thee,  
That I should share thy grave.'

10 'Go fetch me a light from dungeon deep,  
Wring water from a stone,  
And likewise milk from a maiden's breast  
That never maid hath none. (*Read babe had.*)

\* \* \* \* \*

11 'Now if you were not true in word,  
As now I know you be,  
I'd tear you as the withered leaves  
Are torn from off the tree.'

c. 1 'It's for to meet the falling drops,  
Cold fall the drops of rain;  
The last true-love, *etc.*

2 'I'll do as much for my fair love  
As any,' *etc.*  
*The rest "almost exactly" as b.*

'Charles Graeme,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 89, Motherwell's MS., p. 624, begins with stanzas which belong to this ballad. What follows after the third, or just possibly the sixth, stanza reads as if some contributor had been diverting himself with an imposition on the editor's simplicity. Buchan himself remarks in a note, p. 299: "There seems to be a very great inconsistency manifested throughout the whole of this ballad in the lady's behavior towards the ghost of her departed lover. Perhaps she wished to sit and sigh alone, undisturbed with visits from the inhabitants of the grave." (Translated by Gerhard, p. 63.)

1 'Cauld, cauld blows the winter night,  
Sair beats the heavy rain;  
Young Charles Graeme's the lad I love,  
In greenwood he lies slain.

2 'But I will do for Charles Graeme  
What other maidens may;  
I'll sit and harp upon his grave  
A twelvemonth and a day.'

3 She harped a' the live-lang night,  
The saut tears she did weep,  
Till at the hour o one o'clock  
His ghost began to peep.

4 Pale and deadly was his cheek,  
And pale, pale was his chin;

- And how and hollow were his een,  
No light appeard therein.
- 5 'Why sit ye here, ye maiden fair,  
To mourn sae sair for me?'  
'I am sae sick, and very love-sick,  
Aye foot I cannot jee.
- 6 'Sae well 's I loved young Charles Graeme,  
I kent he loved me;  
My very heart 's now like to break  
For his sweet companie.'
- 7 'Will ye hae an apple, lady,  
And I will sheave it sma?'  
'I am sae sick, and very love-sick,  
I cannot eat at a'.'
- 8 'Will ye hae the wine, lady,  
And I will drain it sma?'  
'I am sae sick, and very love-sick,  
I cannot drink at a'.'
- 9 'See ye not my father's castle,  
Well covered ower wi tin?  
There 's nane has sic an anxious wish  
As I hae to be in.'
- 10 'O hame, fair maid, ye 'se quickly won,  
But this request grant me;  
When ye are safe in downbed laid,  
That I may sleep wi thee.'
- 11 'If hame again, sir, I could win,  
I 'll this request grant thee;  
When I am safe in downbed laid,  
This night ye 'se sleep wi me.'
- 12 Then he poud up a birken bow,  
Pat it in her right han,  
And they are to yon castle fair,  
As fast as they coud gang.
- 13 When they came to yon castle fair,  
It was piled round about;  
She slipped in and bolted the yetts,  
Says, Ghaists may stand thereout.
- 14 Then he vanishd frae her sight  
In the twinkling o an ee;  
Says, Let never ane a woman trust  
Sae much as I 've done thee.

#### 80. Old Robin of Portingale.

P. 240, 513 a, III, 514. Mabillon cites Balderic's history of the first crusade, whose words are: "Multi etiam de gente plebeia crucem sibi divinitus innatam

jactando ostentabant, quod et idem quædam ex mulierculis præsumpserunt; hoc enim falsum deprehensum est omnino. Multi vero ferrum callidum instar crucis sibi adhibuerunt, vel peste jactantiæ, vel bonæ suæ voluntatis ostentatione." Migne, *Patrologiæ Curs. Compl.*, tom. clxvi, col. 1070.

A man who is looking forward to a pilgrimage to the Holy Land wishes to have the cross burned into his right shoulder, since then, though he should be stript of his clothes, the cross would remain: *Miracula S. Thomæ, Auctore Benedicto, Robertson, Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, II, 175.* The branding of the cross in the flesh must have become common, since it was forbidden by the canon law. In some editions of the *Sarum Missal*, a warning is inserted in the *Servitium Peregrinorum*: "Combustio crucis in carne peregrinis euntibus Hierusalem prohibitum est in lege, secundum jura canonica, sub pena excommunicationis majoris." *Sarum Missal, Burntisland, 1867, col. 856\*.* (Cited by Cutts, *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, p. 167.)

#### 81. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

P. 242 ff. F, which Jamieson says he received from Scotland, happens to have been preserved at Abbotsford. Since Jamieson made a considerable number of small changes, the original text is now given here.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 133 c, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Hogg.

- 1 'I have a towr in Dalesberry,  
Whilk now is dearly dight,  
And I will gie it to young Musgrave,  
To lodge wi me a night.'
- 2 'To lodge wi thee a night, fair lady,  
Wad breed baith sorrow and strife;  
For I see by the rings on your fingers  
Ye 're good Lord Barnaby's wife.'
- 3 'Lord Barnaby's wife although I be,  
Yet what is that to thee?  
For we 'l beguile him for this ae night;  
He 's on to fair Dundee.
- 4 'Come here, come here, my little foot-page,  
This guinea I will give thee,  
If ye will keep thir secrets closs  
Tween young Musgrave an me.
- 5 'But here hae I a little pen-knife,  
Hings low down by my gare;  
If ye dinna keep thir secrets closs,  
Ye 'l find it wonder sair.'

- 6 Then she 's taen him to her chamber,  
An down in her arms lay he;

- The boy koost off his hose an shoon  
An ran for fair Dundee.
- 7 When he came to the wan water,  
He slackd his bow an swam,  
An when he wan to growan gress  
Set down his feet an ran.
- 8 And when he came to fair Dundee,  
Could nouth rap nor ca,  
But set his braid bow to his breast  
An merrily jumpd the wa.
- 9 'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
Waken, an come away !'  
'What ails, what ails my wee foot-page  
He cry's sae lang or day ?
- 10 'O is my towers burnt, my boy ?  
Or is my castle won ?  
Or has the lady that I loe best  
Brought me a daughter or son ?'
- 11 'Your halls are safe, your towers are safe  
An free frae all alarms ;  
But oh, the lady that ye loe best  
Lyes sound i Musgrave's arms.'
- 12 'Gae saddle me the black,' he cry'd,  
'Gae saddle me the gray ;  
Gae saddle me the milk-white steed,  
To hie me out the way.'
- 13 'O lady, I heard a wee horn tout,  
An it blew wonder clear,  
An ay the turnin o the note  
Was, Barnaby will be here !
- 14 'I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,  
An it blew loud an hie,  
An ay at ilka turn it said,  
Away, Musgrave, away !'
- 15 'Lye still, my dear, lye still, my dear,  
Ye keep me frae the cold !  
For it is but my father's shepherds,  
Drivin there flocks to the fold.'
- 16 Up they lookit, an down they lay,  
An they 're fa'n sound asleep ;  
Till up start good Lord Barnaby,  
Just closs at their bed-feet.
- 17 'How do ye like my bed, Musgrave ?  
An how like ye my sheets ?  
An how like ye my fair lady,  
Lyes in your arms an sleeps ?'
- 18 'Weel I like your bed, my lord,  
An weel I like your sheets ;
- But ill like I your fair lady,  
Lyes in my arms an sleeps.
- 19 'You got your wale o se'en sisters,  
An I got mine o five ;  
So take ye mine, an I's take thine,  
An we nae mair shall strive.'
- 20 'O my woman's the best woman  
That ever brake world's bread,  
But your woman's the worst woman  
That ever drew coat oer head.
- 21 'I have two swords in my scabbart,  
They are baith sharp an clear ;  
Take ye the best, and I the worst,  
An we'l end the matter here.
- 22 'But up an arm thee, young Musgrave,  
We'l try it hand to hand ;  
It's neer be said o Lord Barnaby  
He struck at a naked man.'
- 23 The first stroke that young Musgrave got,  
It was baith deep an sair,  
An down he fell at Barnaby's feet,  
An word spak never mair.
- 24 'A grave ! a grave !' Lord Barnaby cry'd,  
'A grave to lay them in !  
My lady shall lye on the sunny side,  
Because of her noble kin.'
- 25 But O how sorry was that good lord,  
For a' his angry mood,  
When he espy'd his ain young son  
All weltering in his blood !

The following copy was kindly communicated to me by Mr David MacRitchie, Honorary Secretary of the Gypsy Lore Society, in advance of its publication in the *Journal of the society*. While it preserves the framework of the story, it differs very considerably in details from all the printed copies. It is evidently of the same origin as some of the Scottish versions (all of which seem to derive from print), though it has no marked resemblance to the actual form of any particular one of these. Some peculiarities are plausibly attributable to dim or imperfect recollection. Thus, the ball-play of **D**, **E**, etc., is turned into a ball. Lord Barnard is made a king, and the page the king's brother (neither of which changes is an improvement). We may observe that in **J** Lord Barnabas is at the king's court, and in **I** Sir Grove is Lord Bengwill's brother ; but these points are not decisive, and the changes may be purely arbitrary. 4 shows traces of **E** 5 and **F** 3 ; 8 may have been suggested by something like **G** 4 ; and the last line of 14 looks like a corruption of **G** 29. This involves the supposition that the source of the ballad was a version somewhat different from any hith-

erto recovered ; but 'Little Musgrave' is one of the best known of all ballads, and the variants must have been innumerable. On the whole, 1-8, 14, present a free treatment of ill-remembered matter ; 9-13 are fairly well preserved ; compare E 13-17.

## O

'Moss Groves,' taken down in 1891 by Mr John Sampson, Liverpool, from Philip Murray, an old tinker, who learned the ballad in his boyhood from an old gypsy named Amos Rice.

- 1 There was four-and-twenty ladies  
Assembled at a ball,  
And who being there but the king's wife,  
The fairest of them all.
- 2 She put her eye on the Moss Groves,  
Moss Groves put his eye upon she :  
'How would you like, my little Moss Groves,  
One night to tarry with me ?'
- 3 'To sleep one night with you, fair lady,  
It would cause a wonderful sight ;  
For I know by the ring upon your hand  
You are the king's wife.'
- 4 'If I am the king's wife,  
I mean him to beguile ;  
For he has gone on a long distance,  
And won't be back for a while.'
- 5 Up spoke his brother,  
An angry man was he ;  
'Another night I'll not stop in the castle  
Till my brother I'll go see.'
- 6 When he come to his brother,  
He was in a hell of a fright :  
'Get up, get up, brother dear !  
There's a man in bed with your wife.'
- 7 'If it's true you tell unto me,  
A man I'll make of thee ;  
If it's a lie you tell unto me,  
It's slain thou shalt be.'
- 8 When he came to his hall,  
The bells begun to ring,  
And all the birds upon the bush  
They begun to sing.
- 9 'How do you like my covering-cloths ?  
And how do you like my sheets ?  
How do you like my lady fair,  
All night in her arms to sleep ?'
- 10 'Your covering-cloths I like right well,  
Far better than your sheets ;

Far better than all your lady fair,  
All night in her arms to sleep.'

- 11 'Get up, get up now, little Moss Groves,  
Your clothing do put on ;  
It shall never be said in all England  
That I drew on a naked man.
- 12 'There is two swords all in the castle  
That cost me very dear ;  
You take the best, and I the worst,  
And let's decide it here.'
- 13 The very first blow Moss Groves he gave,  
He wounded the king most sore ;  
The very first blow the king gave him,  
Moss Groves he struck no more.
- 14 She lifted up his dying head  
And kissed his cheek and chin :  
'I'd sooner have you now, little Moss Groves,  
Than all their castles or kings.'

259 a. Insert under C : d. Printed and sold in Aldermay Church-yard, Bow Lane, London.

## 83. Child Maurice.

P. 266. B. Motherwell sent 'Child Noryce' to Sir Walter Scott in a letter dated 28 April, 1825 (*Letters*, XIV, No 94, Abbotsford). He changed several readings (as, orders to errand, in 64), and in three cases went back to original readings which he has altered in his manuscript. I am now convinced that the alterations made in the manuscript are not in general, if ever, corrections derived from the reciters, but Motherwell's own improvements, and that the original readings should be adhered to.

## 86. Young Benjie.

P. 281. "From Jean Scott." In the handwriting of William Laidlaw. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 29, Abbotsford.

Excepting the first stanza, the whole of this fragment (with slight changes) is found in the ballad in Scott's *Minstrelsy*. That ballad has about twice as many verses, and the other half might easily have been supplied by the editor.

- 1 Fair Marjorie sat i her bower-door,  
Sewin her silken seam,  
When by then cam her false true-love,  
Gard a' his bridles ring.
- 2 'Open, open, my true-love,  
Open an let me in ;'  
'I dare na, I dare na, my true-love,  
My brethren are within.'

- 3 'Ye lee, ye lee, my ain true-love,  
Sae loud I hear ye lee!  
For or I cam thrae Lothian banks  
They took fare-weel o me.'
- 4 The wind was loud, that maid was proud,  
An leath, leath to be dung,  
But or she wan the Lothian banks  
Her fair coulour was gane.
- 5 He took her up in his armis,  
An threw her in the lynn.
- 6 Up then spak her eldest brother,  
Said, What is yon I see?  
Sure, youn is either a drowned ladie  
Or my sister Marjorie.
- 7 Up then spak her second brother,  
Said, How will wi her ken?  
Up then spak her . . . brother,  
There a hinnie-mark on her chin.
- 8 About the midle o the night  
The cock began to crow;  
About the middle o the night  
The corpse began to thraw.
- 9 'O whae has doon ye wrang, sister?  
O whae has doon ye wrang?'
- 10 'Young Boonjie was the ae first man  
I laid my love upon;  
He was sae proud an hardie  
He threw me oer the lynne.'
- 11 'O shall we Bōonjie head, sister?  
Or shall we Boonjie hang?  
Or shall we pyke out his twa grey eyes,  
An punish him or he gang?'
- 12 'O ye sanna Bōonjie head, brother,  
Ye sana Bōonjie hang;  
But ye maun pyke out his twa grey eyes,  
An punish him or he gang.'
- 13 'The ae best man about your house  
Maun wait young Boonjie on.'

3<sup>s</sup>. *there*. 4 *should probably follow* 5.

6<sup>s</sup>. *either a substituted for some*.

7<sup>s</sup>. *her second: second struck out. youngest?*

8<sup>s</sup>. *The corpse: corpse struck out.*

### 89. Fause Foodrage.

P. 297. **Danish.** Now printed as No 298 of *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, by Axel Olrik, the continuator of that noble collection, with the title 'Svend af Volderslev.' There are fifteen old versions besides *Tragica* 18 (which is a compounded and partly unguenuine text) and the one recently printed by Kristensen, the basis of which is the copy in *Tragica*. 'Ung Villum' is *Tragica* 18 with two stanzas omitted.

298, III, 515 b. 'Liden Engel' is No 297 of *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*. There are eight old copies, and Kristensen has added five from recent tradition: the two here noted and three in *Jyske Folkeminder*, No 49, A-C, 201 ff. There is also a Swedish copy of 1693, printed in Dybeck's *Runa*, 1844, p. 93, which I had not observed.

### 90. Jellon Grame.

P. 303 b, 513 b, III, 515 b. Robert le Diable in *Luzel's* ballad, II, 24 f, when one year old, was as big as a child of five.

At the age of five, Cuchulinn sets out for his uncle's court, where he performs prodigies of strength. In his seventh year he is received among the heroes, etc.: Zimmer, *Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen*, 1890, pp. 519-20. Merlin, when two years old, "speaks and goes," and defends his mother before the justice: *Arthur and Merlin*, vv. 1069-70, ed. Turnbull for the Abbotsford Club, p. 41. Ögmundr when seven years old was as strong as a full-grown man: *Örvar-Odds Saga*, c. 19, *Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur*, II, 241. The three-nights-old son of Thórr and Járnsaxa removes the foot of Hrungrir from the neck of his father when all the gods have tried in vain. He also speaks. *Skíldskaparmál*, c. 17. "The Shee an Gannon was born in the morning, named at noon, and went in the evening to ask his daughter of the king of Erin:" Curtin, *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland*, p. 114. Cf. p. 223, where a champion jumps out of the cradle. (G. L. K.)

### 91. Fair Mary of Wallington.

P. 309. **B.** "The ballad about Lady Livingston appears to be founded on a truth; her fate is mentioned by Sir R. Gordon. Only her mother, Lady Huntley, is made a queen; which it was natural enough in a Highland poet to do." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Sir Walter Scott, *Letters*, XV, No 231, Abbotsford, 1825 or 26.

What Sir Robert Gordon says is: "In July 1616 yeirs, Elizabeth Gordoun, Ladie of Livingstoun (wyff to the Lord Livingstoun, now Earle of Lithgow), daughter to the Marquis of Huntly, died in chyld-bed, at Edinburgh, of a son called George, who is now Lord Livingstoun." (*Genealogy of the Earls of Sutherland*, p. 335.) The characteristic particulars are wanting.

D is also in Kinloch MSS, V, 368, in the youthful handwriting of J. H. Burton, and is probably the original copy. The differences from the text of D, p. 314, except spellings, are these :

1<sup>1</sup>. it was. 1<sup>2</sup>. and me.

### 93. Lamkin.

P. 321, note \*. See further in Notes and Queries, First Series, II, 519 ; V, 32, 112, 184, 355.  
321 ff., 513.

### X

'Lamkin,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 133, Abbotsford ; in the handwriting of James Hogg.

- 1 Lamkin was as good a mason  
As ever liftit stane ;  
He built to the laird o Lariston,  
But payment gat he nane.
- 2 Oft he came, an ay he came,  
To that good lord's yett,  
But neither at dor nor window  
Ony entrance could get.
- 3 Till ae wae an weary day  
Early he came,  
An it fell out on that day  
That good lord was frae hame.
- 4 He bade steek dor an window,  
An prick them to the gin,  
Nor leave a little wee hole,  
Else Lamkin wad be in.
- 5 Noorice steekit dor an window,  
She steekit them to the gin ;  
But she left a little wee hole  
That Lamkin might win in.
- 6 'O where's the lady o this house ?'  
Said cruel Lamkin ;  
'She's up the stair sleepin,'  
Said fause noorice then.
- 7 'How will we get her down the stair ?'  
Said cruel Lamkin ;  
'We'll stogg the baby i the cradle,'  
Said fause noorice then.
- 8 He stoggit, and she rockit,  
Till a' the floor swam,

An a' the tors o the cradle  
Red wi blude ran.

- 9 'O still my son, noorise,  
O still him wi the kane ;'  
'He winna still, madam,  
Till Lariston come hame.'
- 10 'O still my son, noorice,  
O still him wi the knife ;'  
'I canna still him, madam,  
If ye sude tak my life.'
- 11 'O still my soon, noorice,  
O still him wi the bell ;'  
'He winna still, madam,  
Come see him yoursel.'
- 12 Wae an weary rase she up,  
Slowly pat her on  
Her green claethin o the silk,  
An slowly came she down.
- 13 The first step she steppit,  
It was on a stone ;  
The first body she saw  
Was cruel Lamkin.
- 14 'O pity, pity, Lamkin,  
Hae pity on me !'  
'Just as meikle pity, madam,  
As ye paid me o my fee.'
- 15 'I'll g' ye a peck o good red goud,  
Streekit wi the wand ;  
An if that winna please ye,  
I'll heap it wi my hand.
- 16 'An if that winna please ye,  
O goud an o fee,  
I'll g' ye my eldest daughter,  
Your wedded wife to be.'
- 17 'Gae wash the bason, lady,  
Gae wash 't an mak it clean,  
To kep your mother's heart's-blude,  
For she's of noble kin.'
- 18 'To kep my mother's heart's-blude  
I wad be right wae ;  
O tak mysel, Lamkin,  
An let my mother gae.'

19 'Gae wash the bason, noorice,  
Gae wash 't an mak it clean,  
To kep your lady's heart's-blude,  
For she 's o noble kin.'

20 'To wash the bason, Lamkin,  
I will be right glad,  
For mony, mony bursen day  
About her house I 've had.'

21 But oh, what dule an sorrow  
Was about that lord's ha,  
When he fand his lady lyin  
As white as driven snaw!

22 O what dule an sorrow  
Whan that good lord cam in,  
An fand his young son murderd,  
I the chimley lyin!

92. kane. kame, B 132. But cf. wand, A 162  
J 102, M 32.

# 95. The Maid freed from the Gallows.

P. 346, III, 516 a. Add 'Leggenda Napitina' (still sung by the sailors of Pizzo); communicated to La Calabria, June 15, 1889, p. 74, by Salvatore Mele; Canto Marinaresco di Nicotera, the same, September 15, 1890. A wife is rescued by her husband.

347 b. Swedish. 'Den bortsälda,' Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor, I, 22, No 6, a, b, c.

349 b, 514 a, III, 516 b, and especially 517 a. A wounded soldier calls to mother, sister, father, brother for a drink of water, and gets none; calls to his love, and she brings it: Waldau, Böhmische Granaten, II, 57, No 81.

## I

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 127, Abbotsford. Sent to John Leyden, by whom and when does not appear.

1 'Hold your tongue, Lord Judge,' she says,  
'Yet hold it a little while;  
Methinks I see my ain dear father  
Coming wandering many a mile.

2 'O have you brought me gold, father?  
Or have you brought me fee?  
Or are you come to save my life  
From off this gallows-tree?'

3 'I have not brought you gold, daughter,  
Nor have I brought you fee,

But I am come to see you hangd,  
As you this day shall be.'

[“The verses run thus untill she has seen her mother, her brother, and her sister likewise arrive, and then

Methinks I see my ain dear lover, etc.”]

4 'I have not brought you gold, true-love,  
Nor yet have I brought fee,  
But I am come to save thy life  
From off this gallows-tree.'

5 'Gae hame, gae hame, father,' she says,  
'Gae hame and saw yer seed;  
And I wish not a pickle of it may grow up,  
But the thistle and the weed.

6 'Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, mother,  
Gae hame and brew yer yill;  
And I wish the girds may a' loup off,  
And the Deil spill a' yer yill.

7 'Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, brother,  
Gae hame and lie with yer wife;  
And I wish that the first news I may hear  
That she has tane your life.

8 'Gae hame, gae hame, sister,' she says,  
'Gae hame and sew yer seam;  
I wish that the needle-point may break,  
And the craws pyke out yer een.'

## J

Communicated by Dr George Birkbeck Hill, May 10, 1890, as learned forty years before from a schoolfellow, who came from the north of Somersetshire and sang it in the dialect of that region. Given from memory.

1 'Hold up, hold up your hands so high!  
Hold up your hands so high!  
For I think I see my own father  
Coming over yonder stile to me.

2 'Oh father, have you got any gold for me?  
Any money for to pay me free?  
To keep my body from the cold clay ground,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree?'

3 'Oh no, I 've got no gold for thee,  
No money for to pay thee free,  
For I 've come to see thee hangd this day,  
And hangd thou shalt be.'

- 4 'Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
Come prick my heart so sore;  
If ever I get from the gallows-tree,  
I'll never get there any more.'

["The same verses are repeated, with mother, brother, and sister substituted for father. At last the sweetheart comes. The two first verses are the same, and the third and fourth as follows."]

- 5 'Oh yes, I've got some gold for thee,  
Some money for to pay thee free;  
I'll save thy body from the cold clay ground,  
And thy neck from the gallows-tree.'

- 6 'Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
Don't prick my heart any more;  
For now I've got from the gallows-tree  
I'll never get there any more.'

["I do not know any title to this song except 'Hold up, hold up your hands so high!' It was by that title that we called for it."]

Julius Krohn has lately made an important contribution to our knowledge of this ballad in an article in *Virittäjä*, II, 36-50, translated into German under the title 'Das Lied vom Mädchen welches erlöst werden soll,' Helsingfors, 1891. Professor Estlander had previously discussed the ballad in *Finsk Tidskrift*, X, 1881 (which I have not yet seen), and had sought to show that it was of Finnish origin, a view which Krohn disputes and refutes. There are nearly fifty Finnish versions. The curse with which I ends, and which is noted as occurring in Swedish C (compare also the Sicilian ballad), is never wanting in the Finnish, and is found also in the Esthonian copies.

#### 96. The Gay Goshawk.

P. 356 a, III, 517 a. Add: (18) 'La Fille dans la Tour,' Daynard, *Vieux Chants* p. rec. en Quercy, p. 174; (19) 'La belle dans la Tour,' Pas de Calais, communicated by M. G. Doucieux to *Revue des Traditions populaires*, VI, 603; (20) 'Belle Idoine,' *Questionnaire de Folklore*, publié par la Société du Folklore Wallon, p. 79.

M. Doucieux has attempted a reconstruction of the text in *Mélusine*, V, 265 ff. He cites M. Gaston Paris as having lately pointed out a striking similitude between the first half of the French popular ballad and that of a little romance of Bele Ydoine composed in the twelfth century by Audefrois le Bastars (*Bartsch, Altfranzösische Romanzen und Pastourelles*, p. 59, No 57). This resemblance has, I suppose, occasioned the title of 'Belle Idoine' to be given editorially to No 20 above, for the name does not occur in the ballad.

356 b, III, 517 a. Add: 'Au Jardin des Olives,'

Guillon, p. 83, 'Dessous le Rosier blanc,' Daynard, p. 171 (*Lés trois Capitaines*). A girl feigns death to avoid becoming a king's mistress, 'Hertig Henrik och Konungen,' *Lagus, Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 117, No 37.

363. E. The following is the MS. copy, "of some antiquity," from which E was in part constructed. (Whether it be the original or a transcript cannot be determined, but Mr Macmath informs me that the paper on which it is written "seems about the oldest sheet in the volume.") The text was freely handled. 'Lord William' does not occur in it, but the name is found in another version which follows this.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 146 a, Abbotsford.

- 1 'O waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,  
Gin your feathering be sheen!  
'O waly, waly, my master dear,  
Gin ye look pale and lean!
- 2 'Whether is it for the gold sae rid,  
Or is it for the silver clear?  
Or is it for the lass in southen land,  
That she cannot win here.'
- 3 'It is not for the gold sae rid,  
Nor is it for the silver clear,  
But it is for the lass in southen land,  
That she cannot win her[e].'
- 4 'Sit down, sit down, my master dear,  
Write a love-letter hastily,  
And put it in under my feathern gray,  
And I'll away to southen land as fast as I  
can flee.
- 5 'But how shall I your true-love ken?  
Or how shall I her know?  
I bear the tongue never wi her spake,  
The eye that never her saw.'
- 6 'The red that is in my love's cheek  
Is like blood spilt among the snaw;  
The white that is on her breast-bone  
Is like the down on the white sea-maw.
- 7 'There's one that stands at my love's gate  
And opens the silver pin,  
And there ye may safely set ye on  
And sing a lovely song.
- 8 'First ye may sing it loud, loud, loud,  
And then ye may sing it clear,  
And ay the oerword of the tune  
Is, Your love cannot win here.'

- 9 He has written a love-letter,  
Put it under his feathern gray,  
And he's awa to southen land,  
As fast as ever he may.
- 10 When he came to the lady's gate,  
There he lighted down,  
And there he sat him on the pin  
And sang a lovely song.
- 11 First he sang it loud, loud, loud,  
And then he sang it clear,  
And ay the oerword of the tune  
Was, Your love cannot win here.
- 12 'Hold your tongues, my merry maids all,  
And hold them a little while;  
I hear some word from my true-love,  
That lives in Scotland's isle.'
- 13 Up she rose, to the door she goes,  
To hear what the bird woud say,  
And he's let the love-letter fall  
From under his feathern gray.
- 14 When she looked the letter on,  
The tear blinded her eye,  
And when she read it oer and oer  
A loud laughter took she.
- 15 'Go hame, go hame, my bonny bird,  
And to your master tell,  
If I be nae wi him at Martinmass,  
I shall be wi him at Yule.'
- 16 The lady's to her chamber gane,  
And a sick woman grew she;  
The lady's taen a sudden brash,  
And nathing she'll do but die.
- 17 'An asking, an asking, my father dear,  
An asking grant to me!  
If that I die in southen land,  
In Scotland bury me.'
- 18 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter dear,  
That asking is granted thee;  
If that you die in southen land,  
In Scotland I'll bury thee.'
- 19 'Gar call to me my seven bretheren,  
To hew to me my bier,  
The one half of the beaten gold,  
The other of the silver clear.
- 20 'Go call to me my seven sisters,  
To sew to me my caul;  
Every needle-steik that they put in  
Put by a silver bell.'
- 21 The first Scots kirk that they came to,  
They heard the mavis sing;  
The next Scots kirk that they came to,  
They heard the dead-bell ring.
- 22 The next Scots kirk that they came to,  
They were playing at the foot-ball,  
And her true-love was them among,  
The chieftian amangst them all.
- 23 'Set down, set down these corps,' said he,  
'Let me look them upon;  
As soon as he lookd the lady on,  
The blood sprang in her chin.
- 24 'One bite of your bread, my love,  
And one glass of your wine!  
For I have fasted these five long days,  
All for your sake and mine.
- 25 'Go hame, go hame, my seven brothers,  
Go hame and blaw your horn,  
And ye may tell thro southen land  
How I playd you the scorn.'
- 26 'Woe to you, my sister dear,  
And ane ill death may you die!  
For we left father and mother at hame  
Breaking their heart for thee.'

The Ettrick Shepherd sent Scott the following stanzas to be inserted in the first edition at places indicated. Most of them are either absolutely base metal or very much worn by circulation. The clever contrivance for breathing (found also in **G** 39, **H** 19) and the bribing of the surgeon provoke scorn and resentment.

'Gay Gos Hawk,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 143, No 133 a, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Hogg.

After 12 of ed. 1802 (E 13):  
He happit off the flowry birk,  
Sat down on the yett-pin,  
And sang sae sweet the notes o love  
Till a' was coush within.

After 15 (E 16):  
'O ye maun send your love a kiss,  
For he has sent you three;

O ye maun send your love a kiss,  
And ye maun send it wi me.'

'He has the rings off my fingers,  
The garland off my hair;  
He has the heart out o my bouk,  
What can I send him mair?'

After 22 :

'The third Scotts kirk that ye gang to  
Ye's gar them blaw the horn,  
That a' the lords o fair Scotland  
May hear afore the morn.'

After 23 :

She wyld a wright to bore her chest,  
For caller air she'd need;  
She brib'd her surgeon wi the goud  
To say that she was dead.

After 25 :

'What ails, what ails my daughter dear  
Her colour bides sae fine?'  
The surgeon-lad reply'd again,  
She's nouthar pin'd nor lien.

After 30 :

The third Scotts kirk that they cam to,  
Sae loud they blew the horn,  
An a' the lads on yon water  
Was warnd afore the morn.

After 31 :

'Set down, set down the bier,' he said,  
'These comely corps I'll see;'  
'Away, away,' her brothers said,  
'For nae sick thing shall be.

'Her een are sunk, her lips are cold,  
Her rosy colour gane;  
'Tis nine lang nights an nine lang days  
Sin she deceas'd at hame.'

'Wer't nine times nine an nine times nine,  
My true-love's face I'll see;  
Set down the bier, or here I swear  
My prisners you shall be.'

He drew the nails frae the coffin,  
An liftit up the cone,  
An for a' sae lang as she'd been dead  
She smil'd her love upon.

After 35 :

'And tell my father he sent me  
To rot in Scotland's clay;  
But he sent me to my Willie,  
To be his lady gay.'

## H

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No  
28 b, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

1 Lord William was walkin i the garden green,  
Viewin the roses red,  
An there he spyed his bonnie spier-hawk,  
Was fleein aboon his head.

2 'O could ye speak, my bonnie spier-hawk,  
As ye hae wings to flee,  
Then ye wad carry a luve-letter  
Atween my love an me.'

3 'But how can I your true-love ken?  
Or how can I her know?  
Or how can I your true-love ken,  
The face I never saw?'

4 'Ye may esily my love ken  
Amang them ye never saw;  
The red that's on o my love's cheek  
Is like bluid drapt on the snaw.'

\* \* \* \* \*

5 'O what will be my meat, master?  
An what'll be my fee?  
An what will be the love-tokens  
That ye will send wi me?'

6 'Ye may tell my love I'll send her a kiss,  
A kiss, aye, will I three;  
If ever she come [to] fair Scotland,  
My wedded wife she's be.

7 'Ye may tell my love I'll send her a kiss,  
A kiss, aye, will I twae;  
An ever she come to fair Scotland,  
I the red gold she sall gae.'

\* \* \* \* \*

8 The hawk flew high, an she flew leugh,  
An south aneath the sun,  
Untill it cam, etc.

9 'Sit still, sit still, my six sisters,  
An sew your silken seam,  
Till I gae to my bower-window  
An hear yon Scottish bird sing.'

10 Than she flew high, an she flew leugh,  
An' far aboon the wa;  
She drapit to that ladie's side,  
An loot the letter fa.

11 'What news, what news, my bonnie burd?  
An what word carry ye?  
An what are a' the love-tokens  
My love has sent to me?'

12 'O ye may send your love a kiss,  
For he has sent ye three;  
Ye hae the heart within his buik,  
What mair can he send thee?'

13 'O I will send my love a kiss,  
A kiss, I, will I three;  
If I can win to fair Scotland,  
His wedded wife I'll be.

14 'O I will send my love a kiss,  
An the caim out o my hair;  
He has the heart that's in my buik,  
What can I send him mair?

15 'An gae yer ways, my bonnie burd,  
An tell my love frae me,  
If [I] be na there gin Martinmas,  
Gin Yool I there will be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

16 'T was up an spak her ill step-minnie,  
An ill deed may she die!  
'Yer daughter Janet's taen her bed,  
An she'll do nought but die.'

17 'An askin, an askin, dear father,  
An askin I crave o thee;  
If I should die just at this time,  
In Scotland burry me.'

18 'There's room eneugh in wide England  
To burry thee an me;  
But sould ye die, my dear daughter,  
I Scotland I'll burry thee.'

19 She's warnd the wrights in lilly Londeen,  
She's warnd them ane an a',

To mak a kist wi three windows,  
The cauler air to blaw.

20 'O will ye gae, my six sisters,  
An sew to me a sheet,  
The tae half o the silk sae fine,  
The tother o cambric white.'

21 Then they hae askit the surgeon at, etc.

22 Then said her cruel step-minnie,  
Take ye the boilin lead  
An some o't drap on her bosom;  
We'll see gif she be dead.

23 Then boilin lead than they hae taen  
An drappit on her breast;  
'Alas! alas!' than her father he cried,  
'For she's dead without the priest!'

24 She neither chatterd in her teeth  
Nor shivert wi her chin;  
'Alas! alas!' her father cried,  
'For there nae life within!'

\* \* \* \* \*

25 'It's nine lang days, an nine lang nights,  
She's wantit meat for me;  
But for nine days, nine langer nights,  
Her face ye salna see.'

26 He's taen the coffin wi his fit,  
Gard it in flinders flie, etc.

27 'Fetch me,' she said, 'a cake o yer bread  
An a wi drap o your wine,  
For luv o you an for your sake  
I've fastit lang nights nine.'

28 'T was up then spak an eldrin knight,  
A grey-haird knight was he;  
'Now ye hae left yer auld father,  
For you he's like to die.'

29 'An ye hae left yer sax sisters  
Lamentin a' for you;  
I wiss that this, my dear ladie,  
Ye near may hae to rue.'

30 'Commend me to my auld father,  
If eer ye come him niest;  
But nought say to my ill step-minnie,  
Gard burn me on the breist.

31 'Commend me to my six sisters,  
If ye gang bak again;  
But nought say to my ill step-minnie,  
Gard burn me on the chin.

32 'Commend me to my brethren bald,  
An ever ye them see;  
If ever they come to fair Scotland  
They's fare nae war than me.

33 'For I cam na to fair Scotland  
To lie amang the dead,  
But I cam down to fair Scotland  
To wear goud on my head.

34 'Nor did I come to fair Scotland  
To rot amang the clay,  
But I cam to fair Scotland  
To wear goud ilka day.'

10<sup>2</sup>. *Var.* aboon them a'.

367 b. The second edition of the *Minstrely*, 1803, II, 6, inserted 13, from Hogg's communication, substituted 22, 23, 24 of Laidlaw's (H) for 27, 28, introduced 30 of Laidlaw after 36 (all with changes), and made the consequently necessary alteration in 37.

#### 99. Johnie Scot.

P. 378 b. Another copy of the Breton ballad, 'Lézo-bré,' in Quellien, *Chansons et Danses des Bretons*, 1889, p. 65.

379 ff.

#### Q

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrely," No 4 a, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

1 Young Johnie's up to England gane  
Three quarters of a year;  
Young Johnie's up to England gane,  
The king's banner for to bear.

2 But he had not in England been  
The one half of the time  
Till the fairest laidy in all the court  
Was going with child to him.

3 Word unto the kitchen's gane,  
And word's to the hall,  
And word unto the court has gane,  
Among the nobles all.

4 And word unto the chamber's gane,  
The place where the king sat,  
That his only daughter is with child  
To Johnie, the little Scott.

5 'If this be true,' then sais the king,  
'As I true well it be,  
I'll put hir in a strong castle,  
And hungre hir till she dee.'

6 Hir breast-plate was made of iron,  
In place of the beaten gold,  
A belt of steel about hir waist,  
And O but she was cold!

7 'O where will I get a pritty little boy,  
That will win hoes and shoon,  
That will go down to yonder lee  
And tell my Johnie to come?'

8 'Here am I, a pritty little boy,  
That will win hoes and shoon,  
And I'll go down to yonder lee  
And tell young Johnie to come.'

9 She has wrote a brod letter,  
And seald it tenderly,  
And she has sent it to Johnie the Scott,  
That lay on yonder lee.

10 When Johnie first the letter got,  
A blith, blith man was he;  
But or he read the half of it  
The salt teer blind Johnie's ee.

11 'I will go to fair England,' says he,  
'What ever may betide,  
For to releave that gay laidy  
Who last lay by my side.'

12 Up then spoke his old mother,  
A sorrifull woman was she;  
'If you go to England, John,  
I'll never see you mare.'

13 Up then spoke Johnie's father,  
His head was growing gray;  
'If you go to England, John,  
O fair you well for me!'

14 Up then spoke Johnie's uncle,  
Our Scottish king was he;

- 'Five hundred of my merry men  
Shall bear you company.'
- 15 When Johnie was mounted on his steed  
He looked wondrous bold,  
The hair that oer his shouldiers hang  
Like threads of yellow gold.
- 16 'Now come along with me, my men,  
O come along with me,  
We 'l blow thier castles in the air,  
And set free my gay laidy.'
- 17 The first gay town that they came to,  
Made mass for to be sung;  
The nixt gay town that they came to,  
Made bells for to be rung.
- 18 But when they came to London town,  
They made the drums beat round,  
Who made the king and all his court  
To wonder at the sound.
- 19 'Is this the Duke of Mulberry,  
Or James the Scottish king?  
Or is it a young gentleman  
To England new come home?'
- 20 'It is not the Duke of Mulberry,  
Nor James the Scottish [king];  
But it is a young gentleman,  
MacNaughten is his name.'
- 21 'If MacNaughten be your name,' says the king,  
'As I true well it be,  
Before the morn at eight o'clock  
Dead hanged you shall be.'
- 22 Up bespoke one of Johnie's little boys,  
And a well-spoke boy was he;  
'Before we see our master hand,  
We 'l all fight till we dee.'
- 23 'Well spoke, well spoke, my little boy,  
That is well spoke of thee;  
But I have a champion in my bower  
That will fight you three by three.'
- 24 Up then spoke Johnie himself,  
And he spoke manfully;  
'If it please your Majesty,  
May I this champion see?'
- 25 The king and all his nobles then  
Rode down unto the plain,  
The queen and all [her] gay marries,  
To see young Johnie slain.
- 26 When the champion came out of the bower,  
He looked at Johnie with disdain;  
But upon the tope of Johnie's brodsword  
This champion soon was slain.
- 27 He fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
With swords of tempered steel,  
And ay the blood like dropes of rain  
Came trinkling down thier hiel.
- 28 The very nixt stroke that Johnie gave,  
He brought him till his knee;  
The nixt stroke that Johnie gave,  
He clove his head in twa.
- 29 He swapt his sword on every side,  
And turned him on the plain:  
'Have you any more of your English dogs  
That wants for to be slain?'
- 30 'A clerk, a clerk!' the king he crys,  
'I 'll seal her taucher free;'  
'A priest, a priest!' the queen she crys,  
'For weded they shall be.'
- 31 'I 'll have none of your [gold], say[s] he,  
'Nor any of your white money;  
But I will have my ain true-love;  
This day she has cost me dear.'
- 27<sup>4</sup>. hill. 29<sup>4</sup>. two.

R

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 37, Abbotsford, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 11; from Miss Nancy Brockie, Bemerside. Another copy, "Scotch Ballads," etc., No 139, in the handwriting of T. Wilkie, and somewhat retouched by him.

- 1 Lord Jonnie's up to England gone  
Three quarters of an year;  
Lord Jonnie's up to England gone,  
The king's banner to bear.
- 2 He had not been in fair England,  
Three quarters he was not,

- Till the king's eldest daughter  
Goes with child to Lord Jonnie Scott.
- 3 Word is to the kitchen gone,  
And word's gone to the hall,  
And word's gone to the high, high room,  
Among the nobles all.
- 4 Word's gone to the king himsel,  
In the chamber where he sat,  
That his eldest daughter goes with child  
To Lord Jonnie Scott.
- 5 'If that be true,' the king replied,  
'As I suppose it be,  
I'll put her in a prison strong,  
And starve her till she die.'
- 6 'O where will I get a little boy,  
That has baith hose and shoon,  
That will run into fair Scotland,  
And tell my love to come?'
- 7 'O here is a shirt, little boy,  
Her own hand sewed the sleeve;  
Tell her to come to good greenwood,  
Not ask her father's leave.'
- 8 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
What news have ye brought to me?'  
'No news, no news, my master dear,  
But what I will tell thee.
- 9 'O here is a shirt, madam,  
Your awn hand sewed the sleeve;  
You must gang to good greenwood,  
Not ask your parents' leave.'
- 10 'My doors they are all shut, little boy,  
My windows round about;  
My feet is in the fetters strong,  
And I cannot get out.
- 11 'My garters are of the black, black iron,  
And O but they are cold!  
My breast-plate's o the strong, strong steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.
- 12 'But tell him for to bide away,  
And not come near to me,  
For there's a champion in my father's ha  
Will fight him till he dee.'
- 13 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
What news have ye to me?'  
'No news, no news, my master dear,  
But what I will tell thee.
- 14 'Her doors they are all shut, kind sir,  
Her windows round about;  
Her feet are in the fetters strong,  
And she cannot get out.
- 15 'Her garters are of the black, black iron,  
And O but they are cold!  
Her breast-plate's of the strong, strong steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.
- 16 'She bids you for to bide away,  
And not go near to see,  
For there's a champion in her father's house  
Will fight you till you die.'
- 17 Then up and spoke Lord Jonnie's mother,  
But she spoke out of time;  
'O if you go to fair England  
I fear you will be slain.'
- 18 But up and spoke a little boy,  
Just at Lord Jonnie's knee,  
'Before you lose your ain true-love,  
We'll a' fight till we die.'
- 19 The first church-town that they came to,  
They made the bells be rung;  
The next church-town that they came to,  
The[y] gard the mass be sung.
- 20 The next church-town that they came to,  
They made the drums go through;  
The king and all his nobles stood  
Amazing for to view.
- 21 'Is this any English gentleman,  
Or James our Scottish king?  
Or is it a Scottish gentleman,  
To England new come in?'
- 22 'No, 't is no English gentleman,  
Nor James the Scottish king;  
But it is a Scottish gentleman,  
Lord Jonnie is my name.'
- 23 'If Lord Jonnie be your name,  
As I suppose it be,

I have a champion in my hall  
Will fight you till you die.'

- 24 'O go fetch out that gurrley fellow,  
Go fetch him out to me;  
Before I lose my ain true-love,  
We'll all fight till we die.'
- 25 Then out and came that gurrly fellow,  
A gurrly fellow was he,  
With twa lang selasps between his eyes,  
His shoulders there were three.
- 26 The king and all his nobles stood  
To see the battle gained;  
The queen and all her maries stood  
To see Lord Jonnie slain.
- 27 The first stroke that Lord Jonnie gave,  
He wounded very sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Jonnie gave,  
The champion could fight no more.
- 28 He's taen a whistle out from his side,  
He's blawn a blast loud and shill:  
'Is there any more of your English dogs  
To come here and be killed?'
- 29 'A clerk, a clerk!' the king did say,  
'To cry her toucher free;'  
'A priest, a priest!' Lord Jonnie [did] cry  
'To wed my love and me.
- 30 'T was for none of your monnie I fought,  
Nor for none of your world's gear;  
But it was for my own true-love;  
I think I've bought her dear.'

"This song (L. Jonnie) I took down from the same  
girl who sung Hughie Graeme."

5<sup>2</sup>. suppose.

8<sup>2</sup>. no news *thrice*: master *wrongly*, in anticipation  
of 13<sup>2</sup>.

In No 139.

4<sup>2</sup>4. That the king's eldest daughter Goes with  
child to.

7<sup>1</sup>. There is a shift, little boy. 7<sup>4</sup>. parents leave.

8<sup>2</sup>. ye to. 16<sup>1</sup>. But she. 16<sup>2</sup>. father's hall.

19<sup>2</sup>. They gard. 19<sup>4</sup>. They made.

22<sup>2</sup>. James our. 23<sup>1</sup>. name, kind sir. 25<sup>1</sup>. out soon.

28<sup>2</sup>. blown it baith loud. 29<sup>1</sup>. did cry.

29<sup>2</sup>. tocher fee. 29<sup>2</sup>. Jonnie cri's.

30<sup>1</sup>. our. 30<sup>2</sup>. Nor none.

S

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No  
140, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Hogg, who  
remarks at the end: "The repeater of the above song called  
the hero once or twice Johny Scott, which I omitted in the  
MS., seeing it contradicted in the 22 verse. I thought it  
best to apprise you of this, in case you might find any tract  
of its being founded on fact, because, if it is not, it hath  
little else to recommend it."

- 1 O Johny's up thro England gane  
Three quarters of a year,  
An Johny's up thro England gane,  
The king's banner to bear.
- 2 He had not been in London town  
But a very little while  
Till the fairest lady in the court  
By Johny gaes wi child.
- 3 But word is to the kitchin gane,  
An word's gane to the ha,  
An word's gane to yon high, high court,  
Amang our nobles a'.
- 4 An when the king got wit o that  
An angry man was he:  
'On the highest tree in a' the wood  
High hangit shall he be!
- 5 'An for the lady, if it's true,  
As I do fear it be,  
I'll put her in yon castle strong,  
An starve her till she die.'
- 6 But Johny had a clever boy,  
A clever boy was he,  
O Johny had a clever boy,  
His name was Gregory.
- 7 'O run, my boy, to yon castle,  
All windows round about,  
An there you'll see a fair lady,  
At a window looking out.
- 8 'Ye maun bid her take this silken sark —  
Her ain hand sewd the gare —  
An bid her come to the green wood,  
For Johny waits her there.'
- 9 Away he ran to yon castle,  
All windows round about,  
Where he espy'd a lady fair,  
At a window looking out.

- 10 'O madam, there's a silken sark —  
Your ain hand sewd the gare —  
An haste ye to the good green wood,  
For Johny waits you there.'
- 11 'O I'm confin'd in this castle,  
Though lighted round about;  
My feet are bound with fetters strong,  
That I cannot win out.
- 12 'My gartens are of stubborn ern,  
Alas! baith stiff and cold;  
My breastplate of the sturdy steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.
- 13 'Instead of silken stays, my boy,  
With steel I'm lac'd about;  
My feet are bound with fetters strong,  
And how can I get out?
- 14 'But tell him he must stay at home,  
Nor venture here for me;  
Else an Italian in our court  
Must fight him till he die.'
- 15 When Johny he got wit o that,  
An angry man was he:  
'But I will gae wi a' my men  
My dearest dear to see.'
- 16 But up then spake a noble lord,  
A noble lord was he;  
'The best of a' my merry men  
Shall bear you company.'
- 17 But up then spake his auld mother,  
I wat wi meikle pain;  
'If ye will gae to London, son,  
Ye'l neer come back again.'
- 18 But Johny turnd him round about,  
I wat wi meikle pride:  
'But I will gae to London town,  
Whatever may betide.'
- 19 When they were a' on horseback set,  
How comely to behold!  
For a' the hairs o Johny's head  
Did shine like threads o gold.
- 20 The first ae town that they gaed through,  
They gart the bells be rung,  
But the neist town that they gaed through  
They gart the mass be sung.
- 21 But when they gaed to London town  
The trumpets loud were blown,  
Which made the king and a' his court  
To marvel at the sound.
- 22 'Is this the Duke of Morebattle?  
Or James the Scottish king?'  
'No, sire, I'm a Scottish lord,  
McNaughten is my name.'
- 23 'If you be that young Scottish lord,  
As I believe you be,  
The fairest lady in my court  
She gaes wi child by thee.'
- 24 'And if she be with child by me,  
As I think sae may be,  
It shall be heir of a' my land,  
And she my gay lady.'
- 25 'O no, O no,' the king reply'd,  
'That thing can never be,  
For ere the morn at ten o'clock  
I'll slay thy men an thee.
- 26 'A bold Italian in my court  
Has vanquishd Scotchmen three,  
And ere the morn at ten o'clock  
I'm sure he will slay thee.'
- 27 But up then spake young Johny's boy,  
A clever boy was he;  
'O master, ere that you be slain,  
There's mae be slain than thee.'
- 28 The king and all his court appeard  
Neist morning on the plain,  
The queen and all her ladies came  
To see youn[g] Johny slain.
- 29 Out then stepd the Italian bold,  
And they met on the green;  
Between his shoulders was an ell,  
A span between his een.
- 30 When Johny in the list appeard,  
Sae young and fair to see,  
A prayer staw frae ilka heart,  
A tear frae ilka ee.
- 31 And lang they fought, and sair they fought,  
Wi swords o temperd steel,  
Until the blood like draps o rain  
Came trickling to their heal.

32 But Johny was a wannle youth,  
And that he weel did show;  
For wi a stroke o his broad sword  
He clove his head in two.

33 'A priest, a priest!' then Johny cry'd,  
'To wed my love and me;'  
'A clerk, a clerk!' the king reply'd,  
'To write her tocher free.'

T

'John, the little Scot;' in the youthful handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, inserted, as No 4, at the beginning of a MS. volume, in small folio, containing a number of prose pieces, etc., Abbotsford Library, L. 2.

1 Johnny's gane up to fair England  
Three quarters of a year,  
And Johny's gane up to fair England,  
The king's broad banner to bear.

2 He had not been in fair England,  
Even but a little while,  
When that the king's ae dochter  
To Johnny gaes wi child.

3 And word is gane to the kitchen,  
And word's gane to the ha,  
And word's gane to the high, high court,  
Amang the nobles a'.

4 And word is gane unto the king,  
In the chair where he sat,  
That his ae dochter's wi bairn  
To John the little Scott.

5 'If that I thought she is wi bairn,  
As I true weell she be,  
I'll put her up in high prison,  
And hunger her till she die.'

6 'There is a silken sark, Johnny,  
My ain sell sewed the gare,  
And if ye come to tak me hence  
Ye need nae taken mare.

7 'For I am up in high prison,  
And O but it is cold!  
My garters are o the cold, cold iron,  
In place o the beaten gold.'

8 'Is this the Duke o York?' they said,  
'Or James the Scottish king?  
Or is it John the little Scott,  
Frae Scotland new come hame?'

9 'I have an Italian in my bower,  
This day he has eaten three;  
Before I either eat or sleep  
The fourth man ye shall be.'

10 . . . . .  
Between his een there was two spans,  
His shoulders ells were three.

11 Johnny drew forth his good braid glaive  
And slate it on the plain:  
'Is there any more of your Italian dogs  
That wanteth to be slain?'

12 'A clerk, a clerk!' her father cry'd  
'To register this deed;'  
'A priest, a priest!' her mother cry'd,  
'To marry them wi speed.'

1<sup>1</sup>. gane struck out. 1<sup>4</sup>. broad struck out.  
8<sup>1</sup>. king o Scots, originally, for Duke o York.  
9<sup>1</sup>. n Italian struck out, and Lion written above.

100. Willie o Winsbury.

P. 399 ff. MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 5, in "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 34. From Mrs Hislope, Gattonside. 1813.

1 The king call'd on his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Lord Thomas should been the foremost man,  
But the hindmost man was he.

2 As he came tripping down the stairs,  
His stockings were of the silk,  
His face was like the morning sun,  
And his hand as white as milk.

3 'No wonder, no wonder, Lord Thomas,' he  
said,  
'Then my daughter she loved thee;  
For, if I had been a woman as I am a man,  
Tom, I would hae loved thee.'

## 106. The Famous Flower of Serving-Men.

P. 429. The fragment printed by Scott was given him by the Ettrick Shepherd. It was printed with no important change except in the last stanza, all of which is the editor's but the second line. The two lines of stanza 7 are scored through in the MS.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 133 b, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Hogg.

- 1 My love he built me a bonny bowr,  
An cled it a' wi lily-flour;  
A brawer bowr ye neer did see  
Than my true-love he built to me.
- 2 There came a man by middle day,  
He spy'd his sport an went away,  
An brought the king that very night,  
Who brak my bowr, an slew my knight.
- 3 He slew my knight, to me sae dear;  
He slew my knight, an poind his gear;  
My servants all for life did flee,  
An left me in extremity.
- 4 I sewd his sheet, making my moan;  
I watchd the corpse, mysel alone;  
I watchd his body night and day;  
No living creature came that way.
- 5 I took the corpse then on my back,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;  
I digd a grave, and laid him in,  
And hapd him wi the sod sae green.
- 6 But thinkna ye my heart was sair  
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair?  
O thinkna ye my heart was wae  
When I turnd about, away to gae?
- 7 Nae langer there I could remain  
Since that my lovely knight was slain;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

## 110. The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter.

P. 457 a, 476 f. A. b is printed in the Ballad Society's ed. of the Roxburghe Ballads, III, 449. It is in the Crawford collection, No 1142. There are four copies in the Douce collection: I, 11 b, 14, 21 b, IV, 33, two of Charles II.'s time, two of no account (Chappell).

458 b. The Danish ballad is now No 314 of Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, continued by Axel Olrik, V, II, 377, 'Ebbe Galt — Hr. Tidemand.' There are four Danish versions, A-D, some of the sixteenth century; a Färöe version in five copies, 'Ebbin kall,' Færøyskævi, as elaborated by Grundtvig and Bloch, No 123, D. g. F., E; an Icelandic version, 'Símonar kvæði,' Íslensk Fornkvæði, I, 224, No 26. Danish C, Vedel, III, No 17, is compounded of B and a lost version which must have resembled A. The copy in Danske Viser, Abrahamson, No 63, is recomposed from C and one of the varieties of D. Herr Tidemand is the offending knight in A, C; Ebbe Galt in B, D and the Färöe E; Kóng Símon in the Icelandic version. A has fifteen stanzas, B only eleven; the story is extended to sixty-seven in D. A begins directly with a complaint on the part of the injured husband before the King's Bench; the husband in this version is of a higher class than in the others, — Herr Peder, and not a peasant. The forcing is done at the woman's house in A and the Icelandic version; in B-E in a wood. In all, the ravisher is capitally punished.

Hr. Olrik is disposed to think 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter' a not very happy patching together of 'Ebbe Galt,' a lost ballad, and 'Tærning-spillet,' D. g. F., No 248, by a minstrel who may perhaps have had Chaucer's story in mind. I am not prepared to go further than to admit that there is a gross inconsistency, even absurdity, in the English ballad; the shepherd's daughter of the beginning could not possibly turn out a duke's, an earl's, or a king's daughter in the conclusion.

'Malfred og Sallemænd,' p. 458, note §, which has many verses in common with 'Ebbe Galt,' is now No 313 of Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, V, II, 367.

## M

'Earl Richmond,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 81, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Skene of Rubislaw.

- 1 There was a shepherd's daughter  
Kept hogs upo yon hill,  
By cam her a gentle knight,  
And he would hae his will.
- 2 Whan his will o her he had,  
[His will] as he had taen,  
'Kind sir, for yer courtesy,  
Will ye tell me yer name?'
- 3 'Some they ca me Jock,' he says,  
'And some they ca me John;  
But whan 'm in our king's court  
Hitchcock is my name.'

- 4 The lady being well book-read,  
She spelt it oer again :  
' Hitchcock in our king's court  
Is Earl Richard at hame.'
- 5 He pat his leg out-oer his steed  
And to the get he's gane ;  
She keltit up her green clothing,  
And fast, fast followed him.
- 6 ' Turn back, turn back, ye earl's daughter,  
And dinna follow me ;  
It sets na earl's daughters  
Kings' courts for to see.'
- 7 ' Perhaps I am a earl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane,  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten 's alane.'
- 8 Whan they cam to yon wan water  
That a' man does call Clyde,  
He looket oer his left shuder,  
Says, Fair may, will ye ride ?
- 9 ' I learnt it in my mother's bowr,  
I wis I had learnt it better,  
Whan I cam to wan water  
To soom as does the otter.'
- 10 Or the knight was i the middle o the water,  
The lady she was oer ;  
She took out a came o gold,  
To came down her yellow hair.
- 11 ' Whar gat ye that, ye earl's daughter ?  
I pray ye tell to me : '  
' I got it fra my mither,' she says,  
' To beguil sick chaps as thee.'
- 12 Whan they cam to our king's court,  
He rade it round about,  
And he gade in at a shot-window,  
And left the lady without.
- 13 She gade to our king hersel,  
She fell low down upon her knee :  
' There is a knight into your court  
This day has robbed me.'
- 14 ' Has he robbd ye o your goud ?  
Or o yer well-won fee ?  
Or o yer maidenhead,  
The flower o yer body ? '
- 15 ' He has na robbd me o my goud,  
For I ha nane to gee ;  
But he has robbd me o my maidenhead,  
The flower o my body.'
- 16 ' O wud ye ken the knight,' he says,  
' If that ye did him see ? '  
' I wud him ken by his well-fared face  
And the blyth blink o his ee.'
- 17 ' An he be a married man,  
High hanged sall he be,  
And an he be a free man,  
Well wedded to him ye's be,  
Altho it be my brother Richie,  
And I wiss it be no he.'
- 18 The king called on his merry young men,  
By ane, by twa, by three ;  
Earl Richmond had used to be the first,  
But the hindmost was he.
- 19 By that ye mith ha well kent  
That the guilty man was he ;  
She took him by the milk-white hand,  
Says, This same ane is he.
- 20 There was a brand laid down to her,  
A brand but an a ring,  
Three times she minted to the brand,  
But she took up the ring ;  
A' that was in our king's court  
Countet her a wise woman.
- 21 ' I'll gi ye five hundred pounds,  
To mak yer marriage we,  
An ye'l turn back, ye earl's daughter,  
And fash nae mere wi me.'
- 22 ' Gae keep yer five hundred pounds  
To mak yer merriage we,  
For I'll hae nathing but yersel  
The king he promised me.'
- 23 ' I'll gae ye one thousand pounds  
To mak yer marriage we,  
An ye'l turn back, ye earl's daughter,  
And fash nae mere wi me.'
- 24 ' Gae keep yer one thousand pounds,  
To mak yer merriage we,  
For I'll hae nathing but yersel  
The king he promised me.'

25 He took her down to yon garden,  
And clothed her in the green;  
Whan she cam up again,  
Sh[e] was fairer than the queen.

26 They gad on to Mary kirk, and on to Mary  
quire,  
The nettles they grew by the dyke:  
'O, an my mither wer her[e],  
So clean as she wud them pick!'

27 'I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
'Whan I drank the ale,  
That ony cerl's daughter  
Sud tell me sick a tale.'

28 'Perhaps I am a cerl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane;  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten's alane.

29 'Well mat this mill be,  
And well mat the gae!  
Mony a day they ha filled me poek  
O the white meal and the gray.'

30 'I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
'When I drank the ale,  
That ony cerl's daughter  
Sud tell me sick a tale.'

31 'Perhaps I am a cerl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane;  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten's alane.

32 'Tak awa yer siller spoons,  
Tak awa fra me,  
An gae me the gude horn spoons,  
It's what I'm used tee.

33 'O an my mukle dish wer here,  
And sine we hit were fu,  
I wud sup file I am saerd,  
And sine lay down me head and sleep wi  
ony sow.'

34 'I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
'Whan I drank the ale,  
That any cerl's daughter  
Sud tell me sick a tale.'

35 'Perhaps I am a cerl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane,

But whan ye gat me in free forest,  
Ye might ha latten's alane.'

36 He took his hat in oer his face,  
The tear blindit his ee;  
She threw back her yellow locks,  
And a light laughter leugh she.

37 'Bot an ye be a beggar geet,  
As I trust well ye be,  
Whar gat ye their fine clothing  
Yer body was covered we?'

38 'My mother was an ill woman,  
And an ill woman was she;  
She gat them . . .  
Fra sic chaps as thee.'

39 Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
And aa man bound to bed,  
Earl Richard and the carl's daughter  
In a chammer were laid.

40 'Lie yont, lie yont, ye carl's daughter,  
Yer hot skin burns me;  
It sets na carl's daughters  
In earls' beds to be.'

41 'Perhaps I am a carl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane;  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten's alane.'

42 Up it starts the Belly Blin,  
Just at their bed-feet.

43 'I think it is a meet marrige  
Atween the taen and the tither,  
The Earl of Hertford's ae daughter  
And the Queen of England's brither.'

44 'An this be the Earl of Hertford's ae daugh-  
ter,  
As I trust well it be,  
Mony a gude horse ha I ridden  
For the love o thee.'

1-34. *Written as far as 36 in long lines, two to a stanza: there is no division of stanzas.*

23, 24, 28, 30, 31, 34, 35, 41, *are not fully written out.*

29<sup>2</sup>. *Possibly mat she gae, but observe the plural in the next line.*

## 112. The Baffled Knight.

P. 480 a. There is another variety of *D* in The Calleen Fuine, to which are added The Shepherd's Boy, etc. Limerick, Printed by W. Goggin, corner of Bridge-Street. British Museum, 11621. e. 14 (16). Dated 1810? in the catalogue.

This begins:

There was a shepherd's boy,  
He kept sheep upon a hill,  
And he went out upon a morning  
To see what he could kill.  
It's blow away the morning dew,  
It's blow, you winds, hi ho!  
You stole away my morning blush,  
And blow a little, blow.

481 a. 'Lou Cabalier discret' ('Je vous passerai le bois'), Daymard, Vieux Chants p. rec. en Quercy, p. 126.

481 b, III, 518 a. Dans le bois elle s'est mise à pleurer: Revue des Traditions Populaires, IV, 514; 'J'ai fini ma journée,' Gothier, Recueil de Crâmnons, p. 5, 'Youp ta deritou la la,' Terry et Chaumont, Recueil d'Airs de Crâmnons, etc., p. 66, No 34; 'Après ma journée faite,' Meyrac, Traditions, etc., des Ardennes, pp. 277, 279.

Varieties: 'Lou Pastour brégountsous (trop discret),' Daymard, p. 124; 'A la ronde, mesdames,' Terry et Chaumont, p. 22, No 13; 'La belle et l'ermite,' La jeune couturière, La Tradition, IV, 346, 348, Chansons populaires de la Picardie (half-popular).

482 a. A Breton song gives the essence of the story in seven couplets: Quellien, Chansons et Danses des Bretons, p. 156.

Danish. 'Den dyre Kaabe,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 142, No 38.

482 b, third paragraph. The incident of the boots in Hazlitt, Jest-Books, II, 241 (Tarlton's Jests, 1611, but printed before 1600).

## 113. The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry.

P. 494, III, 518. See David MacRitchie, The Finn-Men of Britain, in The Archaeological Review, IV, 1-26, 107-129, 190 ff., and Alfred Nutt, p. 232.

A husband who is a man by day, but at night a seal: Curtin, Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, p. 51. (G. L. K.)

## VOL. III.

## 114. Johnnie Cock.

P. 1. There is a ballad of 'Bertram, the Bauld Archer' in Pitcairn's MSS, III, 51; printed in Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 46. Pitcairn derived it from Mrs McCorquodale, Stirling, a

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farmer's wife, who remembered it "to have been sung by her grandmother, a woman above eighty years old, who stated that she had it from an old woman, her aunt." The reciter herself was above sixty-five, and had "first heard it when a little girl." Nevertheless, Bertram is fustian, of a sort all too familiar in the last century. The story, excepting perhaps the first stanza, is put into the mouth of Bertram's mistress, à la Gilderoy. The bauld archer has gone to the forest for to mak a robbery. The king has made proclamation that he will give five hunder merk for Bertram's life. John o Shoumacnair (Stronmaknair, Maidment) proposes to his billies to kill Bertram and get the money. They busk themselves in hodden gray, 'like to friers o low degree,' present themselves to Bertram and ask a boon of him, which Bertram grants without inquiry. While they are parleying, Shoumacnair drives his dirk into Bertram's back. But, though he swirls wi the straik, Bertram draws his awesome bran, kills ane, wounds twa, and then his stalwart, gallant soul takes its flight to heaven.

2 b. Braid. "This version ['Johnnie of Braidisbank,' I] was taken down by Motherwell and me from the recitation of Mr James Knox, land-surveyor at Tipperlinne, near Edinburgh, in the month of May, 1824, when we met him in the good town of Paisley. At 17 a tradition is mentioned which assigns Braid to have been the scene of this woeful hunting. Mr Knox is the authority for this tradition. Braid is in the neighborhood of Tipperlinne." Note by Mr P. A. Ramsay in a copy of the Minstrelsy which had belonged to Motherwell. (W. Macmath.)

Wolves in Scotland. "It is usually said that the species was extirpated about 1680 by Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, but the tradition to that effect appears to be true only of Sir Ewen's own district of western Invernessshire." The very last wolf may have been killed in 1743. R. Chambers, Domestic Annals of Scotland, III, 690.

7. F was made up from several copies, one of which was the following, 'John o Cockielaw,' in Scott's youthful handwriting, inserted, as No 3, at the beginning of a MS. volume, in small folio, containing a number of prose pieces, and beginning with excerpts from Law's Memorials. Abbotsford Library, L. 2.

1 Johnny got up in a May morning,  
Calld for water to wash his hands:  
'Gar louse to me my good gray dogs  
That are tied with iron bands.'

2 When Johnny's mother got word o that,  
For grief she has lain down:  
'O Johnny, for my benison,  
I red you bide at hame!'

3 He's putten on his black velvet,  
Likewise his London brown,

- And he 's awa to Durrisdeer,  
To hunt the dun deer down.
- 4 Johnny shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he wounded her on the side;  
Between the water and the brae,  
There he laid her pride.
- 5 He 's taken out the liver o her,  
And likewise sae the lungs,  
And he has made a' his dogs to feast  
As they had been earl's sons.
- 6 They eat sae much o the venison,  
And drank sae much of the blood,  
That they a' then lay down and slept,  
And slept as they had been dead.
- 7 And bye there cam a silly ald man,  
And an ill death might he die!  
And he 's awa to the seven forresters,  
As fast as he can drie.
- 8 'As I cam down by Merriemas,  
And down aboon the scroggs,  
The bonniest boy that ever I saw  
Lay sleeping amang his doggs.
- 9 'The shirt that was upon his back  
Was of the holland fine,  
The cravat that was about his neck  
Was of the cambrick lawn.
- 10 'The coat that was upon his back  
Was of the London brown,  
The doublet . . . . .  
Was of the Lincome twine.'
- 11 Out and spak the first forrester,  
That was a forrester our them a';  
If this be John o Cockielaw,  
Nae nearer him we 'll draw.
- 12 Then out and spak the sixth,  
That was forrester amang them a';  
If this is John o Cockielaw,  
Nearer to him we 'll draw.
- 13 Johnny shot six of the forresters,  
And wounded the seventh, we say,  
And set him on a milk-white steed  
To carry tidings away.

4<sup>1</sup>. Wi He there he (he written in place of another word). Wi He struck out.

6<sup>2</sup>. Originally, That they lay a' them down.

7<sup>2</sup>. Originally, And a silly ald man was he.

11<sup>2</sup>. was hed. hed struck out.

#### 116. Adam Bell, etc.

P. 18. The Tell story in *The Braemar Highlands*, by Elizabeth Taylor, Edinburgh, 1869, pp. 99-103, is a transparent plagiarism, as indeed the author of the book seems to be aware.

#### 117. A Gest of Robyn Hode.

P. 40 ff. Thomas Robinhood is one of six witnesses to a grant in the 4th of Richard II. (June 22, 1380-June 21, 1381). See Historical MSS Commission, Fifth Report, Appendix, p. 511, col. 2. The pronunciation, Robinhood (p. 41 a, note †), is clearly seen in the jingle quoted by Nash, *Strange Newes*, 1593, Works, ed. Grosart, II, 230: "Ah, neighbourhood, neighbourhood, Dead and buried art thou with Robinhood."

Among the disbursements of John Lord Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, occurs the following: "And the same day, my Lord paid to Robard Hode for viij. shafftyes xvj. d." (This is Friday, Sept. 26, 1483.) Household Books of John Duke of Norfolk and Thomas Earl of Surrey, temp. 1481-1490, ed. by J. P. Collier, 1844, Roxburghe Club, p. 464. Collier, p. 525, remarks that "the coincidence that the duke bought them of a person of the name of Robin Hood is singular."

The Crosscombe Church-Wardens' Accounts (in Church-Wardens' Accounts of Croscombe, Pilton, Yatton, etc., ranging from 1349 to 1560, ed. by Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse, Somerset Record Soc. Publications, IV, 1890):

"Comes Thomas Blower and John Hille, and presents in xl s. of Roben Hod's recones." 147 $\frac{1}{2}$  (accounts for 147 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), p. 4.

"Comys Robin Hode and presents in xxxiiij s. iv d." 148 $\frac{1}{2}$  (for 148 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), p. 10.

"Ric. Willes was Roben Hode, and presents in for yere past xxiiij s." 148 $\frac{1}{2}$  (for 148 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), p. 11.

"Comys Robyn Hode, Wyllyam Wyndylsor, and presents in for the yere paste iiij l. vj s. viij d. ob." 148 $\frac{1}{2}$  (for 148 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), p. 14.

"Robyn Hode presents in xlvj s. viij d." 149 $\frac{1}{2}$  (for 149 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), p. 20.

And so of later years.

A pasture called Robynhode Closse is mentioned in the Chamberlains' Accounts of the town of Nottingham in 1485, 1486, and 1500: Records of the Borough of Nottingham, III, 64, 230, 254. A Robynhode Well near the same town is mentioned in a presentment at the sessions of July 20, 1500 (III, 74), and again in

1548 as Robyn's Wood Well (IV, 441). Robin Hood's Acre is mentioned in 1624 (IV, 441). Robbin-hood's Wele is mentioned in Jack of Dover, his Quest of Inquirie, 1604, Hazlitt, Jest-Books, II, 315. (The above by G. L. K.)

49 b. Italian robber-songs. "Sulle piazze romane e napoletane ognuno ha potuto sentire ripetere i canti epici che celebrano le imprese di famosi banditi o prepotenti, Meo Patata, Mastrilli, Frà Diavolo:" Cantù, Documenti alla Storia universale (1858), V, 891.

53 a. Note on 243-47. The same incident in The Jest of Scogin, Hazlitt's Jest-Books, II, 151. (G. L. K.)

53 f., 519 a. See also the traditional story how Bishop Forbes, of Corse, lent his brother a thousand marks on the security of God Almighty, in The Scotsman's Library, by James Mitchell, 1825, p. 576. (W. Macmath.)

## 121. Robin Hood and the Potter.

P. 108 a. Compare the Great-Russian bylinas about Il'ja of Murom and his son (daughter). Il'ja is captain of the march-keepers, Dobrynja second in command. No man, on foot or on horse, no bird or beast, undertakes to pass. But one day a young hero crosses, neither greeting nor paying toll. One of the guards, commonly Dobrynja, is sent after him, but comes back in a fright. Il'ja takes the matter in hand, has a fight with the young man, is worsted at first, but afterwards gets the better of him. Wollner, Volksepik der Grossrussen, p. 115. (W. W.)

## 141. Robin Hood rescuing Will Stutly.

P. 186. Stanzas 19, 20. The boon of being allowed to fight at odds, rather than be judicially executed, is of very common occurrence in South-Slavic songs, generally with the *nuance* that the hero asks to have the worst horse and the worst weapon. A well-known instance is the Servian song of Jurišić Janko, Karađzić, II, 319, No 52, and the older Croat song of Svilojević (treating the same matter), Bogišić, p. 120 No 46. (W. W.)

## 155. Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter.

P. 241. For the subject in general, and particularly 'el santo niño de la Guardia,' see further H. C. Lea, in The English Historical Review, IV, 229, 1889.

242 b, fourth paragraph. See J. Loeb, Un mémoire de Laurent Ganganeli sur la calomnie du meurtre rituel, in Revue des Etudes juives, XVIII, 179 ff., 1889. (G. L. K.) For the other side: Il sangue cristiano nei riti ebraici della moderna sinagoga. Versione dal greco del Professore N. F. S. Prato, 1883. Henri Desportes, Le mystère du sang chez les Juifs de tous les temps. Paris, 1889.

246 b. E 5. The following stanza was inserted by Motherwell as a variation in a copy of his Minstrelsy afterwards acquired by Mr P. A. Ramsay:

She went down to the Jew's garden,  
Where the grass grows lang and green,  
She pulled an apple aff the tree,  
Wi a red cheek and a green,  
She hung it on a gouden chain,  
To wile that bonnie babe in.

249 ff. A version resembling H-M, O has been kindly communicated by Mr P. Z. Round.

## S

Written down April, 1891, by Mrs W. H. Gill, of Sidcup, Kent, as recited to her in childhood by a maidservant in London.

- 1 It rained so high, it rained so low,  
In the Jew's garden all below.
- 2 Out came a Jew,  
All clothed in green,  
Saying, Come hither, come hither, my sweet  
little boy,  
And fetch your ball again.
- 3 'I won't come hither, I shan't come hither,  
Without my school-fellows all;  
My mother would beat me, my father would  
kill me,  
And cause my blood to pour.
- 4 'He showed me an apple as green as grass,  
He showed me a gay gold ring,  
He showed me a cherry as red as blood,  
And that enticed me in.
- 5 'He enticed me into the parlour,  
He enticed me into the kitchen,  
And there I saw my own dear sister,  
A picking of a chicken.
- 6 'He set me in a golden chair  
And gave me sugar sweet;  
He laid me on a dresser-board,  
And stabbed me like a sheep.
- 7 'With a Bible at my head,  
A Testament at my feet,

A prayer-book at the side of me,  
And a penknife in so deep.

- 8 'If my mother should enquire for me,  
Tell her I'm asleep;  
Tell her I'm at heaven's gate,  
Where her and I shall meet.'

#### 156. Queen Eleanor's Confession.

Pp. 258 ff.

#### G

'Earl Marshall,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 4 b, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

- 1 The queen of England she is seek,  
And seek and like to dee;  
She has sent for friers out of France,  
To bespeak hir speed[i]ly.
- 2 The king has cald on his merrymen,  
By thirtys and by threes;  
Earl Marshall should have been the foremost  
man,  
But the very last man was he.
- 3 'The queen of England s[h]e is seek,  
And seek and like to dee,  
And she has sent for friers out of France,  
To bespeak hir speedily.
- 4 'But I will put on a frier's weeg,  
And ye'll put on another,  
And we'll away to Queen Helen gaits,  
Like friers both together.'
- 5 'O no, no,' says Earl Marshall,  
'For this it must not be;  
For if the queen get word of that,  
High hanged I will be.'
- 6 'But I will swear by my septer and crown,  
And by the seas so free,  
I will swear by my septer and crown,  
Earl Marshall, thow's no dee.'
- 7 So he has put on a frier's wig,  
And the king has put on another,  
And they are away to Queen Helen gaits,  
Like friers both together.
- 8 When they came to Queen Helen gaits,  
They tirl'd at the pin;  
There was non so ready as the queene herself  
To open and let them in.
- 9 'O are you two Scottiah dogs? —  
And hanged you shall be —  
Or are [you] friers come out of France,  
To bespeak me speedily?'
- 10 'We are not two Scottiah dogs,  
Nor hanged we shall be;  
For we have not spoken a wrong word  
Since we came over the sea.'
- 11 'Well then, the very first that ever I sind  
I freely confess to thee;  
Earl Marshall took my maidenhead  
Below yon greenwood tree.'
- 12 'That is a sin, and very great sin,  
But the Pope will pardon thee;'  
'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.
- 13 'The very next sin that ever I sind  
I freely confess to thee;  
I had [poisen] seven years in my breast  
To poisen King Hendry.'
- 14 'That is a sin, and very great sin,  
But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.
- 15 'The very next sin that ever I sind  
I freely confess to thee;  
I poisoned one of my court's ladies,  
Was far more fairer than me.'
- 16 'That is a sin, and a very great sin,  
But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.
- 17 'Do you see yon bony boys,  
Playing at the baw?  
The oldest of them is Earl Marshall's,  
And I like him best of all.'
- 18 'That is a sin, and very great sin,  
But the Pope forgiveth thee;'

'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.

- 19 'Do ye see two bony [boys],  
Playing at the baw?  
The youngest of them is King Hendry's,  
And I like him worst of all.

- 20 'Because he is headed like a bull,  
And his nose is like a boar;  
'What is the matter?' says King Henry,  
'For he shall be my heir.'

- 21 Now he put off his frier's wig  
And drest himself [in] red;  
She wrung hir hands, and tore hir hair,  
And s[w]ore she was betraid.

- 22 'Had I not sworn by my septer and crown,  
And by the seas so free,  
Had I not sworn by my septer and crown,  
Earl Marshall, thowst have died.'

4<sup>2</sup>. yet. 4<sup>3</sup>. will. 14<sup>2</sup>. they.  
19<sup>2</sup>. is Earl Marshall's.

#### 158. Hugh Spencer's Feats in France.

III, 276, note †. I had remarked that this ballad was after the fashion of Russian bylinas. Professor Wollner indicates especially the bylina of Dobrynja and Vasilij Kazimirovič, which in a general way is singularly like 'Hugh Spencer.' In this very fine ballad, Vladimir is in arrears with his tribute to a Saracen king, and appoints Vasilij his envoy, to make payment. Vasilij asks that he may have Dobrynja go with him, and Dobrynja asks for Ivanuška's company. (Compare B.) Dobrynja beats the king at chess and at the bow (which corresponds to the justing in the English ballad); then follows a great fight, the result of which is that the Saracen king is fain to pay tribute himself. Wollner, *Volksepik der Grossrussen*, pp. 123-125.

Other examples of difficult feats done in foreign lands, commonly by comrades of the hero, in Karadžić, II, 445, 465, Nos 75, 79; also II, 132, No 29; and the Bulgarian *Sbornik*, II, 130, 1, 132, 3. (W. W.)

#### 161. The Battle of Otterburn.

Pp. 294, 520. St George Our Lady's Knight. 'Swete Sainet George, our ladies knyght,' Skelton, 'Against the Scottes,' v. 141, Dyce, I, 186; 'Thankyd be Saynte Gorge our ladyes knythe,' in the 'Ballade of the Scottysche Kynge,' p. 95 of the fac-simile edition by J. Ash-

ton, 1882 (where the passage is somewhat different). In his note, II, 220, to the poem 'Against the Scottes,' Dyce remarks that St George is called Our Lady's Knight "in a song written about the same time as the present poem, Cott. MS. Domit. A. xviii. fol. 248." This appears to be the song quoted from the same MS. by Sir H. Ellis, *Original Letters*, First Series, I, 79:

'Swet Sent Jorge, our Ladyes knythe,  
Save Kyng Hary bothe be day and nyth.'

In his Chorus de Dis, super triumphali victoria contra Gallos, etc., Skelton speaks of St George as Gloria Cappadociis divæ milesque Mariæ, v. 13; Dyce, I, 191. See also John Anstis, *The Register of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*, London, 1724, I, 122; II, 27, 48 f. (G. L. K.)

299. C. First published in the second edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1803, I, 27. 1<sup>34</sup> there read The doughty earl of Douglas rode Into England, to catch a prey; 31<sup>1</sup>, Yield thee, O yield thee, etc., and 31<sup>2</sup>, Whom to shall I yield, said, etc.

For his later edition of 'The Battle of Otterburn,' Scott says he used "two copies . . . obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest." James Hogg sent Scott, in a letter dated September 10 (1802?), twenty-nine stanzas "collected from two different people, a crazy old man and a woman deranged in her mind," and subsequently recovered, by "pumping" his "old friends' memory," other lines and half lines out of which (using the necessary cement, and not a little) he built up eleven stanzas more, and these he seems to have forwarded in the same letter. These two communications are what is described by Scott as two copies. They will be combined here according to Hogg's directions, and the second set of verses bracketed for distinction.

The materials out of which C was constructed can now easily be separated. We must bear in mind that Scott allowed himself a liberty of alteration; this he did not, however, carry very far in the present instance. 1-13, 15-19, 23 are taken, with slight change or none, from Hogg's first "copy" of verses; 24, 26-29 from the second; 30-35 are repeated from Scott's first edition. 14 is altered from A 16; 20 = Hogg 21<sup>1,2</sup> + Scott; 21 = Hogg 22<sup>1</sup> + Hogg 35<sup>2,4</sup>; 22 = Hogg 23<sup>1,2</sup> + Scott; 25 = Hogg 28<sup>1</sup> + B 8<sup>2,4</sup>. Scott did well to drop Hogg 9, and ought to have dropped Hogg 8.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 132, *Abbotsford*, stanzas 1-24, 35-38, 40; the same, No 5, stanzas 25-34, 39. Communicated to Scott, in a letter, by James Hogg.

- 1 It fell about the Lammas time,  
When the muir-men won their hay,  
That the doughty Earl Douglas went  
Into England to catch a prey.

- 2 He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,  
With the Lindsays light and gay ;  
But the Jardines wadna wi him ride,  
And they rued it to this day.
- 3 And he has burnt the dales o Tine  
And part of Almonshire,  
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells  
He left them all on fire.
- 4 Then he marchd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about :  
'O whae 's the lord of this castle,  
Or whae 's the lady o 't?'
- 5 But up spake proud Lord Piercy then,  
And O but he spak hie !  
I am the lord of this castle,  
And my wife 's the lady gaye.'
- 6 'If you are lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me ;  
For ere I cross the border again  
The ane of us shall die.'
- 7 He took a lang speir in his hand,  
Was made of the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas then  
He rode most furiously.
- 8 But O how pale his lady lookd,  
Frae off the castles wa,  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw brave Piercy fa !
- 9 How pale and wan his lady lookd,  
Frae off the castle hieght,  
When she beheld her Piercy yield  
To doughty Douglas' might !
- 10 'Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I should have had ye flesh and fell ;  
But your sword shall gae wi me.'
- 11 'But gae you up to Otterburn,  
And there wait dayes three,  
And if I come not ere three days' end  
A fause lord ca ye me.'
- 12 'The Otterburn 's a bonny burn,  
'Tis pleasant there to be,  
But there is naught at Otterburn  
To feed my men and me.
- 13 'The deer rins wild ower hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree,  
And there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.
- 14 'But I will stay at Otterburn,  
Where you shall welcome be ;  
And if ye come not ere three days' end  
A coward I 'll ca thee.'
- 15 'Then gae your ways to Otterburn,  
And there wait dayes three ;  
And if I come not ere three days' end  
A coward ye 's ca me.'
- 16 They lighted high on Otterburn,  
Upon the bent so brown,  
They lighted high on Otterburn,  
And threw their pallions down.
- 17 And he that had a bonny boy  
Sent his horses to grass,  
And he that had not a bonny boy  
His ain servant he was.
- 18 But up then spak a little page,  
Before the peep of the dawn ;  
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Piercy 's hard at hand !'
- 19 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye loud liar,  
Sae loud I hear ye lie !  
The Piercy hadna men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.
- 20 'But I have seen a dreary dream,  
Beyond the isle o Sky ;  
I saw a dead man won the fight,  
And I think that man was I.'
- 21 He belted on his good broad-sword  
And to the field he ran,  
Where he met wi the proud Piercy,  
And a' his goodly train.
- 22 When Piercy wi the Douglas met,  
I wat he was right keen ;  
They swakked their swords till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran them between.

- 23 But Piercy wi his good broad-sword,  
Was made o the metal free,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow  
Till backward he did flee.
- 24 Then he calld on his little page,  
And said, Run speedily,  
And bring my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
- 25 [Who, when he saw the Douglas bleed,  
His heart was wonder wae:  
'Now, by my sword, that haughty lord  
Shall rue before he gae.'
- 26 'My nephew bauld,' the Douglas said,  
'What boots the death of ane?  
Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.
- 27 'I dreamd I saw a battle fought  
Beyond the isle o Sky,  
When lo, a dead man wan the field,  
And I thought that man was I.
- 28 'My wound is deep, I fain wad sleep,  
Nae mair I'll fighting see;  
Gae lay me in the broken bush  
That grows on yonder lee.
- 29 'But tell na ane of my brave men  
That I lye bleeding wan,  
But let the name of Douglas still  
Be shouted in the van.
- 30 'And bury me here on this lee,  
Beneath the blooming brier,  
And never let a mortal ken  
A kindly Scot lyes here.'
- 31 He liftit up that noble lord,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee,  
And hid him in the broken bush,  
On yonder lily lee.
- 32 The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinters flew,  
But mony gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.
- 33 Sir Hugh Montgomery he rode  
Thro all the field in sight,

And loud the name of Douglas still  
He urgd wi a' his might.

- 34 The Gordons good, in English blood  
They steepd their hose and shoon,  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till a' the fray was doon.]
- 35 When stout Sir Hugh wi Piercy met,  
I wat he was right fain;  
They swakked their swords till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.
- 36 'O yield thee, Piercy,' said Sir Hugh,  
'O yield, or ye shall die!'  
'Fain wad I yield,' proud Piercy said,  
'But neer to loun like thee.'
- 37 'Thou shalt not yield to knave nor loun,  
Nor shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the broken bush  
That grows on yonder lee.'
- 38 'I will not yield to bush or brier,  
Nor will I yield to thee;  
But I will yield to Lord Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery.'
- 39 [When Piercy knew it was Sir Hugh,  
He fell low on his knee,  
But soon he raisd him up again,  
Wi mickle courtesy.]
- 40 He left not an Englishman on the field  
.  
.  
.  
That he hadna either killd or taen  
Ere his heart's blood was cauld.

35<sup>a</sup>. swords still.

Hogg writes :

"As for the scraps of Otterburn which I have got, they seem to have been some confused jumble, made by some person who had learned both the songs which you have, and in time had been straitened to make one out of them both. But you shall have it as I had it, saving that, as usual, I have sometimes helped the measure, without altering one original word."

After 24 : "This ballad, which I have collected from two different people, a crazy old man and a woman deranged in her mind, seems hitherto considerably entire; but now, when it becomes most interesting, they have

both failed me, and I have been obliged to take much of it in plain prose. However, as none of them seemed to know anything of the history save what they had learned from the song, I took it the more kindly. Any few verses which follow are to me unintelligible.

"He told Sir Hugh that he was dying, and ordered him to conceal his body, and neither let his own men nor Piercy's know; which he did, and the battle went on headed by Sir Hugh Montgomery, and at length" (35, etc.).

After 38: "Piercy seems to have been fighting devilishly in the dark; indeed, my relaters added no more, but told me that Sir Hugh died on the field, but that" (40).

In the postscript, Hogg writes:

"Not being able to get the letter away to the post, I have taken the opportunity of again pumping my old friends' memory, and have recovered some more lines and half lines of Otterburn, of which I am become somewhat enamoured. These I have been obliged to arrange somewhat myself, as you will see below; but so mixed are they with original lines and sentences that I think, if you pleased, they might pass without any acknowledgment. Sure no man will like an old song the worse of being somewhat harmonious. After [24] you may read [25-34]. Then after [38] read [39]."

Of Almonshire [32] Hogg writes: "Almon shire may probably be a corruption of Banburgh shire, but as both my relaters called it so, I thought proper to preserve it."

Andrew Livingston writes to Scott, Airds by Castle Douglas, 28th April, 1806, Letters, I, No 183: "My mother recollects seven or eight verses of the ballad of 'The Battle of Otterburn' different from any I have seen either in the first and second editions of the Minstrelsy or in Percy's Reliques. . . . In several parts they bear a great resemblance to the copy in the first edition of the Minstrelsy."

## 162. The Hunting of the Cheviot.

P. 306. Fighting on or with stumps, etc.

Ketilbjörn's foot is cut off at the ankle-joint. He does not fall, but hobbles against his enemies and kills two of them before his strength gives out: Gull-póris Saga, c. 18, ed. Maurer, p. 75. Gnúpr fought on his knees after his foot was off: Vemundar Saga ok Víga-skútu, c. 13, Rafn, Íslendinga Sögur, II, 266. Sörli kills eleven men with his club, hobbling round on one foot and one stump (apparently, though Sörli and Hárr are perhaps confused in the narrative): Göngu-Hrólfs Saga, c. 31, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, III, 329, Ásmundarson, III, 214 (wrongly, 114). Már fights when both his hands are off: Gull-póris Saga, c. 10, Maurer, p. 59. Compare the exploits of Sölvi after both his hands have been cut off: Göngu-Hrólfs Saga, c. 31,

Rafn, F. S., III, 331, Ásmundarson, III, 215 (wrongly 115); and Röndólfr's performances after one of his hands has been cut off and all the toes of one foot, in the same saga, c. 30, Rafn, p. 324 f., Ásmundarson, p. 211 (111); and Göngu-Hrólfr's, who has had both feet cut off while he slept, the same saga, c. 25, Rafn, pp. 307-9, Ásmundarson, 197 f. The Highlander at the battle of Gasklune had his predecessor in Áli, in the same saga, c. 30, Rafn, p. 324, Ásmundarson, p. 210 (110). (G. L. K.)

## 167. Sir Andrew Barton.

P. 338 b. Gold to bury body. So in the story of Buridan and the Queen of France, Haupt's Zeitschrift II, 364. (G. L. K.)

In Apollonius of Tyre: *puellam in loculo composuit . . . et uiginti sestertios ad caput ipsius posuit, et scripturam sic continentem: Quicumque corpus istud inuenerit et humo tradiderit medios sibi teneat, medios pro funere expendat; et misit in mare.* C. 25, ed. Riese, p. 29. Cf. Jourdain de Blaivies, 2222-33, K. Hofmann, Amis et Amiles und Jourdain de Blaivies, 1882, p. 168 f. (P. Z. Round.)

'The Sonnge of Sir Andraye Barton, Knight,' English Miscellanies, edited by James Raine, Surtees Society, vol. lxxxv, p. 64, 1890; from a MS. in a hand of the sixteenth century now in York Minster Library.

This very interesting version of Sir Andrew Barton, the editor informs us, was originally No 25 of a ballad-book in small quarto. It came recently "into the possession of the Dean and Chapter of York with a number of papers which belonged in the seventeenth century to the episcopal families of Lamplugh and Davenant." If, as is altogether probable, there were copies of other ballads in the same book in quality as good as this, and if, as is equally probable, no more of the book can be recovered, our only comfort is the cold one of having had losses. In several details this copy differs from that of the Percy MS., but not more than would be expected. The English sail out of the Thames on the morrow after midsummer month, July 1, and come back the night before St Maudlen's eve, or the night of July 20, stanzas 17, 74. In stanza 42 Barton boasts that he had once sent thirty Portingail heads home salted — 'to eat with bread'! We read in Lesley's History that the Hollanders had taken and spoiled divers Scots ships, and had cruelly murdered and cast overboard the merchants and passengers; in revenge for which Andrew Barton took many ships of that country, and filled certain pipes with the heads of the Hollanders and sent them to the Scottish king. (Ed. 1830, p. 74; ed. 1578, p. 329.) The eating is a ferocious addition of the ballad. Several passages of this copy are corrupted. A throws light upon some of these places, but others remain to me unamendable.

- 1 It fell against a midsomer moneth,  
When birds soonge well in every tree,  
Our worths prence, Kinge Henrye,  
He roode untoe a chelvellrye.
- 2 And allsoe toe a forrest soe faire,  
Wher his Grace wente toe tak the ayre ;  
And twentye marchantes of London citie  
Then on there knees they kneelled there.
- 3 'Ye are welcome home, my rich marchantes,  
The best salers in Christentie !'  
'We thanke yowe; by the rood, we are salers  
good,  
But rich marchantes we cannot be.
- 4 'To France nor Flanders we der not goe,  
Nor a Burgesse voy[a]ge we der not fare,  
For a robber that lyes abroad on the sea,  
And robs us of oure marchantes-ware.'
- 5 King Henry was stout, and turnd hime  
about ;  
He sware by the lord that was mickell of  
might,  
'Is ther any rober in the world soe stoute  
Der worke toe England that unrighte?'
- 6 The marchantes answered, soore they sight,  
With a woefull harte to the kinge againe,  
'He is one that robes us of our right,  
Were we twentie shippes and he but one.'
- 7 King Henrye lookte over his shoulder agayne,  
Amongst his lordes of hye degree :  
'Have I not a lord in all my land soe stoute  
Der take yon robber upon the sea?'
- 8 'Yes,' then did answer my lord Charls How-  
warde,  
Neare the kinge's grace that he did stande ;  
He saide, If your Grace will give me leave,  
My selfe will be the onlie man,
- 9 'That will goe beat Sir Andrewe Barton  
Upon the seas, if he be there ;  
I 'le ether bringe hime and his shippe toe this  
lande,  
Ore I 'le come in England never more.'
- 10 'Yow shall have five hundrethe men,' saide  
Kinge Henrye,  
'Chuse them within my realme soe free,
- Beside all other merriners and boys,  
Toe gide the great shippe on the sea.'
- 11 The first of all the lord up cald,  
A noble gunner he was one ;  
This man was thre score yeares and ten,  
And Petter Symond height his name.
- 12 'Petter,' quoeth he, 'I must saill the sea,  
Toe looke an enemye, God be my speede !  
As thowe arte ould, I have chossen the  
Of a hundreth gunners to be the headde.'
- 13 He said, If your Honor have chossen me  
Of a hundreth gunners to be the headd,  
On your mayn-mast-tre let me be hangd,  
If I miss thre mille a penny breed.
- 14 Then next of all my lord up cald,  
A noble boweman he was ane ;  
In Yorkeshier was this gentleman borne,  
And William Horsley height his name.
- 15 'Horsley,' saide he, 'I must saill the sea,  
To meete an eneme, thow must knowe ;  
I have oft [been] told of thy artillorye,  
But of thy shootinge I never sawe.
- 16 'Yet fore thye drawght that thowe dost drawe,  
Of a hundreth bowemen to be the heade ;'  
Said Horsley then, Let me be hang[d]e,  
If I mis twelve score a twelt penc[e]  
breed.
- 17 Yea, pickmen more, and bowmen both,  
This worths Howard tooke to the sea ;  
On the morowe after midsomer moneth  
Out of Temes mouth sailled he.
- 18 Hee had not sailled one daie but three,  
After his Honor tooke to the sea,  
When he mette with one Harrie Huntte,  
In Newcastle ther dwelte hee.
- 19 When he sawe the lion of England out blaisse,  
The streamers and the roose about his eye,  
Full soonne he let his toppe-saill fall ;  
That was a tooke of curtissie.
- 20 My lord he cald of Henry Huntte,  
Bad Harry Hunt both stay and stande ;  
Saies, Tell me where thy dwellinge is,  
And whome unto thye shippe belonges.

- 21 Henrye Hunt he answered, sore he sight,  
With a woefull hart and a sorrowefull  
minde,  
'I and this shippe doth both belonge  
Unto the Newe Castell that stands upon  
Tyne.'
- 22 'But haist thowe harde,' said my lord Charles  
Hawward,  
'Wher thowe haist travelled, by daie or by  
night,  
Of a robber that lies abroode on the sea,  
They call him Sir Andrewe Barton, knight?'
- 23 'Yes,' Harye answered, sore he sight,  
With a woefull hart thus did he saye;  
'Mary, overwell I knowe that wight,  
I was his pressoner yesterdaie,
- 24 'Toe frome home, my lord, that I was boune,  
A Burgess voyage was boune so faire,  
Sir Andrewe Barton met with me,  
And robd me of mye merchantes-waire.
- 25 'And I ame a man in mickle debte,  
And everye one craves his owne of mee;  
And I am boune to London, my lorde,  
Fore toe comepleanne to good King Henrye.'
- 26 'But even I pray the,' saies Lord Charlles  
Howeerd,  
'Henrye, let me that robber see,  
Where that Scoott hath teyne from the a  
grootte,  
I 'le paye the back a shillinge,' said hee.
- 27 'Nay, God forbid! yea, noble lord,  
I heare your Honor speake amisse;  
Christ keepe yowe out of his companye!  
Ye wott not what kine a man he is.
- 28 'He is brase within and steelle without,  
He beares beames in his topcastle hye,  
He hath threscore peece on ether side,  
Besides, my lorde, well mande is he.
- 29 'He hath a pennis is dearelye deighte,  
She is dearelye deighte and of mickell pried;  
His pennis hath ninescore men and more,  
And thirtene peece on ethere side.
- 30 'Were yowe twentie shippes, my lorde,  
As your Honor is but one,  
Ethere bye lerbord or by lowe  
That Scootte would overcome yowe, everye  
one.'
- 31 'Marye, that's ill hartinge,' saies my lord  
Charlls Howeward,  
'Harye, to welcome a stranger to the sea;  
I 'le ether bringe thatt Scootte and his shippe  
toe England,  
Or into Scootteland hee ['s] carrye me.'
- 32 'Well, since the matter is soe flatte,  
Take heed, I 'le tell yowe this before;  
If yowe Sir Andrewe chance toe borde,  
Let noe man toe his topcastle goe.
- 33 'Excepte yowe have a gunner goode  
That can well marke with his eye;  
First seeke to gette his pennis sunk,  
The sooner overcome his selfe may bee.
- 34 'Yesterdaie I was Sir Andrewe's pressoner,  
And ther he tooke me sworne,' saide hee;  
'Before I 'le leave off my serving God,  
My wild-maide oeth may brooken be.
- 35 'Will yowe lend me sexe peece of ordenance,  
my lord,  
To carye into my shippe with mee?  
Toe morrowe by seven a clocke, and souner,  
In the morne yowe shall Sir Andrewe see.
- 36 'Fore I will set yowe a glasse, my lord,  
That yowe shall saille forth all this night;  
Toe morrowe be seven a clocke, and souner,  
Yow's se Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.'
- 37 Nowe will we leave talkinge of Harry Hunt;  
The worthy Howwarde tooke to the sea;  
By the morne, by seven a clocke, and souner,  
My lord hee did Sir Andrewe see.
- 38 A larborde, wher Sir Andrewe laye,  
They saide he tould his gold in the light;  
'Nowe, by my faith,' saide my lord Charlles  
Howwarde,  
'I se yonne Scootte, a worthē wight!
- 39 'All our greatt ordienance wee 'll take in;  
Fetch downe my streemers,' then saide hee,  
'And hange me forth a white willowe-wande,  
As a marchante-man that sailles by the  
sea.'

- 40 By Sir Andrewe then mye lord he past,  
And noe topsaille let fall would hee :  
'What meanes yonne English dogg?' he saies,  
'Dogs doe knowe noe curtissie.
- 41 'For I have staid heare in this place  
Admirall more then yearës three ;  
Yet was not ther Englisheman or Portingail  
Could passe by me with his liffe,' saide he.
- 42 'Once I met with the Portingails,  
Yea, I met with them, ye, I indeed ;  
I salted thirtie of ther heades,  
And sent them home to eate with breade.
- 43 'Nowe by me is yoen pedler past ;  
It greves me at the hart,' said hee ;  
'Fetch me yoen English dogs,' he saide,  
'I 'le hange them al on my mayn-mast-tree.'
- 44 Then his pennis shotte of a peec[e] of orde-  
nance ;  
The shootte my lord might verye well ken,  
Fore he shootte downe his missonne-mast,  
And kild fifteen of my lordë's men.
- 45 'Come hether, Peter Simond,' said my lord  
Charles Howard,  
'Letes se thi word standis in steede ;  
On my mayn-mast-tre thowe must be hunge,  
If thowe misse three mill a penney breed.'
- 46 Petter was ould, his hart was bould ;  
He tooke a peece frome hie and laid hir be-  
loue ;  
He put in a chean of yeard[ë]s nine,  
Besides all other greate shootte and smalle.
- 47 And as he maide that gune to goe,  
And verye well he marke[d] with his eie,  
The first sight that Sir Andrewe sawe,  
He sawe his penis sunke in the sea.
- 48 When Sir Andrewe sawe his pennis sunke,  
That map in his hart was no thinge well :  
'Cut me my cabells! let me be lousse!  
I 'le fetch yoen English dogges me selne.'
- 49 When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe from his an-  
ker loouse,  
Nay, Lord! a mighty man was hee :  
'Let my drumes strike up and my trumpetes  
sound,  
And blaise my banners vaillantlie.'
- 50 Peter Simon's sonne shoote of a gune ;  
That Sir Andrewe might very well ken ;  
Fore he shoott throughe his over-decke,  
And kild fittie of Sir Andrewe's men.
- 51 'Ever alack!' said Sir Andrewe Barton,  
'I like not of this geare,' saide hee ;  
'I doubt this is some English lorde  
That's comed to taik me on the sea.'
- 52 Harrye Hunt came in on the other side ;  
The shoote Sir Andrewe might very well ken ;  
Fore he shoote downe his misson-mast,  
And kild other fortye of his men.
- 53 'Ever alacke!' said Sir Andrewe Barton,  
'What maye a trewe man thinke or saye?  
He is becomed my greatest enmye  
That was my pressonner yesterdaie.
- 54 'Yet feare no English dogges,' said Sir Andrew  
Barton,  
'Nor fore ther forse stand ye [in] no awe ;  
My hands shall hange them all my selfe,  
Froe once I let my beames downe fawe.
- 55 'Come hether quick, thou Girdon goøde,  
And come thou hether at my call,  
Fore heare I may noe longer staye ;  
Goe up and let my beames down fall.'
- 56 Then he swarnd up the maine-mast-tree,  
With mickell might and all his maine ;  
Then Horsley with a broode-headed arrowe  
Stroke then Girdon throughe the weame.
- 57 And he fell backe to the hatches againe,  
And in that wound full sore did bleed ;  
The blood that ran soe fast from hime,  
They said it was the Girdon's deed.
- 58 'Come hether, thow James Hamelton,  
Thowe my sister's sonne, I have noe moe ;  
I 'le give the five hundreth pound,' he saide,  
'Ife thowe wilt toe the top[ca]saille goe.'
- 59 Then he swarnd up the mayn-mast-tree,  
With mickell might and all his mayne ;

- Then Horsley with a broode-arrowe-head  
Tooke hime in at the buttuke of the utuer  
beame.
- 60 Yet frome the tre he would not parte,  
But up in haist he did prossed ;  
Then Horsley with anotheir arrowe  
Strooke then Hamelton through the heade.
- 61 When Sir Andrewe sawe his sister's sonne  
slayne,  
That man in his heart was nothinge well :  
'Fight, maisters!' said Sir Andrewe Barton,  
'It's time I 'le to the top myselne.'
- 62 Then he put on the armere of prooffe,  
And it was guilt with gold full cleare :  
'My brother John of Barton,' he saide,  
'Full longe against Portingail he it weare.'
- 63 When he had on that armore of prooffe,  
Yea, on his bodye he had that on,  
Marry, they that sawe Sir Andrewe Barton  
Said arrowes nor guns he feared none.
- 64 Yet Horsley drewe a broode-headed arrowe,  
With mickell might and all his mayne ;  
That shaft against Sir Andrewe's brest  
Came back to my lord Howwarde's shippe  
agayne.
- 65 When my lord he sawe that arrowe comme,  
My lord he was a woefull wight ;  
'Marke well thine ame, Horsley,' he saide,  
'Fore that same shoote I 'le make the  
knight.'
- 66 'Ever alacke!' said Horsley then,  
'For howe soe ever this geare doth goe,  
If I for my service louse my heade,  
I have in this shippe but arrowe[s] towe.'
- 67 Yet he mar[k]t hime with the one of them,  
In a previe place and a secrete pert ;  
He shoote hime in at the left oxtere,  
The arrowe quiett through the [the] harte.
- 68 'Feight, maisters!' said Sir Andrewe Barton,  
ton,  
'I'se a litle hurt, but I ame not slayne ;  
I 'le lie me downe and bleede a whill,  
I 'le risse and feight with yowe agayne.
- 69 'Yet feare noe English dogges,' said Sir Andrewe Barton,  
'Nore fore there force stand ye [in] noe  
awe ;  
Stick stifeley to Sir Andrewe Barton,  
Feight till ye heare my whiastill blowe.'
- 70 The could noe skill of the whiastill heare ;  
Quoeth Hary Hunt, I der lay my heade,  
My lord, yowe maye take the shippe when  
yowe will,  
I se Sir Andrewe Barton ['s] deade.
- 71 And then they borden that noble shippe,  
On both the sides, with all ther men ;  
Ther was eighteen [score] Scootes a live,  
Besides all other was hurte and slayne.
- 72 Then up my lord tooke Sir Andrewe Barton,  
And of he cutt the dead man's head :  
'I would forswear England for twenty years,  
Toe have the quicke as thowe art deade'
- 73 But of he cut the dead man's heade,  
And bounde his bodye toe borden tre,  
And tiede five hundreth angels about his midle,  
That was toe cause hime buried toe bee.
- 74 Then they sailed toe England agayne,  
With mickle merienes, as I weane ;  
They entred Englishe land agayn  
On the night before S<sup>m</sup> Maudlen even.
- 75 Toe mete my lord came the kinge an quen,  
And many nobles of hie degree ;  
They came fore noe kind of thinge  
But Sir Andrewe Barton they would see.
- 76 Quoth my lord, Yowe may thanke Allmighty  
God,  
And foure men in the shippe with mee,  
That ever we scaipt Sir Andrewe['s] hands ;  
England had never such an enniemie.
- 77 'That's Henry Hunt and Petter Symon,  
William Horsley and Petter Symon['s]  
sonne ;  
Reward all thoesse fore there paynes,  
They did good service att that time.'
- 78 'Henry Hunt shall have his whistle and chean,  
A noble daie I 'le give him,' quoeth hee,

'And his coustome betwexte Trent tid and  
Tyne,  
Soe longe as he doth use the sea.

79 'Petter Symon shall have a crowne a daie,  
Halfe a crowne I 'le give his sonne;  
That was fore a shoott he sente  
Sir Andrew Barton with his gune.

80 'Horsley, right I 'le make the a knight,  
In Yorkshiere shall thy dwellinge be;  
My lord Charles Howwarde shall be an earle,  
And soe was never Howward before,' quoth  
he.

81 'Everye Englishe man shall have eightten pens  
a daie  
That did mainetayne [t]his feight soe free,  
And everye Scotchman a shillinge a daie  
Till they come atte my brother Jamie.'

*In eight-line stanzas.*

1<sup>4</sup>. chelvellrye. chevachie? or some sort of vaille?  
3<sup>1</sup>. Yea. 4<sup>2</sup>. farre. 10<sup>3</sup>. and blause.  
10<sup>4</sup>. give the the. 14<sup>4</sup>. height: was *interlined*.  
16<sup>2</sup>. thou's be? 19<sup>2</sup>. sterne. *For streamers, see*  
39<sup>2</sup>, and B 33<sup>2</sup>. 23<sup>3</sup>. weight.  
28<sup>3</sup>. threscoree. 29<sup>4</sup>. sidde.  
30<sup>1</sup>. Were yare. *Perhaps* thare.  
30<sup>3</sup>. by lowe. *Cf.* A 29<sup>2</sup>: = hull? 32<sup>3</sup>. you and.  
38<sup>4</sup>, 65<sup>2</sup>. weight. 44<sup>4</sup>. xv<sup>th</sup>. 45<sup>2</sup>. the word.  
46<sup>3</sup>. ninee. 47<sup>3</sup>. sawee. 52<sup>1</sup>. sidde. 54<sup>2</sup>. yea no.  
55<sup>1</sup>. hether, drinke. 58<sup>2</sup>. noe more.  
58<sup>4</sup>, 66<sup>2</sup>. goee. 59<sup>3</sup>. *Probably* broode-headed ar-  
rowe, as in 56<sup>3</sup>, 64<sup>1</sup>.  
59<sup>4</sup>. utuer = outer? bane? *But I do not under-*  
*stand*.  
62<sup>4</sup>. Portingail they weare: *cf.* A 59<sup>4</sup>. 72<sup>3</sup>. xx<sup>th</sup>.  
73<sup>3</sup>. 5: angles. 75<sup>1</sup>. Toe might. 78<sup>2</sup>. An noble.  
79<sup>4</sup>. gunee. 81<sup>4</sup>. Jamie, Jamiee.

#### 168. Flodden Field.

P, 351 b, 12. See an account of the exhumation of  
a corpse wrapped in a hide without a covering of lead,  
in *Archæologia*, I, 34. (G. L. K.)

#### 169. Johnie Armstrong.

P. 367, note †. A new-born child thrown into the  
water by its mother tells her that she has lost Paradise:  
'L'Enfant noyé,' *La Tradition*, V, 116.

#### 172. Musselburgh Field.

P. 378. Is this the song quoted by Sir Toby in  
*Twelfth Night*, II, 3 (and hitherto unidentified), "O,  
the twelfth day of December"? (G. L. K.)

#### 173. Mary Hamilton.

Pp. 379-97. I a was first printed in the second edi-  
tion of the *Minstrelsy*, 1803, II, 163. (Read in 1<sup>2</sup>, on  
her; in 3<sup>2</sup>, hand.) The copy principally used was one  
furnished by Sharpe, which was not A a, and has not  
so far been recovered. Besides this, "copies from va-  
rious quarters" were resorted to. (Half a dozen stan-  
zas are found in G, but G itself is very likely a compila-  
tion). Eight copies from Abbotsford are now printed  
for the first time. Two of these may have been in  
Scott's hands in time to be used, two were certainly  
not, and for the others we have no date.

There is only one novel feature in all these copies:  
in U 13 Mary's paramour is a pottinger. The remark  
that there is no trace of an admixture of the Russian  
story with that of the apothecary, page 383, must there-  
fore be withdrawn.\* Mary in this version, as in E, F,  
Q, T, U, V, X, is daughter of the Duke of York.

X, like E, F, has borrowed from No 95: see 13-15.

#### S

Finlay sent Scott, March 27, 1803, the following copy  
of 'The Queen's Marie,' as he "had written it down  
from memory:" Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott,  
I, No 87, Abbotsford. Stanzas 10, 9, 12 appear in the  
second volume of the *Minstrelsy*, 1802, p. 154, with the  
variation of a couple of words, as 'The Lament of the  
Queen's Marie' (here I b). Perhaps Finlay adopted  
these three stanzas into his copy. Stanzas 1, 3, 6, 8,  
with very slight variations, were printed by Finlay in  
the preface to his *Scottish Ballads*, 1808 (O).

1 There lived a lord into the South,  
An he had daughters three;  
The youngest o them's gaen to the king's  
court,  
To learn some courtesie.

2 She had na been in the king's court  
A twelvemonth an a day,  
When word is thro the kitchen gaen,  
An likewise thro the ha,  
That Mary Moil was gane wi child  
To the highest steward of a'.

\* Scott suggested that the passage in Knox was the  
foundation of the ballad, January, 1802, in the first edition  
of his *Minstrelsy*, where only three stanzas were given.  
The Rev. Mr Paxton, however, first saw Scott's fragment  
not long before 1804, and then in the second number of the  
*Edinburgh Review*, where there is no mention of the apothe-  
cary. Thereupon, he says, I "instantly" wrote the enclosed  
piece from the mouth of my aged mother. There is no  
room, consequently, for the supposition that either mother  
or son might have taken a hint from Knox, and put in the  
pottinger.

- 3 She rowd it into a basket  
An flang't into the sea,  
Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe,  
Ye'se neer get mair o me.
- 4 She rowd it into a basket  
An flang't into the faem,  
Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe,  
I'se gang a maiden hame.
- 5 O whan the news cam to the king  
An angry man was he;  
He has taen the table wi his foot,  
An in flinders gart it flie.
- 6 'O woe be to you, ye ill woman,  
An ill death may ye die!  
Gin ye had spared the sweet baby's life,  
It might have been an honour to thee.
- 7 'O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Moil,  
O busk, an gang wi me,  
For agen the morn at ten o clock  
A rare sight ye sall see.'
- 8 She wadna put on her gown o black,  
Nor yet wad she o brown,  
But she wad put on her gown o gowd,  
To glance thro Embro town.
- 9 O whan she cam to the Netherbow Port  
She gied loud laughters three,  
But whan she cam to the gallows-foot  
The tear blinded her ee.
- 10 Saying, O ye mariners, mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let not my father nor mother to wit  
The death that I maun die.
- 11 'For little did father or mother wit,  
The day they cradled me,  
What foreign lands I should travel in,  
Or what death I should die.
- 12 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The night she'll hae but three;  
There was Mary Seton, an Mary Beaton,  
An Mary Carmichael, an me.'

3<sup>s</sup>, 4<sup>s</sup>. *We should read Sink ye, soom ye, as in  
A 3<sup>s</sup>, U 14<sup>s</sup>, X 4<sup>s</sup>, and other copies.*

## T

Communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mrs Christiana Greenwood, London, 21st February and 27th May, 1806, from the recitation of her mother and her aunt, who learned the ballad above fifty years before from Kirstan Scot, then an old woman, at Longnewton, near Jedburgh: *Letters at Abbotsford*, I, Nos 173, 189.

- 1 There was a duke, and he dwelt in York,  
And he had daughters three;  
One of them was an hostler-wife,  
And two were gay ladies.
- 2 O word's gane to Queen Mary's court,  
As fast as it could gee,  
That Mary Hamilton's born a bairn,  
And the baby they could na see.
- 3 Then came the queen and a' her maids,  
Swift tripping down the stair:  
'Where is the baby, Mary,  
That we heard weep sae sair?'
- 4 'O say not so, Queen Mary,  
Nor bear ill tales o me,  
For this is but a sore sickness  
That oft times troubles me.'
- 5 They sought it up, they sought it down,  
They sought it below the bed,  
And there the[y] saw the bonny wee babe,  
Lying wallowing in its bluid.
- 6 'Now busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,  
Busk ye and gang wi me,  
For I maun away to Edinbro town,  
A rich wedding to see.'
- 7 Mary wad na put on the black velvet,  
Nor yet wad put on the brown,  
But she's put on the red velvet,  
To shine thro Edinbro town.
- 8 When she came unto the town,  
And near the Tolbooth stair,  
There stood many a lady gay,  
Weeping for Mary fair.
- 9 'O haud yeer tongue[s], ye ladys a',  
And weep na mair for me!  
O haud yeer tongues, ye ladys a',  
For it's for my fault I dee.

- 10 'The king he took me on his knee  
And he gae three drinks to me,  
And a' to put the babie back,  
But it wad na gang back for me.
- 11 'O ye mariners, ye mariners a',  
That sail out-owr the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
What has become o me!
- 12 'Let neither my father nor mother ken,  
Nor my bauld brethren three,  
For muckle wad be the gude red bluid  
That wad be shed for me.
- 13 'Aft hae I laced Queen Mary's back,  
Aft hae I kaimed her hair,  
And a' the reward she 's gein to me 's  
The gallows to be my heir.
- 14 'Yestreen the queen had four Marys,  
The night she 'l hae but three;  
There was Mary Seatoun, and Mary Beatoun,  
An Mary Carmichal, an me.'

U

'Lament of the Queen's Marie,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 92, Abbotsford. Communicated to Scott, 7th January, 1804, by Rev. George Paxton, Kilmaurs, near Kilmarnock, Ayrshire (afterwards professor of divinity at Edinburgh); from the mouth of Jean Milne, his "aged mother, formerly an unwearied singer of Scottish songs."

- 1 'My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother a gay ladye,  
And I myself a daintie dame;  
The queen she sent for me.
- 2 'But the queen's meat it was sae sweet,  
And her clothing was sae rare,  
It made me long for a young man's bed,  
And I rued it evermair.'
- 3 But word is up, and word is down,  
Among the ladies a',  
That Marie 's born a babe sin yestreen,  
That babe it is awa.
- 4 But the queen she gat wit of this,  
She calld for a berry-brown gown,  
And she 's awa to Marie's bower,  
The bower that Marie lay in.

- 5 'Open your door, my Marie,' she says,  
'My bonny and fair Marie;  
They say you have born a babe sin yestreen,  
That babe I fain wad see.'
- 6 'It is not sae wi me, madam,  
It is not sae wi me;  
It is but a fit of my sair sickness,  
That oft times troubles me.'
- 7 'Get up, get up, my Marie,' she says,  
'My bonny and fair Marie,  
And we 'll away to Edinburgh town,  
And try the verity.'
- 8 Slowly, slowly, gat she up,  
And slowly pat she on,  
And slowly went she to that milk-steed,  
To ride to Edinburgh town.
- 9 But when they cam to Edinburgh,  
And in by the Towbooth stair,  
There was mony a virtuous ladye  
Letting the tears fa there.
- 10 'Why weep ye sae for me, madams?  
Why weep ye sae for me?  
For sin ye brought me to this town  
This death ye gar me die.'
- 11 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She gae loud laughter three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot  
The tear blinded her ee.
- 12 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she 'll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beatoun,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.
- 13 'My love he was a pottinger,  
Mony drink he gae me,  
And a' to put back that bonnie babe,  
But alas! it wad na do.
- 14 'I pat that bonny babe in a box,  
And set it on the sea;  
O sink ye, swim ye, bonny babe!  
Ye 's neer get mair o me.
- 15 'O all ye jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the sea,

Let neither my father nor mother ken  
The death that I maun die.

- 16 'But if my father and mother kend  
The death that I maun die,  
O mony wad be the good red guineas  
That wad be gien for me.'

## V

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 9,  
Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

- 1 'My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother the gay ladie,  
An I myself a maiden bright,  
An the queen desired me.'
- 2 But there word gane to the kitchen,  
There 's word gane to the ha,  
That Mary mild she gangs wi child  
To the uppermost stewart of a'.
- 3 Than they sought but, and they sou[ght] ben,  
They sought aneath the bed,  
An there the fand the bonnie lad-bairn,  
Lyin lappin in his blood.
- 4 'Gae buss ye, Marie Hamilton,  
Gae buss ye, buss ye bra,  
For ye maun away to Edin[brough] town,  
The queen's birthday . . . '
- 5 She wadna put on her black, bla[ck] silk,  
Nor wad she put on the brown,  
But she pat on the glisterin stuifs,  
To glister in Edinbrough town.
- 6 An whan she cam to the water-gate  
Loud laughters gae she three,  
But whan she cam to the Netherbow Port  
The tear blinded Marie's ee.
- 7 'T was up than spak Queen Marie's nurse, -  
An a sorry woman was she :  
'Whae sae clever o fit and ready o wit  
Has telld sic news o thee!'
- 8 'Oft have I . . . Queen Marie's head  
Oft have I caimd her hair,  
An a' the thanks I've gotten for that  
Is the gallows to be my heir!

- 9 'Oft have I dressd Queen Marie's head,  
An laid her in her bed,  
An a' the thanks I've gotten for that  
Is the green gallows-tree to tread!

- 10 'O spare, O spare, O judge,' she cried,  
'O spair a day for me!'  
'There is nae law in our land, ladie,  
To let a murderer be.'

- 11 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she 'll hae but three ;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Ma[rie] Bea-  
[ton],  
An Marie Carmichael, an me.

- 12 'O if my father now but kend  
The death that I 'm to die,  
O muckle, muckle wad be the red gowd  
That he wad gie for me.

- 13 'An if my brothers kend the death  
That I am now to die,  
O muckle, muckle wad be the red blood  
That wad be shed for me.'

2<sup>nd</sup>. Or :

That Mary Hamilton 's born a bairn  
An murderd it at the wa.

3<sup>d</sup>, 11<sup>d</sup>. *Edge bound in.*

8<sup>d</sup>. *caimd written, but struck out.* 8<sup>d</sup>. & I the.

## W

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No  
85, Abbotsford.

- 1 There lived a man in the North Countree  
And he had doghters three ;  
The youngest o them 's to Edinbrough gaen,  
Ane o the queen's Marys to be.
- 2 Queen Mary's bread it was sae white,  
And her wine it ran sae clear,  
It shewed her the way to the butler's bed,  
And I wait she 's bought dear.
- 3 For Mary 's to the garden gaen,  
To eat o the saven tree,  
And a 's to pit her young son back,  
But back he wad na be.

4 So Mary's to her chamber gaen,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

There mony a lord and belted knight  
 Was grieved for her beautee.

\* \* \* \* \*

5 Queen Mary she came down the stair,  
 And a' her maids afore her :  
 'Oh, Mary Miles, where is the child  
 That I have heard greet sae sore O?'

14 And whan she came to [the] Hee Town,  
 The Hee Town sae hee,

\* \* \* \* \*

6 'There is no child with me, madam,  
 There is no child with me ;  
 It was only a bit of a cholick I took,  
 And I thought I was gawen to dee.'

10<sup>1</sup>. Oh. 11<sup>1,2</sup>. *Added in a different hand.*  
 12<sup>3</sup>. shinning.

X

'The Queen's Maries,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for  
 Border Minstrelsy," No 91, Abbotsford.

7 So they looked up, and they looked down,  
 And they looked beneath the bed-foot,  
 And there they saw a bonnie boy,  
 Lying weltering in his blood.

1 There livd a lord in the West Country,  
 And he had daughters three ;  
 The youngest o them 's to the queen's court,  
 To learn some courtesy.

8 . . . . .  
 'Since that you have killed your own dear child,  
 The same death you shall dee.'

2 She hadna been at the queen's court  
 A year but and a day  
 Till she has fa'n as big wi child,  
 As big as she coud gae.

9 When Mary came afore the court,  
 A loud laugh laughed she ;  
 But when she came to the [gallows-]fit  
 The tear blinded her ee.

3 She 's gane into the garden  
 To pu the sycamore tree,  
 And taen the bony bairn in her arms  
 And thrown it in the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

10 'O wha will comb Queen Mary's heed ?  
 Or wha will brade her hair ?  
 And wha will lace her middle sae jimp  
 Whan [I] am nae langer there ?

4 She rowd it in her apron  
 And threw it in the sea :  
 'Gae sink or soom, my bony sweet babe,  
 Ye 'll never get mair o me.'

11 'Yestreen the queen [had] four Maries,  
 The night she 'll hae but three ;  
 There was Mary Seaten, and Mary Beaten,  
 And Mary Carmichal, and me.

5 Then in an came Queen Mary,  
 Wi gowd rings on her hair :  
 'O Mary mild, where is the child  
 That I heard greet sae sair?'

\* \* \* \* \*

12 'I'll not put on my robes of black,  
 Nor yet my robes of brown,  
 But I'll put on a shining braw garb,  
 That will shine thro Edinburgh town.'

6 'It wasna a babe, my royal liege,  
 Last night that troubled me,  
 But it was a fit o sair sickness,  
 And I was lyken to dee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

13 Oh, whan she came to the Cannongate,  
 The Cannongate sae hee,

7 'O hold yere tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
 Sae loud as I hear ye lee !  
 For I'll send you to Enbro town,  
 The verity to see.'

- 8 She wadna put on the ribbons o black,  
Nor yet wad she the brown,  
But she wad put on the ribbons o gowd,  
To gae glittering through Enbro town.
- 9 As she rade up the Sands o Leith,  
Riding on a white horse,  
O little did she think that day  
To die at Enbro Corss !
- 10 As she rade up the Cannongate,  
She leugh loud laughters three,  
And mony a lord and lady said,  
' Alas for that lady ! '
- 11 ' Ye needna say Oh, ye needna cry Eh,  
Alas for that lady !  
Ye 'll neer see grace in a graceless face,  
As little ye 'll see in me. '
- 12 When she came to the Netherbow Port,  
She leugh loud laughters three,  
But ere she came to the gallows-foot  
The tear blinded her eie ;  
Saying, Tye a white napkin ovr my face,  
For that gibbet I downa see.
- 13 ' O hold yere hand, Lord Justice !  
O hold it a little while !  
I think I see my ain true-love  
Come wandring mony a mile.
- 14 ' O have ye brought me ony o my gowd ?  
Or ony o my weel-won fee ?  
Or are ye come to see me hangd,  
Upon this gallows-tree ? '
- 15 ' O I hae brought ye nane o yere gowd,  
Nor nane o yere weel-won fee,  
But I am come to see ye hangd,  
And hangit ye shall be. '
- 16 ' O all ye men and mariners,  
That sail for wealth or fame,  
Let never my father or mother get wit  
But what I 'm coming hame.
- 17 ' O all ye men and mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let never my father or mother get wit  
The death that I maun dee.

- 18 ' Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she 'll hae but three ;  
There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me. '

## Y

'The Queen's Marys,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for  
Border Minstrelsy," No 144, Abbotsford.

- 1 ' Yestreen the queen had four Marys,  
The night she 'll hae but three ;  
She had Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.
- 2 ' My feather was the Duke of York,  
My mother a gay lady,  
And I mysell a bonnie young may,  
And the king fell in love we me.
- 3 ' The king's kisses they were so sweet,  
And his wine it was so strong,  
That I became a mother  
Before fifteen years old. '
- 4 ' O tell the truth now, Mary,  
And sett this matter right ;  
What hae ye made o the babey  
Was greeting yesternight ? '
- 5 ' O I will tell you, madam the queen,  
I winna tell a lie ;  
I put it in a bottomless boat  
And bad it sail the sea. '
- 6 ' Ye lie, ye lie now, Mary,  
Sae loud 's I hear you lie !  
You wasnae out o the palace,  
So that coud never be. '
- 7 ' Weel I will tell you, madam,  
Though it should gar me weep ;  
I stabbd it we my little pen-knife,  
And bad it take a sleep. '
- 8 When she came up the Netherbow,  
She geed loud laughters three ;  
But when she came out o the Parliament Close  
The tear blinded her ee.
- 9 ' O little does my feather ken  
The death I am to die,  
Or muckel wad be the red, red gould  
Wad be payed down for me.

- 10 'O little does my mother think  
The death that I am to die,  
Or monie wad be the saut, saut tears  
That she wad shed for me.

- 11 'O never lett my brothers ken  
The death that I am to die,  
For muckel wad be the red, red blood  
That wad be shed for me.

- 12 'Aft hae I washd the king's bonnie face,  
Kaimd down his yellow hair,  
And this is a' the reward he's geen me,  
The gallows to be my share.'

Z

'The Queen's Marie,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 90 a, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of John Leyden.

- 1 'Buss ye, bonny Marie Hamilton,  
Buss and gae wi me,  
For ye maun gae to Edinborough,  
A great wedding to see.'
- 2 'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi me,  
For never, I'm sure, a wearier bride  
Rode in your company.'
- 3 Little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rode on the brown,  
That she was gawn to Edinborough,  
And a' to be put down.
- 4 When she came to the Council stairs,  
She ga loud laughters three;  
But or that she came down again  
She was condemmd to dee.
- 5 'O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,  
When ye sail oer the faem,  
Let never my father nor mother to wit  
But I'm just coming hame.
- 6 'Let never my father nor mother to wit,  
Nor my bauld brether[en] three,  
Or meckle wad be the red, red gowd  
This day be gien for me.
- 7 'Let never my father or mother to wit,  
Nor my bauld brethren three,

Or meckle war the red, red blude  
This day wad fa for me.'

AA

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 142, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of James Hogg.

'Oft hae I kaimd Queen Mary's head,  
An oft hae I curld her hair,  
An now I hae gotten for my reward  
A gallows to be heir.'

178. Captain Car, or, Edom o Gordon.

P. 426, note \*. This history borrows from Sir Robert Gordon. See what he says, p. 166 f., and also previously, p. 164 ff.

428 a. F, G. "I have a manuscript where the whole scene is transferred to Ayrshire, and the incendiary is called Johnnie Faa." Note of Sir W. Scott in Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 142.

This copy has not as yet been recovered, but there is another at Abbotsford, a fine fragment, in which Lady Campbell is the heroine. As to Adam McGordon, the c of Mac is often dropped, so that Adam McGordon and Adam o Gordon are of pretty much the same sound (a remark of Mr Macmath). The Andrew Watty of 13\* is noted on the last page of the MS. to be "a riding man."

H

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 75, Abbotsford. Communicated to Scott November 6, 1803, by Bruce Campbell, Sornbeg, Galston, Ayrshire, through David Boyle, Advocate, afterwards Lord Justice General of Scotland.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmass time,  
When the wind blew shill and cald,  
That Adam McGordon said to his men,  
Where will we get a hall?
- 2 'There is a hall here near by,  
Well built with lime and stone;  
There is a lady there within  
As white as the . . bone.'
- 3 'Seven year and more this lord and I  
Has had a deadly feud,  
And now, since her good lord's frae hame,  
His place to me she 'll yield.'
- 4 She looked oer her castle-wall,  
And so she looked down,

- And saw Adam McGordon and his men  
Approaching the wood-end.
- 5 'Steik up, steik up my yett,' she says,  
'And let my draw-bridge fall ;  
There is meickle treachery  
Walking about my wall.'
- 6 She had not the sentence past,  
Nor yet the word well said,  
When Adam McGordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.
- 7 She looked out at her window,  
And then she looked down,  
And then she saw Jack, her own man,  
Lifting the pavement-stane.
- 8 'Awa, awa, Jack my man !  
Seven year I paid you meat and fee,  
And now you lift the pavement-stane  
To let in the low to me.'
- 9 'I yield, I yield, O lady fair,  
Seven year ye paid me meat and fee ;  
But now I am Adam McGordon's man,  
I must either do or die.'
- 10 'If ye be Adam McGordon's man,  
As I true well ye be,  
Prove true unto your own master,  
And work your will to me.'
- 11 'Come down, come down, my lady Camp-  
bell,  
Come down into my hand ;  
Ye shall lye all night by my side,  
And the morn at my command.'
- 12 'I winna come down,' this lady says,  
'For neither laird nor lown,  
Nor to no bloody butcher's son,  
The Laird of Auchindown.
- 13 'I wald give all my kine,' she says,  
'So wald I fifty pound,  
That Andrew Watty he were here ;  
He would charge me my gun.
- 14 'He would charge me my gun,  
And put in bullets three,  
That I might shoot that cruel traitor  
That works his wills on me.'
- 15 He shot in, and [s]he shot out,  
The value of an hour,  
Until the hall Craigie North  
Was like to be blawn in the air.
- 16 He fired in, and she fired out,  
The value of houris three,  
Until the hall Craigie North  
The reik went to the sea.
- 17 'O the frost, and ae the frost,  
The frost that freezes fell !  
I cannot stay within my bower,  
The powder it blaws sae bald.'
- 18 But then spake her oldest son,  
He was both white and red ;  
'O mither dear, yield up your house !  
We 'll all be burnt to deed.'
- 19 Out then spake the second son,  
He was both red and fair ;  
'O brother dear, would you yield up your  
house,  
And you your father's heir !'
- 20 Out then spake the little babe,  
Stood at the nurse's knee ;  
'O mither dear, yield up your house !  
The reik will worry me.'
- 21 Out then speaks the little nurse,  
The babe upon her knee ;  
'O lady, take from me your child !  
I 'll never crave my fee.'
- 22 'Hold thy tongue, thou little nurse,  
Of thy prating let me bee ;  
For be it death or be it life,  
Thou shall take share with me.
- 23 'I wald give a' my sheep,' she says,  
'T[hat] . . . yon . . . s[ha],  
I had a drink of that wan water  
That runs down by my wa.'
- 2<sup>1</sup>. hall there.  
2<sup>4</sup>. *An illegible word ending seemingly in hie.*  
3<sup>1</sup>. this lord and I *begins the second line.*  
3<sup>2</sup>. has good : has caught *from the line above.*  
3<sup>4</sup>. shall altered to she 'll ; but she shall is *clearly meant.*  
7<sup>4</sup>, 11<sup>4</sup>, 15<sup>4</sup>, 16<sup>4</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>. y<sup>e</sup>. 14<sup>1</sup>. would : wald, *per- haps.*

16<sup>2</sup>. value, *or*, valaue, *or*, valuae.

16<sup>3</sup>. *A preposition seems to be wanting. Hall here and in 15<sup>3</sup> is troublesome. Perhaps the reading should be in 15<sup>3</sup> that all, in 16<sup>3</sup> that through all.*

23<sup>2</sup>. *The paper is folded here, and the line has been so much rubbed as to be illegible.*

"An old ballad upon the burning of an old castle of Loudoun by the Kennedys of Auchruglan." Bruce Campbell.

### 181. The Bonny Earl of Murray.

P. 447. Add to the citation from Spottiswood: History of the Church of Scotland, 1655, p. 387.

### 182. The Laird o Logie.

P. 449. **A** was first published in the second edition of Scott's Minstrelsy, 1803, I, 243.

**B** was repeated in the first edition of Scott's Minstrelsy, I, 220, 1802, 'The Laird of Ochiltree.'

452. The following is the original, unimproved copy of **A**. There is a transcript of this, in William Laidlaw's hand, "Scotch Ballads," etc., No 23, which is somewhat retouched, but by no means with the freedom exercised by the editor of the Minstrelsy. Some of Laidlaw's changes were adopted by Scott.

#### A

'The Laird of Logie,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 3 a, Abbotsford. Sent Scott September 11, 1802, by William Laidlaw; received by him from Mr Bartram of Biggar.

- 1 I will sing, if ye will harken,  
An ye wad listen unto me;  
I'll tell ye of a merry passage  
Of the wanton laird of Young Logie.
- 2 Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,  
Carmichael's keeper of the key;  
I heard a may lamenting sair,  
All for the laird of Young Logie.
- 3 'Lament, lament na, May Margret,  
And o your weeping let me be;  
For ye maun to the king *your* sell,  
And ask the life of Young Logie.'
- 4 May Margaret has kilted her green cleeding,  
And she's currl'd back her yellow hair,  
And she's away to the king hersell,  
And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!

- 5 When she came before the king,  
She fell low down on her knee:  
'It's what's your will wi me, May Margret,  
And what makes all this courtesey?'  
'Naething, naething, my sov'reign liege,  
But grant me the life of Young Logie.'

- 6 'O no, O no, May Margret,  
No, in sooth it maun na be;  
For the morn, or I taste meat or drink,  
Hee hanged shall Young Logie be.'

- 7 She has stolen the king's reeding-comb,  
But an the queen her wedding-knife,  
And she has sent it to Carmichael,  
To cause Young Logie come by life.

- 8 She sent him a purse of the red gold,  
Another of the white money,  
And sent him a pistol into each hand,  
And bade him shoot when he got frae.

- 9 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,  
There he loot his volley flee,  
Which made the king in his chamber start,  
Even in the chamber where he lay.

- 10 'Gae out, gae out, my merrie men,  
And gar Carmichael come speake wi me,  
For I'll lay my life the pledge of that,  
That yon's the volley of Young Logie.'

- 11 When Carmichael came before the king,  
He fell low down on his knee;  
The very first word that the king spake,  
'How dois the laird o Young Logie?'

- 12 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
A wait the salt tear blint his eye:  
'There came a tacken frae the king  
Has tean the laird awa frae me.'

- 13 'Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?  
Hast thou playd me that?' quo he;  
'The morn the Justice Court's to stand,  
And Logie's place ye maun supply.'

- 14 Carmichael's awa to May Margr[e]t's bower,  
Een as fast as he may drie:  
'It's if Young Logie be within,  
\* Tell him to come speak to me.'

- 15 May Margret's turnd her round about,  
A wait a loud laughter gae she:

'The egg is cheeped and the bird is flown,  
And seek ye the laird of Young Logie.'

- 16 The one is sheppd at the pier o Leith,  
The other at the Queen's Ferry,  
And she has gotten a father to her bairn,  
The wanton laird of Young [Logie].

4<sup>2</sup>. yer for her.

6<sup>4</sup>. Yea for Hee. Hie in *Laidlaw's transcript*.  
*Taking into account the apparent yer for her in*  
4<sup>2</sup>, *it looks as if* hea, *her were intended*. 8<sup>4</sup>. free?  
12<sup>2</sup>. blint may be blent.

453. B. 'The Winsome Laird of Young Logie,'  
"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No  
137 a, "sung by Lady A. Lindsay," closely resembles  
Herd's version, but in one passage approaches C, and  
Young Logie displaces Ochiltree. This copy will be  
treated as B b.

- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. O wanting. 1<sup>2</sup>. To the tale I tell.  
1<sup>2</sup>. How the.  
1<sup>4</sup>. The winsom laird of Young Logie.  
2<sup>1</sup>. Whan the queen did hear the same.  
2<sup>2</sup>. Alas for poor Lady Margaret.  
3<sup>2</sup>, 8<sup>2</sup>. as wanting. 3<sup>4</sup>. Or never kend.  
4<sup>1</sup>. Fye, oh no, said : that maunna be wanting.  
4<sup>2</sup>. Fy, O no, thus (*partly altered to this*).  
4<sup>3</sup>. find out some cunning way.  
4<sup>4</sup>. To loose and let Young Logie free.

*Between 5<sup>2</sup> and 5<sup>3</sup>:*

The king he's risen and taen her up,  
Says, What means a' this curtesy. (*As 5<sup>2,4</sup>*)

When you took me to be your queen,  
You promised me favours twa or three. (*As 6<sup>1,2</sup>*)\*

5<sup>2,4</sup>:

The first ane that I ask of yow  
Is to loose and let Young Logie free. (*As 6<sup>2,4</sup>*)

6<sup>1</sup>. O wanting: of me. 6<sup>2</sup>. would hae granted.  
6<sup>4</sup>, 7<sup>4</sup>. Winna save. 7<sup>1</sup>. queen than she came.  
7<sup>2</sup>. And she came down.

8<sup>2,4</sup>:

I wish that I had neer been born,  
Or never kend Young Logie's name. (*As in 3.*)

9<sup>1</sup>. Fye, oh no, said. 9<sup>2</sup>. Fye, O no, this maun ne.  
9<sup>3</sup>. I'll find out some other.  
9<sup>4</sup>. To save the life o. 10<sup>1</sup>. she triped.  
11<sup>1</sup>. She gae to. 11<sup>2</sup>. And twa.  
11<sup>4</sup>. And bade him shoot as he gaed by.

\* Compare here 'Adam Bell,' V, 28, stanzas 125, 128.

12<sup>1</sup>. And wanting. 12<sup>2</sup>. O peace : our gudely.  
13<sup>1</sup>. O wanting. 14<sup>1</sup>. Gae bring to.  
14<sup>2</sup>. Gae bring them. 14<sup>3</sup>. Before the : by ten.  
14<sup>4</sup>. they each ane. 15. Wanting.  
16<sup>1</sup>. Fye, O no, said.  
16<sup>2</sup>. Fye, O no, this maun ne. 16<sup>3</sup>. hang at a'.  
17<sup>1</sup>. Lady Marg' took shiping.  
17<sup>2</sup>. Young Logie at. 17<sup>3</sup>. the lass : her lad.  
Tune of Logan Water.

### 183. Willie Macintosh.

P. 456. The account in 'The History of the Feuds'  
is taken from Sir Robert Gordon's *History of Suther-*  
*land*, p. 217.

Jamieson, writing to Scott, in November, 1804, says:  
"I have heard a scrap of the rude ballad on the burning  
of Achindoun, 'Bonny Willie Mackintosh — You've  
tint a feather frae your cap — By the day dawing,' etc.,  
or something of this kind, from the Rev<sup>d</sup> John Grant  
of Elgin. The Duchess of Gordon applied to him  
about it some years ago, but he could never recover it"  
(Letters addressed to Sir W. Scott, I, No 117, *Abbots-*  
*ford*.)

### 186. Kinmont Willie.

P. 470 b, at the end of the first paragraph. Strike  
out 1639. Spottiswood's account begins at the same  
page, 413, in the edition of 1655.

### 188. Archie o Cawfield.

P. 484. B b was first printed in the second edition  
of the *Minstrelsy*, 1803, I, 195.

The following is the copy from which Scott derived  
the stanzas introduced into this later edition of the bal-  
lad. It will be observed that 'lue of Teviotdale' is  
the reading of 4<sup>2</sup>, and not a correction of Scott's, as sug-  
gested at 486 b.

'Archie o Ca'field, Variations,' "Scotch Ballads, Mate-  
rials for Border Minstrelsy," No 90, *Abbotsford*; in the  
handwriting of John Leyden.

- 1 The one unto the other did say,  
'Blythe and merry how can we be,  
When the night is billie Archie's lyke-wake,  
The morn the day that he maun die?'
- 2 'An ye wad be blythe an ye wad be sad,  
What better wad billie Archie be,  
Unless I had thirty men to mysell,  
And a' to ride in our companie?
- 3 'Ten to had the horses' heads,  
And other ten to walk alee,  
And ten to break up the strang prisoun  
Where billie Archie he does lie.'

- 4 Up bespak him mettled John Hall,  
The luve o Teviotdale ay was he ;  
'An I had eleven men to mysell,  
It's ay the twalt man I wad be.'
- 5 Up bespak him coarse Ca'field,  
I wat and little gude worth was he ;  
'Thirty men is few enow,  
And a' to ride in our cumpanie.'
- 6 Then a' the night thae twal men rade,  
And ay untill they were a' wearie,  
Till they came to the strang prisoun  
Where billie Archie he did lie.
- 7 'Sleeps thou, wakes thou, billie?' he said,  
'Or did ye hear whan I did cry ?  
The night it is your lyke-wake night,  
The morn it is your day to die.'
- 8 . . . . .  
'Work ye within and I without,  
And soon a loose man shall you be.'
- 9 Dickie pu'd the prisoner on o his back,  
And down the stair cam merrilie ;  
'Now by my sooth,' quo mettled John Hall,  
'Ye may let a leg o him lean to me.'
- 10 'I have my billie upon my back,  
I count him lighter than a flee ;  
Gin I were at my little black mare,  
At Ca'field soon I trust to be.'
- 11 Then a' the night these twelve men rade,  
And aye untill they were a' wearie,  
Untill they came to the wan water,  
And it was gawn like ony see.
- 12 'There lives a smith on the water-side,  
Sae has he done thirty years and three :  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 13 'O I have a crown in my pocket,  
And I'll give it every groat to thee  
. . . . .  
Gin thou shoe my little black mare for me.'
- 14 'The night is mirk, and vera pit-mirk,  
And wi candle-light I canna weel see ;  
The night it is mirk, and vera pit-mirk,  
And there 'll never a nail ca right for me.'
- 15 'Shame fa you and your trade baith,  
Canna beet a gude fallow by your mysterie !  
But lees me on thee, my little black mare,  
Thou's worth thy weight o gowd to me.'
- 16 Then thay lay down to take a sleep,  
But ay on fit stood noble Dickie,  
And he's looked oer his left shoulder,  
And a' to see what he could see.
- 17 'Get up, get up, ye drowsy sleepers !  
Ye dinna see what I do see ;  
For yonder comes the land-lieutenant,  
Two hunder men in his cumpanie.
- 18 'This night an they lay hands on us,  
This night, as I think weel it will be,  
This night sall be our lyke-wake night,  
The morn like as mony dogs we 'll die.'
- 19 'My mare is young, and vera young,  
And in o the weel she will drown me ;'  
'But ye 'll take mine, and I 'll take thine,  
And soon thro the water we sall be.'
- 20 Then up bespak him coarse Ca'field,  
I wate and little gude worth was he ;  
'We had better lose ane than lose a' the lave,  
We 'll leave the prisoner, we 'll gae free.'
- 21 'Shame fa you and your lands baith,  
Wad ye een your lands to your born billie ?  
But hey ! bear up, my little black mare,  
And yet thro the water we sall be.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 22 'Come thro, come thro now,' Dickie he said,  
'Come thro, come thro and drink wi me ;  
There's no be a Saturday in a' the year  
But changed sall your garments be.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 23 . . . . .  
While a bit o your iron hads thegether,  
Barefit sall she never be.'

12<sup>1</sup>. *Var.* other side o the water.  
12, 13 are written as one stanza.

## VOL. IV.

## 190. Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.

P. 4 a. James Hogg, writing to Scott, June 30, [1802 ?] says: "I am surprised to find that the songs in your collection differ so widely from my mother's. . . . 'Jamie Telfer' differs in many particulars." (Letters, I, No. 44.) Scott's remarks should have been cited from the edition of 1802, I, 91.

5. Mr Andrew Lang has obligingly called my attention to difficulties which attend the assumption that the Dodhead of the ballad is the place of that name in Selkirkshire. Jamie Telfer, st. 7, runs ten miles between Dodhead and Stobs, and this is far enough if help is to be timely; but he would have to run thirty if his Dodhead were in Selkirkshire. With succor not nearer than that, Telfer would soon have been harried out of existence. The distances are too great both for the English and the Scots. But there is a Dod south of the Teviot, not far from Skelthill, which is some seven miles only from Stobs. (Dodhead is not entered here on the Ordnance map, "but Dodburn is just under Dodrig, and where there is a Dodburn there is 'tied' to be a Dodhead in this country.") Turning from Stobs to Teviot, Telfer would come in due order to Coltherds-cleugh, Branxholm, and Borthwick Water, without the loss of time which he would, on the other supposition, incur in passing and returning. (See a note, by Mr Lang, in Mrs G. R. Tomson's *Ballads of the North Countrie*, 1888, p. 435.)

Several other matters are not quite clear. Catslock-hill, for instance, seems to be misplaced. Mr Lang, a native of Ettrick valley, knows of no Catslack but that in Yarrow. Of this, Mr T. Craig-Brown (Selkirkshire, I, 21), who accepts Scott's Dodhead, says, "A long ride, if Catslack is in Yarrow."

## 191. Hughie Graeme.

P. 8. C. Substitute for Scott's *Minstrelsy*, etc., "*Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*," No 87, Abbotsford. Add: H. 'Hughie Graeme,' "*Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*," No 4. I. 'Hughie Graeme,' Wilkie's MS., in "*Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*," No 36.

P. 10 ff. For C substitute this, the original copy, as procured for Scott by William Laidlaw.

"*Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*," No 87, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw. "From Robert Laidlaw."

- 1 Gude Lord Scroop's to the huntin gane;  
He's ridden oer monie a moss an muir,  
An he has grippit Hughie the Græme,  
For stealin o the bishop's mare.

- 2 An they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,  
An brought him up thro Carlisle town;  
The lasses an lads they stood by the wa's,  
Cryin, Hughie the Græme, thou's no gae  
down!

- 3 They ha chosen a jury o men,  
The best that were i Coventry,  
An fifteen o them out a' at anse,  
'Hughie the Græme, thou art guiltie.'

- 4 Than up bespak him gude Lord Hume,  
As he sat at the judge's knee;  
'Twentie white ousen, my gude lord,  
If ye'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'

- 5 'O no, no, no, my gude Lord Hume,  
For sooth an so it mauna be;  
For war there but twae Græms o the name,  
They sould be hangit a' for me.'

- 6 'T was up than spak her gude Lady Hume,  
As she sat by the judge's knee;  
'A peck o white pennies, my gude lord,  
If ye'll grant Hughie the Greame to me.'

- 7 'O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,  
For sooth an so it sal na be;  
For war there but twae Greames of the name,  
They sould be hangit a' for me.'

- 8 'If I be guilty,' said Hughie the Graeme,  
'Of me my friends sal hae nae lack;'  
An he has luppen fifteen feet an three,  
An his hands they war tyed ahint his back.

- 9 He's lookit oer his left shouther,  
To see what he coud see,  
An there he saw his auld father commin,  
An he was weepin bitterlie.

- 10 'O had yer tongue, my father,' he says,  
'An see that ye dinna weep for me,  
For they may ravish me o my life,  
But they canna banish me thrae the heavens  
hie.

- 11 'Fare ye weel, Maggie, my wife;  
The last time I came oer the muir,  
It was you berievt me o my life,  
An wi the bishop playd the w[hore].'

H

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 4, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

- 1 Lairds and lords a hounting gane,  
Out-over hills and valleys clear,  
And there they met Hughie Grame,  
Was riding on the bishop's mare.
- 2 And they have tied him hand and foot,  
And they have carried him to Stirling  
town;  
The lads and lasses there about  
Crys, Hughie Grame, you are a lown!
- 3 'If I be a lown,' says he,  
'I am sure my friends has had bad luck;'  
We that he jumpet fifteen foot,  
With his hands tied behind his back.
- 4 Out and spoke Laidy Whiteford,  
As she sat by the bishop's knee;  
'Four-and-twenty milk-kie I'll give to thee,  
If Hughie Grame you will let free.'
- 5 'Hold your tongue, my laidy Whiteford,  
And of your pleading now lay by;  
If fifty Grames were in his coat,  
Upon my honour he shall die.'
- 6 Out and spoke Lord Whiteford,  
As he sat by the bishop's knee;  
'Four-and-twenty stots I'll give thee,  
If Hughie Grame you will let free.'
- 7 'Hold your tongue, my lord Whiteford,  
And of your pleading now lay by;  
If twenty Grames were in his coat,  
Upon my honour he shall die.'
- 8 'You may tell to Meg, my wife,  
The first time she comes through the mu[ir],  
She was the causer of my death,  
For with the bishop [she] plaid the whore.
- 9 'You may tell to Meg, my wife,  
The first time she comes through the town,  
She was the causer of my death,  
For with the bishop [she] plaid the lown.'
- 10 He looked oer his left shoulder,  
To see what he could spy or see,

And there he spied his old father,  
Was weeping bitterly.

- 11 'Hold your tongue, my dear father,  
And of your weeping now lay by;  
They may rub me of my sweet life,  
But not from me the heavence high.
- 12 'You may give my brother John  
The sword that's of the mettle clear,  
That he may come the morn at four o'clock  
To see me pay the bishop's mare.
- 13 'You may give my brother James  
The sword that's of the mettle brown;  
Tell him to come the morn at four o'clock  
To see his brother Hugh cut down.'
- 14 Up and spoke his oldest son,  
As he sat by his nurse's knee;  
'If ere I come to be a man,  
Revenged for my father[s] death I'll be.'

I

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 36, Abbotsford, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, 1813-15, p. 9; "from a young girl, a Miss Nancy Brockie, Bemerside, who learned it from an old woman called Maron Miller, Threepwood." Another copy, in Wilkie's hand, No 86 of the same.

- 1 Ye dukes and lords that hunt and go  
Out-over moors and mountains clear,  
And they have taen up poor Hughie Graeme,  
For stealing of the bishope's mare.  
Fall all the day, fall all the daudy,  
Fall all the day, fall the daudy O.
- 2 They hae tied him hand and foot,  
They hae led him thro the town;  
The lads and lassies they all met,  
Cried, Hughie Graeme, ye've playd the  
loon!
- 3 'O if that I had playd the loon,  
My friends of me they hae bad luck;'  
With that he jumped fifteen feet,  
Wi his hands tied fast behind his back.
- 4 Up then spoke my lady Whiteford,  
As she sat by the bishope's knee;  
'Five hundred white pence I'll give thee,  
If you let Hughie Graeme go free.'

- 5 'I'll hae nane of your hundred pense,  
And your presents you may lay by;  
For if Græme was ten times in his coat,  
By my honour, Hugh shall die.'
- 6 Up then spoke my lord Whiteford,  
As he sat by the bishope's knee;  
'Five score of good stotts I'll thee give,  
If you'll sett Hughie Græme but free.'
- 7 'I'll have none of your hundred stotts,  
And all your presents you may keep to your-  
sell;  
'For if Græme was ten times in his coat  
Hugh shall die, and die he shall.'
- 8 Then they hae tied him hand and foot,  
And they hae led [him] to the gallows high;  
The lads and lassies they all met,  
Cried, Hughie Græme, thou art to die!
- 9 Now 's he looked oer his left shoulder,  
All for to see what he could spy,  
And there he saw his father dear,  
Stood weeping there most bitterlie.
- 10 'O hold your tongue now, father,' he said,  
'And of your weeping lai'd now by;  
For they can rob me of my life,  
But they cannot rob me of the heavens high.
- 11 'But you must give to my brother John  
The sword that 's bent in the middle clear,  
And tell him to come at twelve o'clock  
And see me pay the bishope's mare.
- 12 'And you may give to my brother James  
The sword that 's bent in the middle brown,  
And tell him to come at four o'clock  
And see his brother Hugh cut down.
- 13 'And you may tell to Meg, my wife,  
The first time she comes thro the town,  
She was the occasion of my death  
And wi the bishope playd the loon.
- 14 'And you may tell to Meg, my wife,  
The first time she comes thro the fair,  
She was the occasion of my death,  
And from the bishope stole the mare.'

A. A copy in The Northern Garland, Newcastle Gar-  
lands, No 1, Bell Ballads, Abbotsford Library,

- P. 5, has these readings, some of which appear to  
be editorial:  
2<sup>a</sup>. after him for some time. 4<sup>a</sup>. shall soon.  
11<sup>a</sup>. my fault. 16<sup>a</sup>. down low.  
22<sup>a</sup>. cause and the loss.
- H. 8<sup>a</sup>, 9<sup>a</sup>, the casurer, the casure. *Perhaps we should  
read occasion: cf. I 13<sup>a</sup>, 14<sup>a</sup>. 9<sup>a</sup>. plaid the  
whore; but cf. E 13<sup>a</sup>, I 13<sup>a</sup>.*
- I. 2<sup>a</sup>. they (all met) ran in flocks: cf. 8<sup>a</sup>. 3<sup>a</sup>. Of that:  
see No 86, below. 5<sup>a</sup>. in = his coat = ocent (sic).  
10<sup>a</sup>. (laid = lay it.)  
*No 86, the other copy of I, has variations which seem  
to be mostly, if not wholly, editorial.*  
1<sup>a</sup>. taken Hughie Græme. 2<sup>a</sup>. lassies ran in flocks.  
3<sup>a</sup>. O if. 3<sup>a</sup>. has had. 3<sup>a</sup>. And his.  
4<sup>a</sup>. I will give. 4<sup>a</sup>. ye'll let. 5<sup>a</sup>. And of your.  
6<sup>a</sup>. at the. 6<sup>a</sup>. ye'll let: go free.  
7<sup>a</sup>. Above hundred is written five score.  
7<sup>a</sup>. And of your presents ye may lay by.  
7<sup>a</sup>. By my honour, Hugh shall die, bracketed with  
the reading in the text.  
8<sup>a</sup>. And led him to. 9<sup>a</sup>. Now he's. 9<sup>a</sup>. he spied.  
10<sup>a</sup>. now, father dear: he said wanting.  
10<sup>a</sup>. laid. 11<sup>a</sup>. may give my.  
12<sup>a</sup>. give my. 13<sup>a</sup>, 14<sup>a</sup>. That she's.

### 193. The Death of Percy Reed.

P. 24 a. B. Telfersent "the real verses" to Sir  
Walter Scott. It appears, as might be surmised, that  
one half of B is of his own making. 1-3 = B 4, 5, 7;  
4, 5 = A 4, 18; 6 = B 14; 7 = B 15, A 6; 8 = A 7,  
B 16; 9-14 = B 18-23; 15 = A 15; 16 = B 25;  
17-20 = B 38, 39, 33, 41.

### B

Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, XIII, No 73, Ab-  
botsford. "Percy Reed, exactly as it is sung by an old  
woman of the name of Cathrine Hall, living at Fairloans,  
in the remotest corner of Oxnam parish:" James Telfer,  
Browndeanlaws, May 18, 1824.

- 1 O Percy Reed has Crozer taen,  
And has deliverd him to the law;  
But Crozer says he'll do warse than that,  
For he'll gar the tower of the Troughend fa.
- 2 And Crozer says he will do warse,  
He will do warse, if warse can be;  
For he'll make the bairns a' fatherless,  
And then the land it may lie lea.
- 3 O Percy Reed has ridden a raid,  
But he had better have staid at hame;  
For the three fause Ha's of Girsensfield  
Along with him he has them taen.

- 4 He's hunted up, and he's hunted down,  
He's hunted a' the water of Reed,  
Till wearydness has on him taen,  
I the Baitinghope he's faen asleep.
- 5 . . . . .  
And the fause, fause Ha's o Girsenfield,  
They'll never be trowed nor trusted again.
- 6 They've taen frae him his powther-bag,  
And they've put water i his lang gun;  
They've put the sword into the sheathe  
That out again it'll never come.
- 7 'Awaken ye, awaken ye, Percy Reed,  
For I do fear ye've slept owre lang;  
For yonder are the five Crozers,  
A coming owre by the hinging-stane.'
- 8 'If they be five and we be four,  
If that ye will stand true to me,  
If every man ye will take one,  
Ye surely will leave two to me.
- 9 'O turn, O turn, O Johny Ha,  
O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
If ever ye come to Troughend again,  
A good black nag I will gie to thee;  
He cost me twenty pounds o gowd  
Atween my brother John and me.'
- 10 'I winna turn, I canna turn;  
I darena turn and fight wi thee;  
For they will find out Percy Reed,  
And then they'll kill baith thee and me.'
- 11 'O turn, O turn now, Willie Ha,  
O turn, O man, and fight wi me,  
And if ever ye come to the Troughend again  
A yoke of owsen I will gie thee.'
- 12 'I winna turn, I canna turn;  
I darena turn and fight wi thee;  
For they will find out Percy Reed,  
And they will kill baith thee and me.'
- 13 'O turn, O turn, O Thommy Ha,  
O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
If ever ye come to the Troughend again,  
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.'
- 14 'I winna turn, I darena turn;  
I winna turn and fight with thee;

For they will find out Percy Reed,  
And then they'll kill baith thee and me.'

- 15 'O woe be to ye, traitors a'!  
I wish England ye may never win;  
Ye've left me in the field to stand,  
And in my hand an uncharged gun.
- 16 'Ye've taen frae me my powther-bag,  
And ye've put water i my lang gun;  
Ye've put the sword into the sheath  
That out again it'll never come.
- 17 'O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
And fare ye weel, my brother John!  
That sits into the Troughend ha  
With heart as black as any stone.
- 18 'O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!  
For had ye been wi me this day  
I surely had been man alive.
- 19 'O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!  
And fare ye weel, my daughter Jean!  
I loved ye best ye were born alive.
- 20 'O some do ca me Percy Reed,  
And some do ca me Laird Troughend,  
But it's nae matter what they ca me,  
My faes have made me ill to ken.
- 21 'The laird o Clennel wears my bow,  
The laird o Brandon wears my brand;  
Whae ever rides i the Border side  
Will mind the laird o the Troughend.'

9<sup>2</sup>. wi me. along with *in the margin*. 13<sup>2</sup>. ever I.  
"There is," says Telfer in his letter, "a place  
in Reed water called Deadwood Haughs, where  
the country-people still point out a stone where  
the unshriven soul of Percy used to frequent  
in the shape of a blue hawk, and it is only a few  
years since he disappeared. . . . The ballad of  
Percy Reed has a tune of its own. . . . It is a  
very mournfull air."

#### 196. The Fire of Frendraught.

P. 39. *Miscellanea Curiosa*, MS., vol. vi, Abbots-  
ford Library, A. 3, has for its last piece 'The Burning  
of the Tower of Frendraught, an Historical Ballad,' in  
forty-eight stanzas. It begins:

O passd ye by the Bog of Gicht?  
 Heard ye the cry of grief and care?  
 Or in the bowers of Rothymay  
 Saw ye the lady tear her hair?

"A Satyre against Frendraught, in which were burned the Vicount of Melgum, Laird of Rothiemay, and sundrie other gentlemen, in anno 1630," 218 lines, MS. in a seventeenth-century hand, is No 1 in a volume with the title *Scottish Tracts*, Abbotsford Library, B. 7. Mr. Macmath suggests that this may be the "flyte" which Sharpe and Sir W. Scott thought of printing.

#### 200. The Gypsy Laddie.

IV, 61 b. 'Johnnie Faa' in [Wm Chambers's] *Exploits . . . of the most remarkable Scottish Gypsies or Tinklers*, 3d ed., 1823, p. 17, is B a. The ballad is not in the second edition, 1821, reprinted in 1886. (W. Macmath.)

#### 201. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

P. 75 b., first line. Say : c. Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1830, XI, 39, 1833, etc.

#### 203. The Baron of Brackley.

P. 83, note †.

I prefer to say, two or more events. The citations already given in this work may possibly cover four distinct tragedies, and William Anderson, in his *Genealogy and Surnames*, 1865, p. 104, tells us (but without stating his authority) there was "a line of nine barons, all of whom, in the unruly times in which they lived, died violent deaths." The ballad may have commenced originally: "Inverawe (= Inner-Aw) cam down Deeside." (W. Macmath.)

#### 208. Lord Derwentwater.

P. 117 b. The omen of nose-bleed occurs in the Breton ballad 'Ervoan Camus,' Luzel, *Soniou*, I, 216.

#### 211. Bewick and Graham.

P. 144 a. Scott's improved copy first appeared in the third edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1806, II, 277.

#### 214. The Braes o Yarrow.

Q

P. 164 ff. 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, etc., 1891, p. 21. From Mrs Calvert,

of Gilnockie, Eskdale; obtained by her on the braes of Yarrow from her grandmother, Tibbie Stuel. (Compare, especially, J-L.)

#### 1 There lived a lady in the West,

I neer could find her marrow;  
 She was courted by nine gentlemen,  
 And a ploughboy-lad in Yarrow.

#### 2 These nine sat drinking at the wine,

Sat drinking wine in Yarrow;  
 They made a vow among themselves  
 To fight for her in Yarrow.

#### 3 She washed his face, she kaimed his hair,

As oft she 'd done before, O,  
 She made him like a knight sae bright,  
 To fight for her in Yarrow.

#### 4 As he walked up yon high, high hill,

And down by the holmes of Yarrow,  
 There he saw nine armèd men,  
 Come to fight with him in Yarrow.

#### 5 'There 's nine of you, there 's one of me,

It 's an unequal marrow;  
 But I 'll fight you all one by one,  
 On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

#### 6 Three he slew, and three they flew,

And three he wounded sorely,  
 Till her brother John he came in beyond,  
 And pierced his heart most foully.

#### 7 'Go home, go home, thou false young man,

And tell thy sister Sarah  
 That her true-love John lies dead and gone  
 On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

#### 8 'O father dear, I dreamed a dream,

I 'm afraid it will bring sorrow;  
 I dreamed I was pulling the heather-bell  
 In the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

#### 9 'O daughter dear, I read your dream,

I doubt it will prove sorrow;  
 For your true-love John lies dead and gone  
 On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

#### 10 As she walked up yon high, high hill,

And down by the holmes of Yarrow,  
 There she saw her true-love John,  
 Lying pale and dead on Yarrow.

11 Her hair it being three quarters long —  
The colour it was yellow —  
She wrapped it round his middle sma,  
And carried him hame to Yarrow.

12 'O father dear, you've seven sons,  
You may wed them a' tomorrow,  
But a fairer flower I never saw  
Than the lad I loved in Yarrow.'

13 The fair maid being great with child,  
It filled her heart with sorrow;  
She died within her lover's arms,  
Between that day and morrow.

6<sup>1,2</sup>. Three *misprinted* there.  
8<sup>1</sup>, 9<sup>1</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

# R

Macmath MS. p. 91. Inserted in a copy of *The Scottish Ballads* . . . by Robert Chambers, 1829, p. 145, latterly belonging to Rev. Dr James C. Burns, Free Church, Kirkliston.

1 There were three lords drinking at the wine  
In the Leader Haughs of Yarrow:  
'Shall we go play at cards and dice,  
As we have done before, O?  
Or shall we go play at the single sword,  
In the Leader Haughs of Yarrow?'

\* \* \* \* \*

2 Three he wounded, and five he slew,  
As he had [done] before, O,  
But an English lord lap from a bush,  
And he proved all the sorrow;  
He had a spear three quarters long,  
And he thrust his body thorough.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'I dreamed . . .  
I wis it prove nae sorrow!  
I dreamed I was puing the apples green  
In the dowie howms o Yarrow.'

4 'O sister, sister, I'll read your dream,  
And I'll read it in sorrow;  
Ye may gae bring hame your ain true-love,  
For he's sleepin sound in Yarrow.'

5 She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him all the forest thorough;  
She found him asleep at the middle yett,  
In the dowie howms o Yarrow.

6 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
And the colour of it was yellow;  
She's bound it round his middle waist,  
And borne him hame from Yarrow.

12<sup>6</sup>. Leader Haughs. "Obviously nonsense, but so my minstrelless sung it."

3<sup>1</sup>. *The rest torn away.*

3<sup>8</sup>. apples *substituted for* heather *struck out.*

## 217. The Broom of Cowdenknows.

P. 192. Mrs Greenwood, of London, had heard (presumably at Longnewton, near Jedburgh) "the old Cowdenknows, where, instead of the Laird of the Oakland hills, it is the Laird of the Hawthorn-wide." Letters addressed to Sir W. Scott, I, No 189, May 27, [1806.]

## 221. Katharine Jaffray.

P. 216 a. Scott's 'Katherine Janfarie' was printed in the second edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1803, I, 238.

## 222. Bonny Baby Livingston.

P. 231 f. "I can get a copy of a ballad the repeating verse of which is:

The Highlands are no for me,  
The Highlands are no for me;  
But gin ye wad my favour win  
Than carry me to Dundee.

His name is sometimes called Glendinnin, and his residence the same: however, I think it is a Highland ballad, from other circumstances." W. Laidlaw to Sir W. Scott, September 11, 1802: Letters, I, No 73. Compare D.

## 225. Rob Roy.

P. 243. The Harris MS. has one stanza, fol. 27 b, from Mrs Isdale, Dron, 'Robin Oigg's Elopement.'

An they hae brocht her to a bed,  
An they hae laid her down,  
An they've taen aff her petticoat,  
An stript her o her gown.

## 226. Lizzie Lindsay.

P. 255. Communicated by Mr Walker, of Aberdeen, as procured October 5, 1891, from George Nutchell, Ground Officer at Edzell Castle, who derived it from his step-grandmother Mrs Lamond (Nelly Low), fifty-eight years ago, she being at the time eighty years old.

- 1 'Will ye gang to the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay?  
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi me?  
Will ye gang to the Highlands, Lizzie Lindsay,  
My bride an my darling to be?'
- 2 She turned her round on her heel,  
And a very loud laugh gaed she:  
'I'd like to ken whaur I'm ganging,  
An wha I am gaun to gang wi.'
- 3 'My name is Donald Macdonald,  
I'll never think shame nor deny;  
My father he is an old shepherd,  
My mither she is an old dey.
- 4 'Will ye gang to the Highlands, bonnie Lizzie?  
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi me?  
For ye shall get a bed o green rashes,  
A pillow an a covering o grey.'
- 5 Upraise then the bonny young lady,  
An drew till her stockings an sheen,  
An packd up her claise in fine bundles,  
An away wi young Donald she's gaen.
- 6 When they cam near the end o their journey,  
To the house o his father's milk-dey,  
He said, Stay still there, Lizzie Lindsay,  
Till I tell my mither o thee.
- 7 'Now mak us a supper, dear mither,  
The best o yer curds an green whey,  
An mak up a bed o green rashes,  
A pillow an covering o grey.
- 8 'Rise up, rise up, Lizzie Lindsay,  
Ye have lain oer lang i the day;  
Ye should hae been helping my mither  
To milk her ewes an her kye.'
- 9 Out then spak the bonnie young lady,  
As the sant tears drapt frae her ee,  
'I wish I had bidden at hame;  
I can neither milk ewes or kye.'

10 'Rise up, rise up, Lizzie Lindsay,  
There is mair ferlies to spy;  
For yonder 's the castle o Kingussie,  
An it stands high an dry.'

11 'Ye are welcome here, Lizzie Lindsay,  
The flower o all your kin,  
For ye shall be lady o Kingussie,  
An ye shall get Donald my son.'

## 243. James Harris.

P. 360 a. B. There is another, and perhaps slightly earlier, copy of *The Rambler's Garland*, British Museum, 11621, c. 2 (64), with a few trifling differences, for better or worse.

## 251. Lang Johnny More.

P. 396. 'Bennachie,' by Alex. Inkson McConnochie, Aberdeen, 1890, has a copy of this ballad, p. 66, longer by a few verses and with some verbal differences. But as this copy has been edited, though "without violence having been done," the variations, in themselves quite immaterial, do not demand registration.

## To be Corrected in the Print.

- I, 135 b, P 13<sup>2</sup>. *Read* There's.  
188 b, line 15. *Read* 207.  
200 b, line 6. *Read* Vidyádhari.  
401 b, fourth paragraph, line 3 f. *Read* No 68, III, 117.  
II, 10 a, eighth line from below. *Read* B for C.  
26 b 13<sup>1</sup>. *Read* moon.  
84 b, last line of third paragraph. *Read* G 21.  
266, B 5<sup>2</sup>. *Read* you.  
428 b, e. *Read* 3<sup>4</sup> for 3<sup>1</sup>.  
482 b, third paragraph, last line. *Read* V, 101.  
507 a, Josefs Gedicht. Eighth line, *read* Den . . . in queme. First line of answer, *read* De; third, deme; seventh, konde.  
III, 41 b, third paragraph, second line. *Read* MS. for Mr.  
264 a, 17<sup>4</sup>. *Read* hee.  
b 23<sup>2</sup>. *Read* soe.  
276 a, line 7. *Read* queen's own son.  
281 a, 5<sup>2</sup>. *Read* new.  
288 a, line 4 of the first paragraph. *Read* William Lord Douglas.  
b, line 16. *Read* wail.  
306 a, note \*, fourth line. *Read* Minstrelsy, II, 325, ed. 1802.  
348 b [A 12<sup>1</sup>]. *Read* sais. 15<sup>2</sup>. *Read* mirrie.  
376 b, G 2<sup>1</sup>. *Read* great.

- 379 a, 173, A a, first line. *Read Sharpe's.*  
 383 a, line 32. *Read pavlovsk.*  
 384 a, 5<sup>1</sup>. *Read was never.*  
 397, P 1<sup>1</sup>. *Read father is.*  
 435 a, B 5<sup>2</sup>. *Read loon.*  
 448 a, A, heading. *Read 1750.*  
 459 a, 7<sup>1</sup>. *Read Buss. 10<sup>2</sup>. Read o the Dun.*  
 463 a, first line of citation from Maitland. *Read spuillzie.*  
 473 b, 24<sup>4</sup>. *Read never.*  
 475 b, citation from Maitland, line 5. *Read ane guyd.*  
 477 b, third paragraph, line 2. *Read moss-trooper.*  
 485 b, first paragraph, line 9 from the end. *Read would.*  
 489 b, B 9<sup>1</sup>. *Read, There (= There are) six.*  
 499 a, 9, line 8 f. *Read Vuk, II, 376, No 64.*  
 504 a, third line from the bottom. *Read O for J.*  
 504 b, third line. *Read Rae.*  
 505 a, 13<sup>4</sup>. *Read And aye. 18<sup>1</sup>. Read o the.*  
 510 b. The note to p. 215 belongs under No 76.  
 IV, 6 a, 8<sup>1</sup>. *Read whan. (10<sup>1</sup>. Gar seek in the early editions, Gae in ed. 1833.)*  
 7 b, 41<sup>1</sup>. *Read thy kye.*  
 8 a, 46<sup>2</sup>. *Read dare.*  
 18 a, 10<sup>2</sup>. *Read Then. 12<sup>4</sup>. Read [to].*  
 b, 19<sup>2</sup>. *Read Whan.*  
 21 b, 17<sup>2</sup>. *Read grey.*  
 23 a, A a, fourth line. *Read former [B].*  
 28 a. Title of 194 B, Laird o Waristoun, in the MS. copy; Laird o Wariestoun, in the printed.  
 34 b, B. Lord Maxwell's Goodnight is the title in Scott's Minstrelsy. It is Lord Maxwell's Farewell in the Table of Contents of Glenriddell.  
 36 a, preface, last line but two, and b, line 3. *Read Lord Maxwell for Lord John.*  
 38 a, 11<sup>2</sup>. *Read, perhaps, fathers' : cf. their, in line 3.*  
 45 b, B 7<sup>1</sup>. *Read he's.*  
 47 b, 18<sup>1</sup>. *Read Lady.*  
 54 a, No 199, B. *Insert the title : 'Bonny House of Airly.'*  
 66 a, B 5<sup>1</sup>. *Read Gar . . . manteel.*  
 68 a, D, third line. *Read Corse for Cragievar.*  
 69 a, 6<sup>2</sup>. *Read Stincher. 8<sup>2</sup>. Read kill.*  
 75 a, ninth line of preface. *Read in his Poems.*  
 76 a, fifth line. *Read Beauchie.*  
 81 b, seventeenth and twenty-fourth lines. *Read Abergeldy.*  
 82 b, note, first line. *Read Brachally in Dee Water Side.*  
 90 a, B. *Insert 'Laird of Blackwood,' as the title of the printed copy.*  
 91 a, tenth line of the second paragraph. *Read after the birth of his son for after that event.*  
 note \*. *Read IV, 277 f, II, 449 f.*  
 92 a, second line. *Read A, C.*  
 93 b, A 2<sup>1</sup>. *Read cam.*  
 94 a, B, 1<sup>4</sup>. *Read wont.*  
 95 b, B 12<sup>2</sup>. *Read I'me. C 6<sup>4</sup>. Read country.*  
 8<sup>1,2</sup>. *Read well.*  
 96 a, D 3<sup>2</sup>. *Read fire-boams.*  
 105 a, sixth line of Appendix. *Read Broadside.*  
 110 b, No 207, D, third line. *Read p. 135.*  
 123 b, I b. *Strike out (Lord ?) K. Read p. 370.*  
 124 b, fifth paragraph, last line but four. *Read Pitbagnet's.*  
 129 a, 23<sup>2</sup>. *Read feght. b, 28<sup>2</sup>. Read burd.*  
 C b. *Read in Wilkie's hand, dropping what follows.*  
 138 b, C b 12<sup>1,2</sup>. *Read Wanting, for A man spoke loud.*  
 139 a, I b 3<sup>4</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>. *Read Pitbagnet's.*  
 152 b, 10<sup>2</sup>. *Read showd.*  
 153 b, 9<sup>2</sup>. *Read was.*  
 155 a, second line after title. *After library, insert P. 6.*  
 157 a, 2<sup>2</sup>. *Read nourice.*  
 168 a, 7<sup>2</sup>. *Read doon.*  
 201 b, 26<sup>2</sup>. *Read kye.*  
 202 a, K 2<sup>2</sup>. *Read It is.*  
 207 a, 20<sup>2</sup>. *Read them a' out.*  
 212 a, 4<sup>2</sup>. *Read sallads.*  
 221 b, 13<sup>2</sup>. *Read grey.*  
 224 b, 22<sup>1</sup>. *Read hes he.*  
 226 a, 6<sup>2</sup>. *Read Lammington.*  
 248 a, 2<sup>2</sup>. *Read ladie.*





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